

Thursday, Ian Curtis

We listened to the open sound your voice projected on the radio dial
Lie with me I said and lying's what she always did and always will.
All these thoughts keep leading back to him.

And no signs from Cinema.
No city skyline.
No paper scraps and no unfolding at five o' clock
Your voice skips as it always did and always will
All these thoughts keep leading back

It's the light from your sunless room
Scattered in pieces all around you.
Recession of these thoughtless forms
Reciting every line as a way of life and a way of death in time
We heard Ian Curtis kill himself again in your bed.

In these 24 hours we stretched into a room filled with "Heart and Soul."
This is the way.
Step inside and march in the procession of empty hearts.
Love has torn us apart.
It's a part of me a part of you in time we're falling apart together.