

Two Gallants, Two Days Short Tomorrow

My darling, my darling
are you as composed as the space you fill?

you know there's little reason to demand what cant be given from the heads you fill

and you aim your thoughts homeward
as if you had a reason to be gone

and you were raised by sirens they taught you not to talk
all words are empty

but they lent you their hats, screaming bring back from the other side some sympathy

and your spend no time to wonder
when you claim to know the answer
why be wrong

so you put on your painted dress
while the badass takes your hand and tempts you homeward

and so i've heard
that you've gone wrong
but is it OK
if I think of you
'cause you might just be
what i'm counting on
just one more day
that I must get through

well you break just like the morning
and if yesterday dont know you
well who does then

and if you ever seek me out i'll be someone among the people you call ?

well you'd love to be a martyr
but you got nothing to die for
so you wait

and wintertime is coming
you can feel the cold drum drumming once again

and so i've heard that you've gone wrong
but is it OK
if I think of you
cause you might just be
what im counting on
just one more day
that I must get through

well I love my country
I love my country
but I fear your mother
I fear your mother
and shes growing older
or so they told her
and flowers wont replace her
your my sheath, i'm your rapier

and so i've heard
that you've gone wrong
but is it OK
if I think of you
'cause you might just be

what i'm counting on
just one more day
that I must get through
that I must get through