

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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