

Matt Pond PA, Promise The Bite

hay from the barn filled our mouths up with dust
fanning the air though we wouldn't have touched
i'm burned in all of six different ways
all for the fire and what they might say

*now I'm filling in the forest and I'm covered with trees
to far beyond what seems a bit too much, when light's been released

**I've been dreaming - surprise, surprise
and from waiting - the wells have all gone dry

turned down the fire when we waved in the dusk
promise the bite fills our stomachs with rust
I caught you down, way down in the field
Green hands and blind, it didn't seem real

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