

Forgive Durden, I've Got A Witch Mad At Me And

Consider this your fair warning
There's no turning back now
You're leaving your
Blanket of cleansed gospel
For the smut of vicious truth
You won't need your own wool coat
Because out there the sun beats through

So interlock your fingers with mine
And squeeze tight
Stay close behind
We haven't much time
So I'll cut to the quick
We'll burn the midnight oil

The sun will peek into our windows
And be surprised to find empty beds
Walls naked, our closets stripped
Of all its threads
We will awake in a new world
Our own island
This floating mass
A jagged slab
Where bulbs burn for us until the end

When dawn arrives
We'll be ten drinks deep
If we can fight off turning horizontal
We'll explore our new home
And find similarities at every turn

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And be surprised to find empty beds
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No matter how far we go
It's all a fragment of a whole
Even if all locks are keyed
Or calloused become our feet

No matter how far we go
There's no escaping the glow
We'll take our seats at the throne
Wonderland is now our home