Zwan, On The Meaning Of Loss

dawn for days
so fill your cup
one last sip it too much

moving on
the numb is gone
scratch the lens with my cuts

the ghost of us, is killing us
the ghost of us, is killing us
the ghost of us

sleep with me
turn down the lights
press you head to my side, in the side

and as we go
so goes us
just enough to get by

the ghost of us, is killing us
the ghost of us, is killing us
the ghost of us

empty noon
fall in love
one last sip from your cup, is too much