

Solstice Coil

"Deep Child"

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Played with my troops in the litter box
Hungry sandworms on the prowl
Left me with plastic toys

Raincoats worrying in forests of me
I percolate, oozing through walls
It's guilt that you feel about water
Don't wear it out, with each use it grows

She will soon be protecting my closet
Dismemberment's best friend, the morrow
Forces itself upon my bed
Lorries rushing in and out of my head
Corrected, I stand disfigured a whole
It probably stands to reason, I ponder
They'll sell you a new car smell wrapped in a rock

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