

Mercury Rising

From Autumn To Ashes

How sad, this is what your life has
Been reduced to a single room apartment
Containing no more than a mattress
How sad when the strings have been
Removed from the blinds
And all the outlets have been painted over
And the television screen is streaked
With blood smeared from your knuckles
As you were trying to punch it out
But you underestimated your strength
Or maybe you just weren't trying hard enough
Startled by a knock at the door
You rise for the first time in two days to answer
But you can only greet the visitor with one short statement

Songwriters

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