

Kayo Dot

"Aura On An Asylum Wall"

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Almost condescending it looks on from inside
I feel strong, this day will never wither!
In sorcery is my most ancient thought
And I thought the sorcerer was right

It creeps behind a dusty mirror
They, in an attic I dreamt of once

Flow through me again, wrathful one
I feel strong! Throw the tapestry o'er the oracles!
Belong to me innocence...

The shears cut cleaner than a child's first sin
I chose the grave in blasphemous

It fell away a hundred times before
But orisons scratched veiled glass
"Though art I," says cast away
And I am in an attic

I feel weak, this night will never bloom!
I am I - now you're mine, my cunting child

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