

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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