

Spitvalves

"Halfworld"

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Tonic says, "Just a swallow."
Snaps you back like a twig,
'till you 'waken a bit confused in the shoes of a lonely
fiddler
Drunk at the barndance
Romance exits the room
Scraping strings for a fat chanteuse...
And there's none to desire you,
Whisper, "fine," and just let it go.
Is nightshade a food or a poison?
Do you follow my reason?
Is reason important?
(Porque manyana a lo me hor ay un entierro)*
Fortune fled
He stumbled off the Heaven's edge.
Sixty bottles beside the bed.
Magic medicine takes his easy head down the bottom.
Grab the root from the stem.
Box the compass and back again.
Fall in love with a spiral.
Where it leads only Heaven knows.
So persuasive and silent,
Like the oceans of vertigo.
Is nightshade a food or a poison?
Do you follow my reason?
Is reason important?
At all?!
(Porque manyana a lo me hor ay un entierro)*
Potions keg
Shifty gifts from the Dead.
Drink your spirits and pray forget, how unfortunate,
Some are pixie led through the forest
Where the time passes slow,
You've forgotten to turn your coat, and now you're
growing old.
And reason is spinning itself into gold.
And all time is frozen once reason's been sold.
Is nightshade a food or a poison?
Do you follow my reason?
Is reason important?
At all?!

(Porque manyana a lo me hor ay un entierro)*

* (Porque manyana a lo me hor ay un entierro - English translation - Because tomorrow there may be a funeral)

Translation provided by Patino Vazquez

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