

Therion

"Deer Lodge"

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Stop this sitting on an overdressed feeling. On a
morning come down it
Seems so unfitting. Be caught in a waste lite only by me
in this into
The sea. An early malnourished. False in misplacement
of dry eyes show
To much of me. Coming or am I going? The city lights
too bright to
Save me or be seen. Hum me along. Take me these
where it seems fit. At
Least you're in then out. You come around and I use my
mouth. It's a
Slow build and you've built it well. The eyes shot a
perfect pitch.
It's all in the distance. All in the time and time moves
slow. It's
Not in the moment because moments they lapse. But
this will stay here
With me. Dropped, picked it up, and put it back down.
You've seen the
Low times. You're the fine line. You're the sky, ground,
wind, pillow
And sheet. Mouth speech clicking clocks. In a moment
of absence alone
On a mattress in an old room. Despite any distance,
moment or instance.
You know you're here with me.

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