

The Doors, The Hill Dwellers

Way back deep into the brain
Way back past the realm of pain
Back where there's never any rain.
And the rain falls gently on the town,
And over the heads of all of us.
And in the labyrinth of streams
Beneath, quiet unearthly presence of
Nervous hill dwellers in the gentle hills around,
Reptiles abounding
Fossils, caves, cool air heights.

Each house repeats a mold
Windows rolled
A beast car locked in against morning.
All now sleeping
Rugs silent, mirrors vacant,
Dust blind under the beds of lawful couples
Wound in sheets.
And daughters, smug
With semen eyes in their nipples

Wait
There's been a slaughter here!