

# Drunken Relief

Fen

Water and water again,  
Save me from the deserts within.  
Brushing my teeth and removing my clothes  
Are out of the question.

Rolling the seats of my bed  
Flowing with the limbs that I spread  
Lash in my face, the pillow, it moves,  
I'm good, where you gonna? Home, sweet home.

Slip dice through the mattress door  
You leave me face down and drunk as can be,  
The world out the bedroom cracks up the steam  
A black hole is all I can see.

I swear I won't do this again  
Let a priest come and I'll surely repent  
The living holds on to things I've consumed  
It's travelling and twitching inside.

Slip dice through the mattress door  
You leave me face down and drunk as can be,  
The world out the bedroom cracks up the steam  
A black hole is all I can see.

There was some good jokes on me  
While I've dreamt I should write them down.  
When the conversation won't  
I fasten, oh, so deep.

A dream kicks me out  
The streets when it's raining.  
One hand finds the glass  
To dread cause for me.

It's wrong sitting alone  
With this head full of sound  
Just to come to the bed  
I can't do it.

Now the street lights look in  
With purpose unknown  
Those alien eyes  
Have been searching through my home.

A piece right through the mattress on to the floor  
The bright sun is lying ashore.  
The pardon in the coffin blossoms, indeed  
The sweet smell of drunken relief.