

Carnest

Carseat

1 “Blur of Touch”

Blur of touch in the ocean
I’m hoping he’ll reach a swimming hand out to her
Sulking, stuck in, silken
Fragile to the touch
I’ll wait in the chilling booth for you

Show them you’re drowning in your means
You can’t let them survive like this
Don’t let them swarm you

Lure of touch in the ocean
She sits on the edge, cold dwellings in the old sand
I hope you get hit by the water
Washes along your arms
A coating of armor

Show them you won’t be drowning in your needs
You can’t let them survive like this
Don’t let them swarm you

Lure of touch in the ocean
Limericks lurking in boiling pots of phlegm
Sulking, stuck in, silken
Fragile to the touch
I’ll wait in the chilling booth for you

2 “Feel Them”

Put your feet in and let them go
They’ll want to nibble then retreat
Feast on the dead
You hope all the new will breathe in the light

If you flinch they’ll run away
Think you’re onto them
Just stay there
Don’t make any noise
They’ll come back

Then you sit there and let them manifest you
Bad you’d spend all of this time there

In the water
You can feel them
In the water
You can feel them
In the water
You can feel them
In the water
You can feel them
In the water
You can feel them
In the water
You can feel them
In the water
You can feel them
Feel them

3 “Carnest”

Piss me off slowly
Your locks falling unevenly on my chin
Buried in your smile
Unsanitary unconditional trust
Give in to all of you
Everything and anything that you feel
Turn me on, turn me right off
Caught right underneath your spell
Do exactly what you want

Surprisingly from where I can see
Hesitation is slackingly giving way in my head
Showered in this concept of honesty and maturity
that you’d tell me when something was up
Turn me on, turn me right off
Caught right underneath your spell
I’ll do exactly what you want
And I will

4 “Moss Groves”

If I told you
It was fine by me
To try things of new
Would you try to picture us
Staring at a plane
Moss grows on a stoic plant
When it rests there

In actuality
Mirrors always show you in the room

If I told you
Balloons should never
Have to pop in broad daylight
Trust me

Believe me
Launched in repose
There’s nothing to be launched right now