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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