

Cymbals Eat Guitars

"What Dogs See"

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I lost myself in the wild hills
Spawn in the sweet smelling tinder-filled basement
From Prince Edward Island I hitched a long way
Would you turn by some orange grove road?

To a lake in the wilderness shining black
With a silver forest forming our backs
In its depths found a monolith adorned with great
paintings
Of wolves with yellow little sirens

The grey, freezing water, it swirled around, whispering
Tuned from a phonograph, stuck between brain cells
for months
Since I heard your voice issue thoughts freezing

I touched the world slowly
Each radial of the spectrum revealed itself to me
Dark matter was illuminated in his extremities
Into this way of being
Serpents writhing on all sides of me
Celestial castles whose spectral planets
Filled gaps between stars in the night sky voids
crystallize

This is what dogs see and this is why they obey
Cowering, something just over your shoulder
And this is what dogs see and this is why they obey
Cowering, something just over your shoulder
And this is what dogs see and this is why they obey
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And this is what dogs see and this is why they obey
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