

Pomona for Empusa

Park

Are we still connected or was it just a plot,
to get yourself off, and hope that I'm not
listening when it happens.

(she said)

I can't begin to say how sorry I am,
I never meant for this to happen.

the Sun goes down, the knives come out..I'm on the island you left me on,

such a sickening strip of sand;

no lifeboats, no getting off.We give up, we give in, we take what we can;
we're trapped deep without a second chance.

we give up, we give in, without blinking;

Jesus Christ, what was I thinking?oh these lungs desperatley filled by someone
starving and sad,

because you know your lover,
won't be back.

all these words , useless and absurd

Such a sight of this,

makes the harbor and the water sick.Shall I stay rejected or end up drunk and soft
Like a bitter old man sunk in his veins

Trying not to get caught.

(he says)

I know you didn't miss the sound that I made;
it's simple, and sad, and easy to fake.

the liquids down, the knives come out.I'm on the island you left me on,
such a sickening strip of sand;

no lifeboats, no getting off.We give up, we give in, we take what we can;
we're trapped deep without a second chance.

We give up, we give in, without thinking;

I'll be there the night you go down.oh these lungs desperatley filled by someone
starving and sad,

because you know your lover,
won't be back.

all these words , useless and absurd

Such a sight of this,

makes the harbor and the water sick.I understand your reasons,
for this awkward dance.

I'd leave me, too,

if I thought I had the slightest chance.I cry aloud to these sheets they grip back tight.
i fall asleep to the sound of my own life.

If I drink this bottle fast enough,
I might get lucky and won't wake up. [x2]

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