

Beehoover "Paraffin Oiler"

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Between those liquid walls and more than a thousand
degrees are tidal waves reaching for the highest stone
and a soul smelling like his child the light a flicker of
hope through the heavy spray but wonders never cease
this peak his umbilical cord those waves are a sword a
vale of fire is what he needs to protect himself from the
frost of the deadly deep sea sinking to the bottom and
deservedly so even if deck is under water even if the
end is nigh to the bitter end we are illuminated by the
light at his heart's rate or the other way round like
fleshy driftwood flooded down to the ground of the sea
this peak his umbilical cord those waves are a sword a
vale of fire is what he needs to protect himself from the
frost of the deadly deep sea sinking to the bottom and
deservedly so maybe it's better to turn the blood into
paraffin and become a human torch laughin' do you
see the human torch at the horizon no? it looks like a
rising sun but it isn't one

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