

# Senses Fail, NJ Falls Into The Atlantic

It's 4 A.M. and we will stalk again  
The princess and her bitter queen.  
On the fourth day of July  
Deep in summer's eye,  
Naked like the truth should always be.

So speak your mind.  
(Don't follow, with your foot)  
All this pain here.  
(All comes from, your dry lung)  
I won't listen.  
(Your rhetoric is fleeting)  
My lies are fixed with glue.

Coming straight from off the waters  
Sunburned face and drunken father  
Crying as she's carving at her flesh

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This falls on  
(of palm trees, and trash heaps)  
This burning bed  
(Where my ghost, will now sleep)  
Watching romance from a far seat,  
bleeding from the glass on my feet

Learning that I love the smell of flesh.

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An angel, on his two knees.  
Arms stretched, toward a red sea  
of violence, and a sultry tongue.  
The scenic, view of carnage  
cut by, the sword in his hands  
The beauty resonates in birth.

It's plain to see, the wind beneath the trees.  
Flowing free, the summer breeze is sweet.  
But in this place, i'm choked by my own air.  
I love the taste, of your blackened lips.

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