

Tilt

"Locust"

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I don't expect a response from you and I won't try to
elicit one, I =
stroke your walls as I prowl along, they seem to be so
strong, your =
windows are on their own, they are letting in a steady
blow, I can hear =
the wings of the locust, but it doesn't seem to matter
much. I don't =
trust your corridors, why do I hear the timber groan?
I'm getting =
closer, hitting rooms no light has shown, I like the
fixtures, I adore =
the woodwork, I lay prone, making out faces in the
plaster, my fingers =
probing the molding for a trigger. Volumes of
polaroids, commemorate =
nothing to speak of, to speak of, there are whole
sections of this house =
not on the floor plan, and I will ransack 'til I find myself
an entry. =
You can't afford to let me go on searching for a motive,
you've got to =
assure me, don't allow me to doubt, produce the
passkey satisfy my =
suspicions, will you trick me to co-author your plans,
elaborate plans.
Submitted by: Mel

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