

Clutch "Basket Of Eggs"

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As through a glass darkly you seek yourself
But the light grows weak while under Yggsdrasil
A basket of eggs, may you count your days
Though your gut lies filled, only shells remain

I can tell you've been drinking by the scent of your
breath
Another little sip, a bit deeper in debt
You can rest your head in your wrinkled hands
But when you awake, you're in another land

In fields of green rolling on endlessly
You find a fallen nest where there is no tree
Mark the brown furred hound tied to the mandrake root
Dare you carve a face in that virtue food?

I can tell what you're thinking, I see it everyday
I'll help you with your coat, see you on your way
Sure you want to go walking on a night like this?
Look, there goes another one now
One day I swear they will not miss

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