

Kind Of Like Spitting, Dostoyevsky Gets Mugged

Our savior's fallen ill, and he won't get up
We've cast away our stones, why won't he get up?
So unawake with you, you let me drive your car
You let me break your heart and still not want to give up
So now the only time I get to see you smile
Is in the darkest rooms with the brownest tiles
And to hear you laugh is a sweet refrain
So sick with joy, I'm the perfect boy
Our savior's fallen ill, but here's a souvenir
Another saint to pierce against your bedroom wall
It says you can't give up and that you won't wake up
Until you close your eyes and lay down