

# Clutch, Basket Of Eggs

As through a glass darkly you seek yourself,  
But the light grows weak while under Yggsdrasil.  
A basket of eggs may you count your days.  
Though your gut lies filled, only shells remain.

I can tell you've been drinking by the scent of your breath.  
Another little sip, a bit deeper in debt.  
You can rest your head in your wrinkled hands.  
But when you awake, you're in another land.

In fields of green rolling on endlessly  
You find a fallen nest where there is no tree.  
Mark the brown furred hound tied to the mandrake root.  
Dare you carve a face in that virtue food?

I can tell what you're thinking. I see it everyday.  
I'll help you with your coat, see you on your way.  
Sure you want to go walking on a night like this?  
Look, there goes another one now. One day I swear they will not miss.

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