Sundowner, Traffic Haze

This brain is a buzzing beehive. Swarming through infestation. My muscles pulse and burn alive. Tonight they crave sensation. And when the night finally falls She'll wrap her arms around me. And when I drop into the sea. Let me rise in glory. I'm one in the glow of the rising sun. Across these walls are my loathing scrawls. I hear the water underneath the bridge. This day was a slanting misfire, A selfish infatuation-All my lovers live on pages. It leaves me lonely, reading. And from this perch I am a god. The river speaks to me, One final step. And I will fly into that waiting darkness. So I glide blindly through the streets. And I can hear the traffic haze. Yeah, maybe I've had better days.