

Monday Afternoon

Marika Hackman

I have no head
The forest floor is my bed
The leaves that fall I use as a blanket
For my bones are as cold as lead
The weight of all those hungry mouths
The things they said

I have no eyes
The forest floor I despise
But I will not be gone in the morning
I will lie, still here, I will lie

You said to meet at the edge of the trees
On a Monday afternoon
I waited 'til the noon

Lay on your back, breathe it in
The sickly sweet of my rotting skin
And you followed the road
And it was just our dust, just our dust

The trace of your steps
Leads right to where I took my breath
For the last time, it lingers forever
As a ghost of where we last met
The stars were not so brave to show
What they don't know

Lay on your back, breathe it in
The sickly sweet of my rotting skin
And you followed the road
And it was just our dust, just our dust

Lay on your back, breathe it in
The sickly sweet of my rotting skin
And you followed the road
And it was just our dust, just our dust

Standing there in the frosty air
I knew our time had come
And you followed the road
And it was just our dust

I feel no pain
The blood is frozen in my veins
And although you were here in the morning
My skin was cold before you came
My skin was cold before you came