

# 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....