

Monday In London, Smart Bomb

His rough hands follow you down to the bed.
Wine red sheets cover your skin, it's morning uh huh.
You awake to see what you've done,
with the lights painting the room faded blue.
In young lust we'll die.
I should have known with the lights dimmed
that low, that I could not see you for you.
Your will was ideal enough to kill me.
A decision to change who you wanted to be.
I was once seen as a fixture in your life,
now alone you're starving to death.
But in young lust we'll die.
Reverse these words.
A rush of blood, she's up too fast
making a mad dash for the chamber door.
She's out in the hallway now,
it pitches to the left and the right
but it's only in her head.
And because of her I am too weak
to even lift my hands to my mouth.
I stand tall to deflect the pain inside,
rot gut and red pills coincide
to keep me barely awake tonight.
Watching you run to your alibis,
I hope he feels good between your thighs.
Last time, I got a question for you.
Reverse these words.