

Erasure, Tragic

(A. Bell / V. Clarke)

Speak. Spell.
What's that word again?
In. Out.
Of my head again.

Clear. Cut.
Charmed I'm sure again.
Merrity!
I wish for thought.

Oh, wise men indeed,
are fools who believe.
Her heart on my sleeve,
is laughing at me.
Best left unsaid;
there's no truth in what's said.

Cloud. Fog.
Looks like rain again.
Glass. Wall.
Looks could kill again.

Clock. Face.
Half past two again.
Turn again.
And how time flies.

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are fools who believe.
Her heart on my sleeve,
is laughing at me.
Best left unsaid;
there's no truth in what's said.

Dream. World.
In my pawn again.
Hot. Cold.
Fingers burn again.

Teardrop.
To the floor again.
Cruelty.
How real is real?

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