Bad Ritual

Timber Timbre

There's a hair on the bed
The clock has stopped ticking
And nothing remotely romantic has been said
Let's not pass on the steps, let's take the season very easy
Let's take pills, salt water - let's keep looking aheadOh, it's a bad, bad ritual
Oh, but it calms me down
Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual
Oh, but it calms me downThere is a history in pictures
There is evidence in boxes
There is proof of your love for him, long after it's dead
And every creak, a trigger, I will think of you with others
I could not smother out dead fire in my head
And saw your levitating chair
I found your long blond hairs
I felt your poltergeist presence in the frame of the bed
Every creak is a trigger, I will think of you with others
I found depravity convinced me I may no longer careOh, it's a bad, bad ritual
Oh, but it calms me down
Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual
Oh, but it calms me down

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