

# Head Like Soup

Palehound

My head like a pot of thick soup  
Stirred and tasted  
I live to fill you up  
And I burn unwatched

Holding your body like a paperweight  
Heavy glass resting in my hand  
Changing something in me  
And I am trusting

Invite me to your home and  
Greet me kindly  
My shoes off at your door  
I roam your halls

Holding my body like a dinner plate  
Warmly balancing in your palm  
Feeding something in you  
And you are trusting

I live to fill you up and I burn unwatched  
I live to fill you up and I burn unwatched  
Holding your body like a tiny clock  
Ticking brass resting in my palm  
Keeping me in time and I am trusting