

**P.O.S.**  
**"Where We Land"**

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We're on our own trip  
Falling in love by the milligram  
Pay no attention, no intentions could keep this from  
getting out of hand  
So resistant cause we know that we are so content to  
sleep where we land  
So sick we get to choose when we skip the plan  
Pay no intention, no resentment ever evened out a  
weaker hand  
Get some comfort from the chemist and we hold each  
other close as we can

Wait wait wait wait wait wait wait wait  
Worse things have happened to better people  
That's the mantra  
The feelings are over with  
Sick pot  
Kissed  
But no frown flipped  
Missed it  
We're dealing with oceans  
Big fish bigger hooks  
No coast, row  
But just don't go quiet  
Keep them alarms loud  
Let em look  
No harm meant friction in the gaze  
Stare easy or fade to another place  
Why stay  
Ain't no sense in mending any fences  
They break  
Only taken when there's things to take  
All away  
All of me offered if you ask  
But only if you ask  
Honesty could cost me all I have  
Take it, we stay on our trip

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Stopping the world to creep again  
Sleeping where I land  
Soft  
Demons eating  
Bottom speeding up toward my feet  
I'm easily lost  
Needing for caution  
Fear to exhaust  
Escape the dearest to me  
Clear for take off  
We gone again  
Autobahn  
Counter all encounters  
Cracks in the armor  
Home without a doubt  
It's a thin line between coded and closed  
Cozy in any mode  
Long as I'm covered  
So long as I'm not exposed  
This place is wrong for me  
Offer me  
All or nothing  
All for nothing  
Love me not  
Watch me closely  
Call my bluff and call the shots  
Roller coasting  
Off the lot  
Out the box  
Busted  
But fuck it  
It's what I've got  
So I trust it whether or not it's on it's own trip

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We're so amused with dismay  
Ignore the fuse  
Straight in the flame  
We're so amused with dismay  
Ignore the fuse

(Justin Vernon)  
Fully, fully  
I'm relying, I'm relying  
And your heart legs like a joke  
Cut the cable, leave the oaks  
I'm the fable, now we choke  
Love me baby while you poke, I won't befriend a lie  
7 red glosses imbedded in cold washes they said  
Motivated mosses are holding over their hunches she  
said  
If more of them was honest you know no one would be  
cautious  
And I hope that scans with you man!

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