

The Bled, Meredith

Sweet meredith what have you done?
The whores have painted up their lips tonight.
To kiss the angels into ruin.
You tell me not to hold my breath.
If you could be the end of need.
If you would only reach out your hand.
Stare into my dead white eyes and bring me back to life.
Sweet meredith you made me real.
And stole my breath with your goodbye.
Tonight heaven wraps her hands around my neck
and sings me her final lullaby.
You made me real. Your kiss is my catastrophe
You kill me with your kiss.