

Nymphs Finding the Head of Orpheus

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In the skeletal remains
Of a pool long since drained
Filled with rain
Reclaimed by nature

Through the dark, I wade
As if in its Glory days
Knowing that I'll make myself sick
From the water
Knowing all my tears and rage
Could load a revolver

I used to think, you must be the water I drink
Holding me down in these waters, down beneath
Singing to the sound of my screaming

But now I see

In the dark I wait
Right here where I once sunbathed
With all my dreams unfit for day
With all my tears and all my rage

I used to think you must be the water I drink
Holding me down in these waters, down beneath
Singing to the sound of my screaming
I used to dream of the day it'd be just you and me
Like the Wild West
Both of us shooting 'til one of us was dead

You cruel, cruel man