Wilderness On Time

The Fatima Mansions

When my taxi arrives
Say that I'm dead
Having swallowed my leg
And come to the bedroom again
Let us begin

Shrinking the walls
And counting our ears
In sweat, as we crawl
Get me to the wilderness on time

When I look round your eyes
There's a space at the side
Where ten more eyes could hide
And they'd squeal when they learned what I mean
Madame obscene
Sweating skulls clean

And my genuine celticness shines, oops!
It just struck me blind
I'm such a spiritual guy
Get me to the wilderness and
Bury my leg in some bog
And tell me all about right and wrong
And tell me life is serious
And zip up your dress
And get me to the wilderness on time

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