

Mountain Spines

Marika Hackman

There's a place in our minds where the sun ceases to shine
And the mountains of our spines are casting shadows
There's a fortress in the sea and a lake that beats with the green
Of a million hundred eyes, I'm not right now in the air

I'm not allowed to be scared anymore
I am afraid of your flood
Let me hold back the tears I'm sitting on
I will be plagued with your blood in the end
In the end

There's a mistress in a bed with a thousand pounds on her head
On a poster on the wall above the light switch
The sheets are damp and old and her skin is freckled with mould
But the queue outside the door stretches right out to the sea

I'm not allowed to be scared anymore
I am afraid of your flood
Let me hold back the tears I'm sitting on
I will be plagued with your blood in the end
In the end