

# You're Coming With Me

## The Agonist

Intentional dreaming reveals a deceit less obvious  
It's the liars who are punished but the liars speak the truth  
I will never know your intention but I'll make clear my own  
You are guilty by association and I'm taking your sentence on  
To forget is the greatest (ardor)  
Forgetting is the favorite cure  
There aren't many days left  
There aren't many days left to sleep  
Suspicious, silent, bullets  
Suspicious bullets, silent guns  
Here's where the men wear pride outside  
And women smile through dragonflies  
I'm the kill the retriever couldn't find  
The round that got away  
You were supposed to wait for me  
That's how I built this up to be  
Just leave my corpse to feed the worms  
I'll soon just dissipate  
I'm going straight to hell and you're coming with me  
And yesterday's air, it suffocates me  
See, I have this gift to give to you - take it carefully, it's yours  
But if ever you should break it, please return it to the source  
It's a shame you're not still hungry - sugared hands surround the sill  
Exhibitionist intentions through the windows carved in skin  
I'll shut up so you'll explain to me the human sacrifice  
Subtle tears, I loved you too, your desperate hillsides  
Your forests of depression and your houses built on lies  
I'm going straight to hell and you're coming with me  
Yesterday's air, it suffocates me  
I'll take your oxygen  
Equine corpses bore (me) to death  
Purge the fetus like arguments  
Time's up, get on board, you're coming with me  
It's hard to (watch you) crumble  
(Watch the flames) lick your complexion bare  
Remove the pretense that you cared  
I see the woman facing away  
I feel the distance in her gaze  
One day she will turn around  
(And) push me back so my past's erased  
Flying birds like kites, my eyes are full of sun  
I don't know how I'll ever learn your language  
Only an insect forgets the Earth when drawn into the sun  
I'm going straight to hell and you're coming with me  
Yesterday's air, it suffocates me  
I'll take your oxygen

Purging sense in arguments  
How did we go from that to this?  
Sure, I'm guilty - still, you're coming with me

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