

# EMMA, Mirtha Jung Treats Her Guests Well

Your sleeves  
Are so cliché  
So I wear it on my face  
Abusing your control  
Yet again, and again!

You abuse...!  
Your...!  
You abuse...!

Stumbling cross white lines  
When your mistakes  
Speak from under these boards!  
I still wore your ring  
One phone call away  
From starting again!

Chalk outlines  
Lay in my hall  
Our crazy play  
Strike poses on the floor  
I'll breathe you in  
To rest my throat  
Anesthesia my only hopes!

You abuse...!  
Your...!  
You abuse!

Stumbling cross white lines  
When your mistakes  
Speak from under these boards!  
I still wore your ring  
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You!  
Abuse!  
Your!  
Control!  
You!  
See!  
My!  
Face!

So everyone runs!  
But I'll never see you again!  
Again!  
Everyone runs!  
But I'll catch you!  
Now!  
Again and again!

