

We agreed this city was like a morgue  
You said we should liven things up around here

This is red when paint the walls with fire and pools of cream  
This is my mouth with sharp silver teeth and our implausible dream  
These are the blues when sung to you by blue lips the likes you  
've never seen

Will the smoke leave us time?  
Or has someone extinguished your fire?  
Maybe you'd rather be left behind?

This is how it sells when there is no product in the store  
This is how we enter when there are no handles on the door  
This is sleep when they remove the warmth from our little house  
This is how you glow burning there as quiet as a mouse