

# Dead Kid Harvester, Radiation

Despite the tales of creatures unknown,  
I spent the night alone  
In a haunted house out on a prairie.  
And in the dead gloom of dusk,  
Dare I say I saw a fairy.  
When you've seen something new,  
It's too late to undo  
The gasp at the tip of your tongue.  
Dressed in black,  
Don't try to turn back,  
She told me not to worry.  
And to my surprise,  
In her uranium eyes,  
I saw a hint of desire.  
There is something sweet  
Where forked roads meet,  
That a weather girl can't describe.  
I stood for a time  
Under a radioactive spell,  
Then plummeted into cosmological implosion.  
In the blink of an eye,  
Lonely ground and foggy sky.  
The rain came down,  
But I had nothing left to wash away.

Despite the force of cold and isolation,  
I spent my life unwound  
In a hut up on a glacier.  
Trapped in a haunted river  
Of creaks and moans,  
The echo of laughter  
Too powerful for any ghostbuster.  
Every white breath multiplying the haze,  
Inching along as clocks spun like crazy.  
Then the altitude of my colourless pillow became extinct,  
And this iceberg slipped into the lively ocean.  
Cold and separate at first,  
But it feels so good to be melting.