

The propheteer  
The prophet's here  
Only 'til August  
Bearing down into the grass, down into the grass for me

The prophet's come  
The prophet's good and stung  
Gobbled up on cable wires  
Dangling low + above the fires  
They won't work out like the lovely ones  
High wires  
That bring the heathens out for a fight  
Ergo sum  
The game's grown young  
There's a danger now in the town below

And the hobble of gawker's look across onto the road  
There's a tazor  
And a brave young one  
Spilling fiber like you, son  
And the cherry pouts your lungs

Just stay here  
Stay here just loving me  
Or just STOP bloody loving me  
See now.  
Sweep behind the gauzy curtain  
High rise  
High + wild

I pick at you, my limestone  
When you fiddle with your red stone  
What are you without your flint then, sonny?

Can't count out your only lie  
Can't you cap out your only lie  
Sitting fore  
Keel.....

Not before  
I was in front  
Of the pekid fountain  
The whole time