

## 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 everything  
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 house  
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 motionless  
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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