

Trance To The Sun, Terrible Parties

The Violet stems of strangling premonitions
You said something in your sleep and turned toward the wall
A second skin of sweat in a thickening snowstorm of horrible words
And I am sure they are not mine
I'll take you to terrible parties where nothing but angst is served
Exploding match head gossips
You're not there when the smoke clears the room
Suicide not written in lipstick
Badly spelt apology
You're singing songs to your vodka
There's no one but you and me
Above your head a girl on a tightwire is holding a parasol
She dances in the gloom
She's got a smile and no expectations
And tricks up her skirt we're sure you'll adore.
Since when has there been a way out of the trap we set for you?
And you thought that you knew us.