Godless Girl

The Crookes

A life, a wreck.
Charming is her dress...
...and the nape of her neck.
My ink's awry in the blink of an eye
It leaves, by the by.Take off old threads by her tomb of a bed.
Am i right in the head?
And we'll pretend like we're angry young men...
...lest we should forget.Angst marrs your eyes (such unclear warning signs).
Am i evil? am i kind?
My heart's cold drone will outlive these faded bones...
...but i won't always be alone, i won't always feel this...How she now sits oddly with the times.A life, a wreck.
Charming is her dress...
...and the nape of her neck.
And we'll pretend like we're angry young men...
...lest we should forget.How she now sits oddly with the times.I was lost, was lost, was lost and so ashamed.How she now sits oddly with the times.

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