

Sorry About Dresden, Carthage Must Be Destroyed

Forget the phone call it was just a fluke,
Like some static running free in the air.
The night was lonely,
The cable was fucked.
The wine in the glass left a ring.

Circumvent all the thoughts that get you mad.
Lying around imagining the touch I never had.
Who is the patron saint of aphasia?

I had a speech once prepared and rehearsed,
But forgot how to speak for a day.
It's like an answer on the tip of your tongue,
Where the words fall apart and decay.

I tried to forget by laughing.
I tried to forget by drinking.

Circumvent all the thoughts that get you mad.
Lying around imagining the touch I never had.
Who is the patron saint of dysphasia?