

Batter

Lady Lamb

I took my last breath
As the plane crashed
I don't even think that I got to let it out
And I don't know if you noticed
I don't know if you noticed yet
But there's a drought around these parts
There's no water in the well
The dry spell, the dry spell

Don't let your demons
Take you to the cleaners
Fix your posture
While you call your mother
Draw a picture - it lasts longer
A body's sacred
When it's naked
So go ahead
And let it
Be a Bible for another
Blood's your compass
Let it wander
May it stick thick like a slaughter
Hallelujah

Now I return to my first purpose
A sharp breath exhaled beneath the surface
Where lungs collapse like demolition
And the pulse ceases to quicken 'til
I become as sweet as nothing
I'm nothing now
Just nothing now
I'm nothing now
Nothing now
Nothing now
Nothing, I am nothing

From the plane
I called your name
But it didn't matter
You were home baking
A birthday cake
Cracking an egg
Into the batter
You had a little bit of batter
A little bit of batter
On your face