

Lurker II: Dark Son Of Night

Jawbreaker

Connect the cable.
Have sex a lot.
A hostile climate clouds and sickens you.
Two room condo, treeless cul-de-sac.
A nun's dark habit.
All arm, no follow through.
As a favor to me.
As a place to go.
As a favor to me.
Little stitch to sew.
Loose leaf paper.
At a loss for words.
A can of dinner.
Hard to get a rise.
Hook up the sega.
Have sex alone.
Stick a fork in a socket.
Still it's no surprise.
I think I'm coming unplugged.
I just scratch and shrug.
Itches in my theeth.
As a favor to me.
I can't watch you all the time.
Much as I would like to, as I think I ought to.
It's hard to argue for this life.
Harder still without you.
Don't make me survive you.
Ripe fruit falls from the tree so bare.
Dead in sunshine, decomposing there.
Spoiled and keeping.
Keeping tracks to pick.
Fitful sleeping.
Were you never sick?
Another mouth to feed.
As a favor to me.
As a need to need.
As a favor to me.
Warm and sated.
The walls get interesting.
Don't know what they're saying.
Perhaps they're listening.
So I stopped talking to hear the pins drop.
I'm in the back room so I won't hear you knock.