Iridescence

Axs

Must clean up the way until there is no one left alive
And then there is always someone begging for the light. Endtime!Time, torn and thrown into pre-existential oceans, pre-ritual
Must clean up the way till there's no trace left of me. Endtime!Did I see me last night? Then denied it today?
Same solitude rite, done again?It pours down upon me
Disgorging down from above.
And now it's too late.Now, how are you tonight?
Is there any way I could be of help tonight?I write a vomit serenade of living yesterdays
I'll show you tonight that no one really wants to listen to a song that really hurts
Who'd ever want a love like a rainbow in the rain, iridescent but vainI thought you would lie
Next to me in this bed of swallowed timeAnd deceiving the autumn and all the remaining time
And deceiving the horror, the pest and the relative slime
And the cancers and darkness behind the doors at nightToday all these things are unawareMust clean up the way until there's not a soul left by my side
But there's always a little sign of someone meant to take good care of your heart.

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