

Spiritus Mortis

"From The Desk Of B. Larsen"

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We drove through the night
Listening to Pavement on the stereo
And wondering to ourselves
Will we see the sun rise before the drugs wear off
Cross so many borders that cease to exist
And at this hour all fears and reservations
Escape through open windows into the southern skies

And we're getting good
At passing out in motion
And our wandering hearts numb our blistered fingers
And our burning throats

Tomorrow is the same;
It's just another repeat of today
The smile and the wave
Can we stay above the surface without feeling blasé
Can we climb that stage again
To entertain the ghosts maybe ourselves
And then pass out
Our blood has mixed and we are one
And we will get through this

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