

The Sundays, Nothing Sweet

In a crowd naked, with no words to explain.
In a car braking glass cracks,
as I freeze the frame.

Keep falling away,
keep falling away
while I watch myself and pray.
Keep falling from view
what a mind puts a body through
and down on the ground onlookers stare.

In a pool sinking, water fills my mouth
sole victim of your own terror
cold flesh as the air runs out.

Keep falling away
keep falling away
while I watch myself and pray.
Keep falling from view
what a mind puts a body through
and down on the ground onlookers stare.