

The Faint, Amorous In Bauhaus Fashion

Her brow: pensive
Her knees: away
I stand beside her
But i look straight ahead
And dissolve

Before the night began on Herring Street
A book from school kept me wandering
This may take a while
I might never see this through
And they said that chapter four repeats itself
Along with three so far
Where are you tonight?

It's crowded at the sokol club
And tonight will be the same
I want her walk to scream her confidence above me
I try to hide my thoughts
I stare blankly through her face
This seems so senseless
She sees me breathing
My hands are crippled clay
This could have been different
I hear myself saying again again again