

Fiction Plane, Cold Water Symmetry

Love

love is an angel that smokes cigarettes
she's trying to kill me
I can only say yes
take me to your bedroom
send me to my death
you can't help being what you are

the heavens decide the shape of the lines in the cold water symmetry
I can't leave you behind
you live in my mind
cast out on the silver sea

love now I can taste you
how soon I forget
how sweet is the coughing
the dust of your breath
all the baby spiders fill my heart with dread
I need no science in your arms

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i could never make her mad
she would always understand
my mouth is full of sand from the sweet appalling evil angel

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