

Marc Almond, The Plague

I've spent many a night
Lying on my back
Waiting for the dawn
To pierce and crack
And the ceiling
Hanging from the sky
And I envy the boy
Who grabbed the toy
And ran away
And found a joy
While I stood in the shadows
Wondering why
Flying towards me
Then he laughs
A woman's face
The terrible taste
Of the morning after kisses
And goodbyes
I could never seem to catch my footsteps
Have desires, they fly away
Every day I have to fight the plague
How can I sleep in hours like this
When anguish tracks me like a fist
My nakedness exposed, I can't stand
Still I...try to remember lips on lips
Hips on hips and ice on fire
In gloom and glow
When did they leave the man
In the mirror of the night I see
A face that staring out at me
Like a fallen star
Burned itself out
Like a deadly scrapes
Across the ground
My voice cried out
In a gravelled sound
No one's there to hear me
But the plague
Straining hard to see
Running after me
I keep pounding pounding on the door
But it's all so vague
When you meet the plague
And I keep coming
I keep coming back for more