

Dread & Butter

Psychedelic Porn Crumpets

I undress all common sense, place a battery on my tongue
Try and recall all of the feelings I know
Plunge an anchor to a thought, harbour all elated joy
Drift weightlessly in and out of the void

And I cuddle
Velvet-wrapped memories of childhood
Sorbolene, bracken and conkers
Soaking in vinegar
Death do us part
And churn my head into butter

Cannonball into the calm, waiver all lingering doubt
Feel the sun hit on the roof of my mouth
Do you think that when you die, you get a list of what you've done?
So you can watch yourself back, growing up

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