

# Magazine, Permafrost

Thunder shook loose hail  
on the outhouse again  
today I bumped into you again  
I have no idea what you want  
but there was something I meant to say

As the day stops dead  
at the place where we're lost  
I will drug you and fuck you  
on the permafrost

There's not much that I miss  
I'm far too forgetful for that  
sugar's sweet some of the time  
it's hard to keep some things in mind

As the day stops dead ...