

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 ...