

Perpetual Motion, Perpetual Sound

Lovers

baby, i know i am crazy and it pains me to find you
spending all your time talking me down from heights and
watching for warning signs, looking into overcast eyes
that predict the coming storm and beg you to keep me
warm. they warn here comes another night of holding me
while i cry until the morning, so lock the doors, draw
the blinds, bring the furniture inside and wait for it to
start pouring, cause it's gonna come down in torrents.
somewhere and somehow i found you and suckered you into
this one-sided relationship, it was a dirty trick, the
truths i distorted, a simple bait-and-switch, a failing
circus of perforated promises like i am improving, it
will be worth it, i am improving, it will be worth it.
but it's nice of you to wait, while i make all my
mistakes. i can't say how long it will take, there's no
end in sight, i'm afraid. but the kindness you've
displayed without a hint of impatience, i pray that it
infiltrates my madness and calms all the mayhem. the city
wears rain like a veil, and i fail to meet her glance,
just the wail of an ambulance sails down the back of my
neck and leaves through my fingertips. everything's
coming up pale. i feel my body grey. i need perpetual
motion, perpetual sound to keep my thoughts away. ok? ok.