

The Specter

The Blow

I saw you sitting in a hot tub with what might have been
And the ever sexy someday. The foxy promises in their eyes.
You're cheating on your wife, right now,
With a hot present that will never arrive.

And then we see the the specter of death yawn.
He's too bored by us to take us with him to the beyond.
He dresses as he does in black and rags to avoid being sighted,
He is off to saunter through eternity and we are not invited, y
et.

I caught you holding your own mind at gunpoint
Trying to come away with something brilliant.
But a mind will learn what it lives,
If it's only known torture that is all it can give.

Then we see the specter of death yawn.
He's too bored by us to take us with him to the beyond.

Every day I wake up one less day I wake up.
My love is a dark place, frequented most frequently by my fanta
sies,
Inverted positions without your permissions.
I bring you here into my mind to do the things I'll never try.

Then we see the specter of death yawn.