

Snake Path

Fen

Coiled up on the path,
One more step to gain its rob.
Back it up the way that I can't come
And coming forward a black flip ringtone
Adrenalize, gold snake eyes on a summer day.

No, I'm not waiting,
No, I'm not waiting for the sound.
I got a rattle in my spine.

No, I'm not waiting,
No, I'm not waiting for the fans.
I'd rather take some local wine.

Skip all out, I'm out the path,
Circle round in the grass.
Missing up the head drops and shadow
It's hard to stare at, like the face at the window.
A butterfly drifts some by and I moved it slow.

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Sailing wild on a dull vacation,
Where the weather surprise and then something surround
me.

Miles back, as the voice deep within me,
Last time I heard it he can't wake without asking
Just think a while on your ancient god
And your path will be reborn,
Be reborn.

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