

Bob Mould, Nihil

I sit and watch / as you fade to black
For weeks, it's been like / years and years
Your eyes turn off at night / so dark
I watch as you sleep / in sweat and tears

Memorizing every line on your face
I thought I saw you standing up again
Breaking slowly from the stress of this
I'm not moving any more

At times like this / I hear the air
That stands so still / as if to say
It's your move next / and how long until then?
I wash your face with my hands

I remove the sheet laid over you
In case you need to leave this room
Nothing left to hold you back from them
Whoever they might be

I've cried enough / and so have you
Which way is best / for you to leave?
As silence falls / we plan your escape
And one last call / of your name