

Oh I couldn't quite narrate my passing fright  
Over losing the fight to write

And I listened with hyper-conscious care  
So as to once more earn the right to go there

But something held me down  
To the mattress that I stood on

Moving on to a land of broken tongues  
Where everyone is empty, but also lives to fill each other

And knowing that I belong there  
The time has come to go to Taxis