

# Living Colour, Hemp

How carefully I've shaped you in the solitude of days  
How peaceful is my mind entwined in cord around my fingers  
How sweet the days I've marked in knots I've tenderly caressed  
So many times I've touched you, reached you, teased you  
Now fingering these veins of hemp  
Their hair upon my skin  
And how gently, quickly you will sleep  
Slip into my collection with its bristles, coils, intentions  
Yet your words will be unfaithful before I set you free  
Slip as life is bound to slip from this entropy disorder  
Then tied and laid upon the floor in perfect symmetry  
'Til the frayed edge of your lips on mine  
Positioned, placed at ease once more  
'Til this restlessness returns I turn and turn and turn again