Serpentine

Chris Bathgate

A long stone and my dayâ€™s all serpentine
The tired tarnish in my chest rests sense of SARS
And one dull dawn where they hum that splits its length
Does my name sting your tongue? Now does it beg?

oo's

Your thin frame has set my eyes to fray
On our dim stretch of this street, how it aches
For every grey and sad and taut to coil
And our frail eyes and there watch to finally talk

oo's

One brash phrase cut crush these fragile days
My thoughts swirl in some shrill sad cannonade
And one such spur that caused my throat to creak
The one dull dawn that Iâ€™ve since sensed to repeat

oo's

Lyrics submitted by Lucyy.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/