

Black tourmaline and amethyst  
Hot damn it, I'm bad at this  
Ever find yourself asking where David Mamet is?  
Probably not, well  
I'm convinced that he's my life's narrator  
I saw your bare chest and I savored that moment like a Now&Later  
That's a tasty little candy treat  
I look down, what dandy feet  
I even wrote it in my manuscript  
You didn't mind that I'd dine on a Pythagorean diet  
All your friends remind me of Parisian spies  
I even sketched your outline in my journal  
I might have wrote X loves Z above the urinal  
Because I'm twelve years old  
And I have a linear understanding of causality  
You've only ever been a pal to me  
I had that glinty eye like Emperor Palpatine  
I'm not going to pretend that I know what pallid means

No filler lines  
The number 9 and the number 7  
Then I devoured you like a hungry little muskrat

Built a shrine by my bed of ascension stones  
Then I broke my bones to make these drum loops, oops  
I'm a dumb dude and I shouldn't have said that  
I was the Egyptian in the meme wearing a bread hat  
I've got these ACME earthquake pills  
Now tell me about your world views  
In the dark I felt you sneeze and your form took shape like Meadowlark  
k  
I think you're really pretty and I hardly ever mean that  
My form is more conducive to a beanbag  
Sometimes it feels like we're Abraham and Sarah  
I don't have a theory of sets  
Everyone else is king of Abimelech  
Perhaps I'm more like Richard Dedekind  
I don't mean to let all these abstractions in  
I don't mean to carry on about your form  
I don't mean to surf internet forums for porn  
Georg Cantor, I enjoy your banter  
I think we could develop a theory of the infinite  
Or transfinite  
I thought I'd dedicated my life to mining pyrite  
Now we store supper in Pyrex containers in the fridge  
When I'm around you I let my hair down