

## Solstice Coil "Selling Smoke"

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(In due time, it has turned from an existential hurdle to a human resource)

I've locked myself out  
Strands of me everywhere  
You brought me here to swap war stories  
Where am I?

(Like always)

Leave it open, open  
Bugs in the microwave  
And I'm sick of searching yellow rocks  
Who wants to know?

Yes, it was me hiding down from the spiders  
Yes, it was me holding on to the grate  
Oh yes, I was here when the world came on crashing  
Yes, I'm afraid, you came here too late  
(You always deliver  
Always deliver too late)

Evil's watering the plants  
Fighting world wars with needles  
A decimal haste or a desolate place  
The rain was made of mercury

Yes, it was me hiding down from the spiders  
Yes, it was me holding on to the grate  
Oh yes, I was here when the world came on crashing  
Yes, I'm afraid, you came here too late

(Silver glazed, mercury rain)  
Drop, drop, drop  
(Silver glazed, silver glazed)  
Drop, drop, drop

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