

Fionn Regan

"100 Acres Of Sycamore"

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We'll go to knuckle to knuckle, or buckle against
buckle,
Your nostrils will flare as you push out the air,
Rise up, Brother,
Rise up from the trappings of flesh and holdings of
skin,

We'll steer the car towards the reservoir,
And poison our senses as nightfall commences,
Rise up, Brother,
Rise up from the monotony that is hemming you in,

Tonight while you sleep you'll be grinding your teeth,
Put your head at the North and the South at your feet,
Rise up, Brother,
Rise up from the pack who are baying and clawing for
blood,

Oooo-oooo
Who's there?
How can you hear the door,
I'm one-hundred acres of sycamore,
Oh flash my hand past your eyes in the air,
But it won't break your stare,
Is there anyone there,
But the four black winds blowing through the eaves of
your mind?

If he darkens your doorway, you come and tell me,
Where he resides, text me or bell me,
Rise up, Sister,
I'll make sure he never darkens your doorway again,

Don't be a stranger to me anymore,
I'll hold a lantern, put your heel on the shore,
Rise up, Sister,
Rise up from the black ships that sail through the swan
of your heart,

Oooo-oooo
Who's there?
How can you hear the door,

I'm one-hundred acres of sycamore,
Oh flash my hand past your eyes in the air,
But it won't break your stare,
Is there anyone there,
But the four black winds blowing through the eaves of
your mind?

Those weasels in the weeds await to jump us,
One had a screwdriver and one had a cutlass,
We counted the beats between thunder and lightning,
One-thousand and two, one-thousand and three,
It's coming in from the Sea,

Put your hand on my leg,
Kilometres in blue and miles in black,
Lose my eyes in the bathroom,
Arm-wrestle, East, West, place brass-tack,
Bite my lip in the car, midnight ringing,
Unravel on the gravel, phone off, walk,
Search for the lighter in my pocket,
Go inner, and inner, and bolt, and book,
Let the four black winds begone from the eaves of the
mind.

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