

Yuriko, Lack Of Things To Talk About

a lack of things to talk about
i called you today
i must have called you a hundred times
the sea of noise is a ringing in my
ear as my lips conceal secrets
things i could never tell, god
i can't die these little deaths
not again, as the moths eat
away the fabric of my stomach
this is just a bit to familiar
this beautiful lie,
this one fraudulent crime
and you won't answer anyway
cause i know if you ever die
i would have
a lack of things to talk about
or i'd just lie