

Sewer Blues

Timber Timbre

Now I come before you
Moving through this tomb of vapor and perfume and fog-
filled rooms
Silent compass, anger at dawn
Locked down in the harness, drawn away from the low
The voice is barking of nausea and fear
An unholy jargon in the judgement seat
This knowledge that despite the angel you assume
Commander alibi
I'll surrender to the fume
It's all flesh and fleshed out and forgotten now

I'll go away back to you
I'll go away back through your love
I'll go away back to you
I'll go away back through your love

Better sing a money tune
Light a cigarette
Raise the roof above this ruin
As the song repents
Order of the underground
As the sewer runs clear
Stretch your skin in front of me
Unto every other year

But now I come for you
I come for your womb
For your vapors and your perfume
For your fog-filled rooms
For your [?] compass
For the body you adorn
As a belt, as a necklace
As a mask, as a horn
It's all flesh and fleshed out and forgotten now

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I'll go away back through your love
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I'll go away back to you
I'll go away back through your love
I'll go away back to you
I'll go away back through your love, through your love, through
your love, through your love, through your love