

Final Prayer

"Ink"

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I climbed the mountain top
I saw the bottom drop
I cling to driftwood
I swim in a deep world

Words unspoken seem so foreign
Have you heard this one

The hair on the back of your neck stands
Another way out, another way out
The armies have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
I sip in piffany

Think 'bite tarantula'
Taste of my symptoms
Gasoline and a pistol
Blood filling the bottle

Swollen eyelids
Baffled by this
Tell us what you see

The hair on the back of your neck stands
Another way out, another way out
The armies have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
I sip and pitty from it

I've bitten my lip for the last time
Fog lifts up for the blind
Free of body free of mind
I will not hold up rest inside
Ink spills on paper
Paper spells my blood
Ink spills on paper
Paper spells my blood

The hair on the back of your neck stands up

Ink runs into my cup
I sip and pitty from it
The armies have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
I sip and pitty from it
The armies have escaped

Ink spills on paper (ink spills on paper)
Paper spells my blood (paper spells my blood)
Ink spills on paper (ink spills on paper)
Paper spells my blood

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