

Winged/Wicked Things

Sunset Rubdown

Well I say
it's just smoke
So you say
it's the hair of ghosts
So I say it's
the white hair of Poseidon
Ebbing in the tide in
some dead sea

So you say
it's some Shroud of Turin
And the sun wore it white
and the earth wore it thin
Or the son wore it white
and his faith wore it thin

Unraveling heavenward
It's saddled to tiny birds
Or other such winged things
Either way they are struggling
Either way they are miniature
Either way they're invisible
But either way they're confused
As Hell would have them

And the pattern of flight
is chaotic and blind
But it's right
cause chaos
is yours and it's mine
And chaos is luck and
luck love and love blind

The pattern of flight
is chaotic and blind
But it's right
cause chaos is yours
and chaos is mine mine mine mine
And chaos is love and they say
"love is blind"

But they're subject to hating us
Oh just like the rest of us
Oh but just like the best of us

They need the rest of us
to stay alive
So that's not where confusion lies
That's not where an allusion
to the fact that the truth
Is just smoke
in your eyes
does lie

No confusion lies in which
other wicked thing to lie with

Confusion lies in which other
wicked thing to lie with

And if chaos is yours
then chaos is mine
And chaos is love and they say
"love is blind"

So I say oh I see now it's just smoke
So I say oh I see now it's just smoke
Oh I say oh I see now it's just smoke
Oh I say oh I see now it's just smoke