

The Recluse

Cursive

I wake alone, in a woman's room I hardly know.
I wake alone- and pretend that I am finally home.
The room is littered with her books and notebooks.
I imagine what they say, like, 'shoo fly, don't bother me,' And I can hardly get myself out of her bed.
For fear of never lying in this bed again.
Oh christ, I'm not that desperate am i? oh no- oh god- I am. How'd I end up here to begin with? I don't know.
Why do I start what I can't finish?
Oh please, don't barrage me with questions to all those ugly answers.
My ego's like my stomach- it keeps shitting what I feed it.
But maybe I don't want to finish anything anymore..
Maybe I can wait in bed 'til she comes home. and whispers. "you're in my web now - I've come to wrap you up
tight 'til it's time to bite down." I wake alone in a woman's room I hardly know.
I wake alone - and pretend that I am finally home. Home

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