

Thin Thing

The Smile

Down a rabbit hole
We go
As the flames grow higher
For unbelievers

Making mushrooms out of men
Till she turns us back again

To a face of solid gold
Solid gold

Sycophantic fawners
In double quick time

The beginning at the end
Till she turns us back again

First she'll pull your fingers off
And then she'll pull your toes
And then she'll steal the photos from your phone

But you won't notice

Our echo doesn't hear us
Anymore
Hanging on a cloth edge
By its fingers

Making mushrooms out of men
That's okay I guess
If you like this kind of, kind of thing
This kind of thin, thin, thin, thin thing
These kind of mushrooms
These kind of ripples
These kind of ripples
This kind of thin, thin, thin, thin, thin thing

Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of thin, thin thing
Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of thing
Like these kind of ripples