

George Fox, Polyserena

Polyserena, I'm starving to feed you,
I'll be back from what I've been to
Not sad, not crying,
In the moments of your hiding,
you'd swear that I was screaming

Polyserena, since your leaving,
lit rooms are darkly silent
Right now I am standing right here
between whispers of your violence
You'd swear that I'm believing

Poly, you decadent deceiver,
In the mirror you don't reflect
but I feel your hot breath
In the coals of the fires of all that's left

Polyserena, it's never over
it's glimmering in the windows,
of the corridors of gold
Not walking backwards anymore
For Serena you know all

Colours flood into patterns
Churn and twist around, what matters.
Where's a love to believe, to bleed, to drink to?
Through your brindled smile,
Poly, I still trust you.

Polyserena, I'm starving to feed you....