

# Unofferable

## Half Moon Run

Tell me a lie  
I'll be the first to fall  
Give me an offer unofferable Imagine the warmth  
in those tiny hands  
that held onto a penance  
I didn't deserve Don't it feel like a knife  
in the back of your head?  
And it reeks like an afterthought rotten and said  
Maybe something got lost or forgotten instead Oh, and I'm bound by a trunk  
with a few memories  
of how you burn through your lovers  
it's like an ugly disease Give me an offer unofferable  
That held onto a penance  
I didn't deserve  
And it reeks like an afterthought rotten instead  
and maybe something got lost or forgotten and said

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