

I was warned about you
But then, I was worn
Through
Then
But then I let the sound in
Of torches along the path's edge
Rustling in my eyes and ears
Our eyes and ears
Hours would pass and nothing...

All contorted in row
These antlers don't
Cut
Through
Nor do they tessellate with
Anything along where we're walking
Cutting out
And in
And out and out and in
Again
Hours would pass and nothing...

I know you
You know our bodies move in unison
The answer's within that
I could be burning houses but I'm not
I knew you
I thought our bodies moved in unison
Lucile, I rescind that
I could be burning houses but I'm not
I'm not
I'm not
I'm not
I'm not