

# 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.