

Pt Grimm & The Dead Puppies

"The Somnambule"

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Dear arresting wear, passenger severe. Orchard of the faint. Foreign to the clear.

Of distance how to focus now? Regaling the sub-conscience.

Hark there's a spark in the dark there's a spark in the sleeping beauty.

Slumber of the in between. Tunnel vision, gray displace.

Restless wander slush mislead. Pause ahead in muzzy grace.

Dear arresting wear, narcoleptic seer. Welcome every dawn with an angry yawn.

Of distance how to focus now? Regaling the subconscious.

Pillow biting. Snort, Snore, Snort, Snore.

Dancing with the obtuse phony, extinguish my face in fatigue and desire.

Relax...relax. Oh god, I can't feel my fucking hands.

Lagomorph, concentrate.

Sour the eager miniatures, anticipating the clear.

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