

Here on the water no harm could come to me But a revolver was left on my table by somebody Just in case they said nonchalantly Which was fine at the time but now the words haunt me Sitting there loaded, the air is electric Distracting, my thoughts are destructive and hectic It reminds me of crimes I haven't committed I feel guilty of having done something I didn't I'm terrified but for some reason am smiling The weapon reduces me but also seduces me I've never known violence and there is none in my plans I've not even once held a gun in my hands At least not before now, as I sweat and I shiver I point it out the window and aim it at the river I feel so uneasy and sick from within As if I might kill with the suicides again Dark impulse proposed and my finger accepted That the shot came quicker than I had expected The river just swallowed it, nobody noticed From the bridge, from the pier, not in the remotest How easily a crime could be committed here It looks like the moon is stuck up the tree And I am in the mood for a nice cup of tea