

Phideaux, Everynight

Every night when I come home a ghost stares at the phone
And the dust greets me from above
The sediment of what I have become
Every night I watch you all, every day I know
Every night when I come home shadows start to grow
And the sun that stings from the west silhouettes you
My hungry eyes retract afraid the shadow's true
Afraid of fading too
Every night hear a rusty hinge make a sound of the dead below
Every night when my mind kicks in the hands of time are ticking
Won't let go and like the dream in the silhouette
When the masquerading cabbage said:
"well look at you, won't you look at you,
Just cuz you have a head you think you're always set
To know to know to know"
(stop)
Every night try to walk away
But hands of time just pull me back again
Every night at the appointed time the calling mind won't go
Every day in the same old way it's the sound of winding down
My starving ears react to the unrelenting howl
Every night come crawling in
On your hands from where I don't know
Every night with the monster lens steal a photograph of my soul
Every night with the six inch heels strut strut right into my room
Every night feel the hands of time turn me back to the
Naked gloom (oh I don't know, oh I don't know)