Distance

Smog

The curtain slaps in the wind
A human sound of fleshy flesh
Little fists pummel absently
To birth the spirit in the roomThe wind it seems to lick
The wind it seems to suck
The wind is a great big woman
That makes the hair on the back of my neck stand upMy body seems to be lacking something
I remember the taste
That on a night like this
Wa sonly ever shed in haste
All these moments have passed through me
I have turned them all to wasteThere are women on the street
They shine before me like teeth in a mine
And their are voices on the street
One of them is mineIf I watched from a high hidden window
I'd hear myself say
Oh I can't make it out
I'm too far awayBut the conversation is like the beating
Taken in a dream
Where no real blows are landed
The only harm is in memoryAll these women have passed through me
I have turned them all to waste

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/