

Park, La Amoureux

Lover undo me
For weeks I've waited for your return
My head down
Eyes to the ground
My guess is a sure thing
You won't be back

Thank you for a month's worth of wooing
Your warm lips and my body for using
Six shades of mischievous gray
Sprinting through your skinny veins
It's no wonder my sense of perception
Is no better than a sailor in weather
So rough as to spill your guts
The sea swells up just enough, to keep your head up

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Eyes to the ground
My guess is a sure thing
You won't be back
You've all but consumed me
For days I pray for you to burn
I won't try to relive the nightlife
I had when I had you

Lot more of them need to fall
With eyes so soft and a livid cough she sighs
"Don't come near me
God damnit I am waving my colors of warning"
I am sorry darling
I'm just so sick of starving
You smile as I start my dive
Hands on hips, it parts your lips
Pushed to one side

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And those six shades that I spoke of
Are just acts you try to pull off
Just as a cavity
Swallowing the things you need
Yet you skim what won't repeat
All demands what I've been asking
Your arms like a tragedy
Suffering from sun
I will cut myself off never to be turned back on

Lover undo me
(I will cut myself off never to be turned back on)
You've all but consumed me
(I will cut myself off never to be turned back on)
Lover undo me
(I will cut myself off never to be turned back on)

You'll end up starved out in some attic
Alone and afraid watching reruns of past times
Your hair falling out in heaps
The bridges you've burned
The ashes you keep