

Tilt, Locust

I don't expect a response from you and I
Won't try to elicit one
I stroke your walls as I prowl along
They seem to be so strong
Your windows are on their own they are
Letting in a steady blow
I can hear the wings of the locust
But it doesn't seem to matter much

(chorus)
I don't trust your corridors
Why do I hear the timber groan

I'm getting closer
Hitting rooms no light has shown
I like the fixtures
I adore the woodwork
I lay prone
Making out faces in the plaster
My fingers probing
The molding for a trigger

Volumes of polaroids
Commemorate
Nothing to speak of
To speak of
There are whole sections of this house
Not on the floor plan
And I will ransack 'til I find myself an entry

You can't afford to let me go on searching for a motive
You've got to assure me
Don't allow me to doubt
Produce the passkey satisfy my suspicions
Will you trick me to co-author your plans
Elaborate plans