

Bodybag

Michael Malarkey

The battery was truly beautiful
Splinted up and rusted
We rushed in and out like restless waters
As the circles spill out in endless patterns
They spell out a name, we can't make out
Like a sign from below and the tide as a metronome

Trees, cricked hands in the earth
Diggin' off the down now
Through, through worms
Timeless, white flag
Sigh your name across my bodybag

We used to track animals
Creeping eyes winding, clouded by black gas
Through dead sunflower fields in the midwest skies
And furling and curling, day in and day out
We cool our faces to the wind, let the past fall away

Awake, flush your pickles down the drain
Drive me to the station on the midnight train
Shakedown, I've been high
Tuck myself into this bodybag

The interstellar calm of the cobweb
Glistening in the morning doom
Moving so slow, coiling over states like a pestilence
Is this a blueprint?
It builds and it burns through fields of rye and corn
It builds and it burns like the nothing

Blaze is like Purple Haze
The lits are droppin' down now
Just on the paint

Hey (Hey, hey)
Keep my color, keep my name (Hey, hey, help)
Take me to the station (Hey, help, help)
On the midnight train (Hey, help, help, help)
On the midnight train, on the midnight train
Take me to the station on the midnight train