

here am I now I guess Panchode Taoz
 The name that you find on the map
 at time I saw lovely light country flowers
 I'd gather them each in a glance
 The heartache of traveling hard to remember
 when getting out layed on a trip
 The Mountains of Blood seem eternal and limber
 Our frail bodies so ready to slip
 Meeting with family rekindling friendships
~~we~~ embrace yet are shy with them all
 yet through signals and cues we embrace kinship
 Each evening exhausted we fall
 in a dabble in evil and middle it fondly
 like kittens that play and that scrip
 for guidance + gaze at the wide Western ceiling
 horizon I hold in my lap
 oh when its part its time like I said for the heart
 ah when I'm gone away from attachments we have courted
 who could escape

when that which we seek is not being around us
 on that which disappeared in a hand
 We find how excrucious persons our pleasure
 But had not reject our romance
 let us dance let us be in a proximity
 ridiculous that we are

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When that which we seek is not being around us
Or that which despised is at hand
We find how poisonous our pleasures
But need not reject our romance
Let us dance let us be in a proximity
Ridiculous though we may be
The mountains and towns and our loves and us melting
and + drive away for the sea