

Ceremony

Casey

So thoroughly convinced that the product of persistence
Was a love that I'd been told of when I was just a kid
I was wed to my misery in the hope that at the ceremony
You'd interject, but you never did
Now seven years on, bitter and resentful
I still contemplate what I did to deserve
The glimpses of affection you used to distract me
As you were filing my teeth to the nerve

I know you were the death of me, but still in spite of everythi
ng
I hope that you are finding sleep while I still lay awake
Although my throat is burning now, it's still so quiet in the h
ouse
The emptiness you occupied is more than I can take

Tell me, are you ashamed?
Cause I felt alone and you watched as I decayed
I slipped through your hands as I faded
I've tried to forget
But your love will make a museum of me yet
I hope you know how long I've waited

Though reservoirs of self-
disgust have swollen up inside my lungs
Pulmonary Oedema is no substitute for love
That once lay its head upon my chest, a comfort cradled motionl
ess
But I have come undone. My love is not enough

I know it's hard to watch your light fade from my eyes
But darling for my sake you've got to let it die
My weathered hands have dug this grave enough
It's time for us to bury our love

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