

# Tilt, Unravel

Here I am still intact  
And I should give myself  
Credit for that  
But I have cast a stone  
Deep into my throat  
I squat on land my  
Feet won't reach  
The smell of blood and  
Bile and bleach  
I need a square foot  
And a rope

We can weave we can unravel  
We keep on sleeping  
Right though our travels  
We can weave we can unravel  
Take our confusion to a  
Much higher level

Spit it up and hand it over  
To another child of squallor  
Pallid wheezing  
Lost all her color  
Her dark circles  
Getting darker  
He crossed her palm  
But nothing seems  
To wake her from her  
Shitty dreams  
Now she's become just one  
More helpless package  
Of doom

The city is especially  
Vindictive tonight  
That hitchhiker looks like  
He's heading home to  
Murder his wife  
Well it's a proven fact they  
Don't respond to every call  
For help in time  
So there she stays  
Poor little girl  
Lying on the floor of a  
Dirty bathroom

No folks there's no device  
No box of gods to descend  
And take this tragedy  
Tie up all the loose ends