

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.