



Remedies against discontents, against exiles— any enemies of Memphis, listen: the rain is a stranger to the cloud, the soul an alien to the body. They know your movements, as I mine



I've been set up— spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, judges, list close: it happen to you, who knew him by its mouth, and that by its last kiss. If it was key melancholy gave life and death to its occultant, I'll take it with me



Discipline myself, but confounded all the less— some species skirts the edge of my thoughts, some sign the night of my vision. Like that, I guess. Listen, how could we evade them, it's their house. Once there, we'll have each other only



What if, no forget it. Let it close about us– the snare, pet; how did you know. That it would be us, that I was faking it, was never enough to make me answer, or you to pick up. Rain falls along easements, along refineries like cell service for the dispossessed, the snared: I need be dispersed, who left a message



