

Pulley, Silver Tongue Devil

he was a silver tongue devil,
standing there waiting for a ride,
looking for a one way out of this town
and you know i couldn't let him down.
so i asked him 'how far?' he said 'as far as you'll go,'
i just couldn't say no.
it was a thursday in december or was it september,
the last thing i remember was the cloudless sky above.
he said he saw a good friend die,
i never thought to ask him why.
i could have sworn i heard him say he knew who did it.
we headed off into the dead air of the desert
to a place i've never known.
he looked into the sun that shone above us
then he smiled and spoke how good it was.
yet things change and they stay the same.
home sweet home,
there was a stillness as the light set behind us
the last thing i remember was the laughter in my ears,
fearless yet fearful i stared into his eyes
and he grabbed my hand, i started to fly.
ageless, timeless, as i gave him control,
he said 'that's it my friend, i own your soul.'