

Trace Decay

Wintersleep

We were made to let go
Why do you cling to the
 falling leaves and
 'for sale' things
 We're imaginary,
 we've always been
We've always beenHave they taken your
 mind away from me?
Just a trick of the eyes,
 a guise, a scheme
I got nothing to keep,
 nothing to leave
Nothing to leaveYou will find me in the
 valleys, in the gullies
 of your mind
Pigeon blood-red, cut and
carat in the eyelids of your
blindest memoryMemories,
 memories,
memoriesAt a party with nobody who
 will love you but the wine
Gobbled pills that the doctor
should have never prescribed
 Scattered letters to the
 boyfriends you have
 never identified with
Surreptitious, spilling kisses
you could never quite denyMemories,
 memories,
 memories

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