

I climbed the mountaintop  
I saw the bottom drop  
I'm clinging to driftwood  
I swim in a deep world  
Words unspoken  
Seem so foreign  
Have you heard this one?

The hair on the back of your neck stands  
"Another way out"  
"Another way out"  
The army ants have escaped  
The hair on the back of your neck stands up  
Ink runs into my cup  
I sip epiphany

Fang bite, tarantula  
Taste of my symptoms  
Gasoline and a pistol  
Blood filling the bathtub  
Swollen eyelids  
Baffled by this  
Tell us what you see

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I've bit my lip for the last time  
The fog lifts up for the blind  
Free of body, free of mind  
I'll build my mold up, rest inside  
Ink spills on paper  
Paper spells "my blood."

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