

Draw salt circles
Kiss your needles
Afraid I'll give you
What we want will bore us
All verse-chorus
Green light red light
I don't know

On doric legs
Tail to head, or the ouroborous won't flow
Only love, drunk isotope
Your burning hearth, your self-appointed silhouette

Said you dreamed him in a garden
Murmuring some tune like
"Twenty-eight birds go along for a walk
Twenty-six birds tug the wheat from the stalk
Twenty-four birds on a line in the chalk
Twenty-two birds singing
Twenty-eight birds go along for a walk
Twenty-six birds tug the wheat from the stalk
Twenty-four birds on a line in the chalk
Twenty-two birds singing"

On doric legs
Tail to head, or the ouroborous won't flow
Only love, drunk isotope
Your burning hearth, your self-appointed silhouette