

# A.F.I., Story At Three

A.f.i.

Art Of Drowning

Story At Three

Again and again they blend into one,

My father the morning pushes through moonlight love.

So what's sleep? sleep.

I'm tired, so tired, but it seems that there's someone here with me.

We are the wakeful, wry, watchful.

We're awaiting.

Deathless ones.

A story at three with the shrillest of cries.

My mind fights with the sparkles in the corner of my eyes.

I hear the morning choir sing to me their elegy.

So beautiful.

They sing to me their elegy. requiem.