

Firewater, Six Forty Five

Six Forty five.
And the sun has cut the sky.
And the clouds are still bleeding.
As mean while I.
I drink alone outside the bar
at the end of the world.
So this is how it feels.

Ten Twenty five
And theres a girl with cold eyes.
But her stockings are running.
And anyway. Shes just the end of a melody
that sings to me of you.
So this is how it feels.
To stand here from the undergrowth
and rediscover emptiness.
Dancing on the beach.

About Two O five
The bands on fire its a pyre
and the bodies are burning.
im still alive
but as the papers have assured me
I wont be for long.
So this is how it feels.
So this is how it feels.
To walk upon the waves alone.
With nothing to conceal.
So this is how it feels.
To crawl up from the accident
and die beneath your wheels.
Nearly Four AM.
I'm just a ripple in the tide.
And the tide is reseeding.
I really cant pretend.
That the end feels like anything
more than a joke.
So this is how it feels.
So this is how it feels.
To throw past onto the floor
and smash it beneath your heels.
So this is how it feels.
To catch your face in a broken glass.
And know that thats whats real.
Six Forty five and the sun has cut the sky.
And the clouds are still bleeding.