

# Bodybag

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The battery was truly beautiful  
Splintered 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