

Xiu Xiu, Over Over

i know i know i know it's over
upon the platform inside the slaughter house
just a slip away from murder
ooooooooooooover
in the night a mystery should unfold
where i wish for waking up unaware
but it's not unclear at all
underlined in red on your jacket sleeve
were the curse blank as a toothache
but it's not unclear at all

I know

i know i know i know it's over
your final descent ick ick ick ick ick
mixing pills and gas with incest
on the plane oooooover
folded up the last year of your life
every play you tried to write in school
venice is the right place to kill yourself
like a cricket blob in the cactus club
pass away and chirping in my ear