

Waterkill

Red House Painters

It isn't great tryin' to breathe
From the bottom of the fate lake
I feel the vibes as feet of Christ go by
Large and small and fast they fall
Under meltin' summer sky

Prayin' for my dear breath
Don't want to face my fear of death
Dredge and fork and dive and fish
For everyone's best wish
But still with my eyes and ears

Without breath, even still
I like it down here in waterkill
Without breath, even still
I like it down here in waterkill

Separate from the shoal of unserious
Who fed upon my dwindlein' life
Robbed what dim and dyin' soul that I might

Settled in the nervous core
Days down, recollectin' youth before
Holdin' my dear self
Don't want to feel my flesh unfelt

Slowest tortoise, fastest shark
I watch from the bottom of the lake dark
Slowest tortoise, fastest shark
I watch from the bottom of the lake dark