

# Helium Dreamer

## The Dirty Nil

If all my thoughts were a poison bow,  
I'd point it at you and I'd let them go.  
I've paid for lust with a pound of flesh,  
Waiting for shame to come and do me in. This body's alive,  
Quit dreaming aloud almost every night.  
If death is a mercy,  
Then sleep isn't halfway empty, no. If all my thoughts were a poison bow,  
I'd point them at you and I'd let them go. Liar.

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