

## Magazine "Permafrost"

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Thunder shook loose hail on the outhouse again  
Today, I bumped into you again  
I have no idea what you want  
But there was something I meant to say

As the day stops dead  
At the place where we're lost  
I will drug you and fuck you  
On the permafrost

There's not much that I miss  
I'm far too forgetful for that  
Sugar's sweet some of the time  
It's hard to keep some things in mind

As the day stops dead  
At the place where we're lost  
I will drug you and fuck you  
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