

Mud

Slothrust

I'll eat the mud
I'll suck the sun out of the sky
Puncture the clouds
When I'm throwing down
It won't make a sound
Below the bed
Under the ground
When I fought the night
It stayed asleep
It didn't move
The dark is cheap

I'm braiding hair
Braiding it well
My father taught me
And now I can tell
When I'm asleep
And when I'm awake
I'm not afraid
This dirt is fake