

Mates of State, Think Long

On our picture shelves.

(Get on, or get out)

Statues mocking me.

How am I supposed to feel?

How am I not put at ease?

Talk yourself to sleep.

Fall into it deep.

I will wash off mine with rolling waves of worry.

It doesn't have to feel so wrong.

Bethany you're riding this one to its grave (the gates).

You never understood the difference between someone's beating and refusal to trade

Bless these tangled veins.

(Get on, or get out).

None of which will grow the same.

Now am I supposed to fake it?

Now are you so poised, at ease?

Think long, think, think long, think think.

Can you feel it surround me?

I think it'll drown me.

And I wonder how you could say that we (you) really owe you (us) anything.

Think long, think, think long, think think.