Knives to the Brain

DESA

Hello, this is last night calling.
Just making sure that you got my drift.
It's the one that dropped you off that cliff.
Wake up, this is yesterday screaming to you from god knows where.
I'm sorry I left so quick, but eating all that shit made me sick.
I hope you understand.
I'm torn between screaming and kissing you, so alone I forgot to miss you.
I shoulda told you the truth, well you know what they say.
Hindsight's always 20 knives to the brain.
Congratulations, heart.
You've committed the ultimate crime.
At least we know you're still working but I followed you the wrong way this time.
What's up with me not calling, telling you everything I feel?
Even the devil turned down that deal.
Don't you remember all those things we believed in?
I guess worse things have been done, just let me know when you think of one.
We oughta be ashamed.
Always thought of myself as an honest guy.
Turns out I'm only painfully, partially right.
Lesson learned posthumously, so it goes.
Hindsight's always 20 Tyson-type blows.
Congratulations, heart.
You've committed the ultimate crime.
At least we know you're still beating, but apparently you can't keep time.
How can we expect to live with the truth under our matresses,
suffocating the souls we were trying to save?

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