

## **Timber Timbre**

### **"Creep On Creepin' On"**

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From your chair, my narative tonight is your dickless  
cousin, brother, father, pet, friend, husband or wife  
A lavender scent  
A bone-orchard of hearts seems to surround you  
As you stare each gift horse straight in the mouth  
Stare my arrow down  
I was invited, I was called out  
to watch you frolic  
And dance

Oh, I buried my head in my hands  
I buried my heart there in the sand  
I was cock-blocked, cured, enchanted  
I was ferociously put upon until it was clear  
I should not keep on, I'll just creep on creepin' on  
Yes I will, I'll not keep on  
I'll just creep on creepin' on

Fell out of this station to levitate your bed  
And move her hair on to my chest  
exposing her neck  
And I tear through  
Put you into my arms  
and my stomach dropped  
As you shifted me off to stop  
The ectoplasm coiled like a hovering halo of smoke  
And our beloved invention is conjured each night in  
your throat

Oh, I buried my head in my hands  
I buried my heart there in the sand  
I was cock-blocked, cured, enchanted  
I was ferociously put upon until it was clear  
I should not keep on, I'll just creep on creepin' on  
Yes I will, I'll not keep on  
I'll just creep on creepin' on  
Do I try one more time?  
No, I'll not keep on  
I'll just creep on creepin' on

