

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons, And Then A Hurricane

Just hold your breath until your chest collapses in.
Or until she comes back - we'll all be dead and gone by then.
There's been a hand over my mouth for quite some time now.
Just let it out. Scream. Your name from the top of a hurricane.
It took my breath, it died with her. And I sing your grace.
From my mouth it's so ashamed. You threw my love out the window.
I heard your heart sink into your chest when you read the words I wrote.
I hope you caught my spitefulness. I hope you felt the anger in words.
They came from deep within my brain, where I locked you now.
I'll never let you out. Pray now for wind.
Pray now for the fall. Pray now for me.
Then you died here with them.
The wind came and ripped right through your chest
to reveal a hole where you kept a heart that's dead, long gone.
I remember you so long ago - so sweet, such love. Come home.
Pray now, pray for rain.
Pray now, pray for wind.
Pray now for the fall and me.