

Requiem: 820 Latham

The 5th Dimension

When I came to you there in that cold
Telephone pole horror of the night
And you came out to meet me
In that filmy thing and sat down on the porch swing
And I knew the moon would melt
Before I held you to my breast, like that again, yeah
Why could I not die then, warm, behind the curtains of your hair

When we stopped the clock on that cold rock
Mixed our hot young blood with granite dust,
And I raised my head to kiss the sweat
That hung like honey from your Goddess brow,
And I knew the mountain side would be
Ten million years of dust and rust before I took you up there again, yeah
Why could I not die then, warm, behind the curtains of your hair

Instead I was found dead and well
Carrying on my life, with much gusto and death breath
Buried without casket and no one writes my epitaph
'Cause they heard that I'm still breathing and they think that
means, I'm still alive
I'm still alive

And I knew the mountain side would be
Ten million years of dust and rust before I took you up there again

And why could I not die then, warm, behind the curtains of your hair
Why could I not die then, since it doesn't really matter where