

Park, Pomona For Empusa

Are we still connected or was it just a plot,
to get yourself off, and hope that I'm not
listening when it happens.

(she said)

I can't begin to say how sorry I am,
I never ment for this to happen.
Sun goes down, the knife come out..

I'm on the island you left me on,
such a sickend strip of sand;
no lifeboats, no getting off.

We give up, we give in, we take what we can;
we're trapped deep without a second chance.
we give up, we give in, withought blinking;
Jesus Christ, what was I thinking?

Are these lungs desperatley filled by someone
charming and sad,
because you know your lover,
won't be back?
Are these words useless and absurd?
Such a sight of this,
makes the harbor and the water sick.

Shall I stay rejected or in a drunken song?
Like a bitter old man sunk in his fangs.
Try not to get caught.

(he said)

I know you didn't miss the sound that I made;
it's simple, it's sad, and easy to fake.
Live wits down, the knife come out.

I'm on the island you left me on,
such a sickend strip of sand;
no lifeboats, no getting off.

We give up, we give in, we take what we can;
we're trapped deep without a second chance.
We give up, we give in, withought thinking;
I'll be there the night you go down.

Are these lungs desperatley filled by someone
starving and sad,
because you know your lover,
won't be back?
Are these words useless and absurd?
Such a sight of this,
makes the harbor and the water sick.

I understand your reasons,
for this awkward dance.
I'd leave me, too,
if I thought I had the slightest chance.

I cry loud to these sheets they grip back tight.
Fall asleep to the sound of my own life.
If I drink this bottle fast enough,
I might get lucky and won't wake up. [x2]