

## Perpetual Motion, Perpetual Sound

Lovers

baby, i know i am crazy and it pains me to find you  
spending all your time talking me down from heights and  
watching for warning signs, looking into overcast eyes  
that predict the coming storm and beg you to keep me  
warm. they warn here comes another night of holding me  
while i cry until the morning, so lock the doors, draw  
the blinds, bring the furniture inside and wait for it to  
start pouring, cause it's gonna come down in torrents.  
somewhere and somehow i found you and suckered you into  
this one-sided relationship, it was a dirty trick, the  
truths i distorted, a simple bait-and-switch, a failing  
circus of perforated promises like i am improving, it  
will be worth it, i am improving, it will be worth it.  
but it's nice of you to wait, while i make all my  
mistakes. i can't say how long it will take, there's no  
end in sight, i'm afraid. but the kindness you've  
displayed without a hint of impatience, i pray that it  
infiltrates my madness and calms all the mayhem. the city  
wears rain like a veil, and i fail to meet her glance,  
just the wail of an ambulance sails down the back of my  
neck and leaves through my fingertips. everything's  
coming up pale. i feel my body grey. i need perpetual  
motion, perpetual sound to keep my thoughts away. ok? ok.