

Of coursing  
templethrob beats I hear the staccato  
on the window of my pain  
I am wrapped in you and  
ohh

so far away right now I can't decide  
if you are into me too  
I'm echoing in that cavern  
measureless  
to man  
x's xxx

and you have been there  
too lost in Sylvian disguise  
to see your pagan heart  
sacrifice  
me  
with this line  
and that  
lie  
awake  
tick tock tick tock  
counting sheep  
underthump pulsing beats. I hear the  
darkness in our vain  
musings

we will be altered  
youandIandyoursandmineandweandare  
wound up  
a caduceus  
a staff  
keeping hope alive hanging  
there dangling unspoken  
news of  
coursing she is between us

priestess mothergod  
a graveside manner

holding a carapace  
in her palm

up against the moonlight  
I'm waning  
now  
and then less of me  
on your fingertips  
and beneath your nails  
and in your nostrils  
and imprinted on the  
bed

disappearing