Petite Mort

Bad Books

Petit Mort, i asked you for an answer Petit Mort, i sang until you slept Petit Mort, you took yourself, you bastard Petit Mort, now sleeping's all that's left

you took apart the sympathetic angle when you catered to the bitterness inside aligned yourself with depths I couldn't handle a million daily deaths before you die

gathered a bouquet roses and posies and straightened my tie when I got there, you were nowhere i could find

through layer after layer of subconscious
i hunted for a reason in the woods
i tore apart the map and started backwards
i couldn't picture living there for good

i left you there to finish setting fires i left you there to propagate your lie i left you there cos honey, I was tired i left you but that doesn't make it right

i remember your bedroom ivy and clover you kept me alive knives drawn, the butcher world waited outside

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