

# An Allusion Passes Through The Bar

## The Faint

loud for a reason  
the reason wasn't what was heard  
the traffic had died down  
the road congestion has moved to the bars  
where a lot arrived in makeup  
one is standkng with her back against the wall  
one shot, an allusion passes through her sunken eyes  
while he waits  
on some kind of tragic dose before he moves in  
and i don't know why this feeling caused me to leave  
but i do know why he's lining up  
distant raise, no commitment at all  
i want the standard of coupling introduced to myself  
a key for a companion  
i need to move away

all i do is watch  
i wish i could battle it or care  
the rest arrive in makeup  
they're assertive in a bar where no one cares  
and i don't know why seeing this caused me to leave  
and i don't care how  
but repeating this forms my belief  
one shot a day  
one chance for penance  
free will is calling me closer to the grave  
no one saves us  
we stint the appraisals

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