The Never Ending Story

Pulp

When all should be done and gone, / he comes round again to see, / he can't keep himself Away. / he touches her hand and it starts again. / his work is an ugly mess. / he prods And it cries in pain. / he kicks and it starts to scream. / he hurries away when she Cannot see. / when all should be done and gone, / he comes round again to see, / he can't Keep himself away. / he touches her hand and it / starts again. / moving so slowly, / Droplets of kindness / that poison and choke / when this thing should have died long ago. / the entrails are soft and warm, / this time it must be the end. / one touch and it lives Again. / he keeps it alive to be part of it's pain / (and that's mercy. / and that's Compassion. / and that's being good friends in a crisis. / what's one corpse between Friends?) / oh / oh-oh-oh... / leave it, boy. / just leave it alone. / stop scratching, or It'll never heal. / just let it lie in peace. / get out of the way, /get out of the way, / The brakes cannot last for long. / he knows he must let it go, / he knows but he keeps a Hold. / he touches her hand and it / starts again. / ah! / ah! / ah! / moving so slowly, / He drops it so gently, / urging it's life / to a peak to torment it again!

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