

Mother Hips

"Afternoon After Afternoon"

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One cannot begin to understand how a grain of sand
that's falling is the motion that they're calling time.
Morning after morning in the marketplace of Helltown
there's a sale under every single awning.
The lights above the bar turn on, it's dawn, the spirits
never left your mind.
You see your fear reflected in the mirror, it's very weird
and very wide

Longhorn skulls and gryphons are carved high above
the entrance to the building of the college of
psychology.
An ocean full of monsters serves to keep you from the
water that surrounds this giant island we call home.
How does it feel to know everything's real?

You were getting tired before we arrived to save your
life, you were getting tired

Nothing here is unreal, mythology can't be forced.
Heartbreaking legends are descending from the
forest, Lake Disappointment, Lost Passenger Ravine.

Ask yourself a question, a very simple question:
Why these names appear on every map you've ever
seen:
Lake Disappointment, Lost Passenger Ravine.

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