

Beth Jeans Houghton & The Hooves Of Destiny

"Atlas"

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You walked through her door, and into her senses
And swept under carpets, in your search for sleep
I see I see amore, when looking through lenses
Cry 'Blind for creation!' like you're blind for me

Ride swift through the houses like blood rides through
me
Red wine and whiskey are no good for me
Disecting the atlas for places we've been
Your list is longer but you've got more years on me

A token to dispense, we take it all in doubles
Weeping on concrete, then stealing away
You opened up her mouth, and let out all her secrets
Assumed her disordered in her thirst to stray

Ride swift through the houses like blood rides through
me
Red wine and whiskey are no good for me
Disecting the atlas for places we've been
Your list is longer but you've got more years on me

"And these black berries stain your hands and your lips
Sup on their dimension in the gut of our summer trips
So pray, sleep sweet, and sharpen your teeth
And escape from this body your soul is impounded
beneath"

Abort the nochelance, and clap for your culture
Your tanned hide exerting, the sum of your parts
The bridges will advance, devout of their structure
Armour the estuaries that plow through your heart

Ride swift through the houses like blood rides through
me
Red wine and whiskey are no good for me
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