

Monday In London, The Queen, The Meek, And T

You come in at night,
you're not ashamed he knows where you've been.
The emergence of life
from a night on the town in the city of sin.
You turn on the lights
and that gut feeling comes back again.
Sick from the ashes in the ashtray.
television static, how tragic the story of a veteran.
In this mattress lies
the one who holds the key
to all the things that seem to all you, sensory deprivation.
And just like a window left open,
a romantic tale of conquest, a rouge parchment
on the landscape of your bedroom
where you both spent the afternoon, sensory infatuation.
The queen, the meek and their disease.
Sleep away the weakness please.
I'm too young.
We're not afraid say the hands of time to our bodies.
We play the spade against the king of hearts and his parade.
A couple of actors stumble across the stage.