

Wintersleep "Encyclopedia"

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Heavy brains
Heaving words
In the twigs, in the dirt
Cold, hard tongue against
a glistening earth
Blind high
Blind high
Blind high

He was flat on his
back on the beach
In the freezing sand
Heard the blind men
chattering
Heard the blind men
chattering

Somewhere far
in the distance
In the right side of his brain
Somewhere far
he remembered
But he forgot his name

Are you still alive?
Does it still hurt?
Yeah, you're alive
but what's it worth?
This vague encyclopedia
of hurt

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