Brazil, Erasure

its a story about a street named Decision lays open the skin with its painful incision

erasure its time to rest erase your complicated mess

a sharp dressed narcotic that drips dark red keeps you smiling when you say its ok

its breaking me
with breathtaking ease
erasure
rub me out
erase your
panic anxiety

truth be told I never liked her around but she kept coming around between us

I can hear you pioneer you whisper near you fire and virtue got to keep a light burning all day

whatever
happened to
old-fashioned
face value
straight talking
went out with
June brides and fashion queens

its a story about a street named Decision lays open the skin with its painful incision your words are guns and they are loaded