

Finch, Ink

I climbed the mountaintop
I saw the bottom drop
I'm clinging to driftwood
I swim in a deep world
Words unspoken
Seem so foreign
Have you heard this one?

The hair on the back of your neck stands
"Another way out"
"Another way out"
The army ants have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
I sip epiphany

Fang bite, tarantula
Taste of my symptoms
Gasoline and a pistol
Blood filling the bathtub
Swollen eyelids
Baffled by this
Tell us what you see

The hair on the back of your neck stands
"Another way out"
"Another way out"
The army ants have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
I sip epiphany

I've bit my lip for the last time
The fog lifts up for the blind
Free of body, free of mind
I'll build my mold up, rest inside
Ink spills on paper
Paper spells "my blood."

The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
I sip epiphany
The army ants have escaped
The hair on the back of your neck stands up
Ink runs into my cup
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Ink spills on paper (Ink spills on paper)
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