

These Arms Are Snakes

"Red Line Season"

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Red line season (Sue it).
Troupes all a mess (I wanna know how).
Down in out country (Consume out loud).
Short from your door (Where I'm at).
He hands them out (Like he should).
Which they don't come (Know we lose some).
Down by Biloxi (Roll them dice).
Loosen and fall (On right down).
Deadline season (You're alright).
Drying in the sun (Wanting).
Give us some more now that it's over.
He ain't coming back till the sun drops down.
I sing like this.
Various visions (Wedding song).
To court the corridors (To commit).
To meet in the middle of the sound.
Drums and them all (See silence).
You lagging innocence like in the rot and (I like it).
Give us some more now that it's over.
He ain't coming back till the sun drops down.
See the sound that breaks the dissonance (Seeing
sound)?
Down under the covers (Just to write it).
Down in foliage (Seeing sound).
Til vines wrap it up and down (Get up, get up).
I stare down that corridor. Hands upon the wheel.
Transmitting signals from the big man.
Laughing in the dust of the night
And the land with it's death like grip.

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