

Everynight

Phideaux

Every night when I come home
A ghost stares at the phone
And the dust greets me from above
The sediment of what I have become
Every night I watch you all
Every day I know
Every night when I come home
Shadows start to grow
And the sun that stings from the west
Silhouettes you
My hungry eyes retract
Afraid the shadow's true
Afraid of fading too
Every night hear a rusty hinge
Make a sound of the dead below
Every night when my mind kicks in
The hands of time are ticking, won't let go
And like the dream in the silhouette
When the masquerading cabbage said,
"Well look at you, won't you look at you
Just 'cuz you have a head
you think you're always set to know..."
[Stop]
Every night try to walk away
But hands of time just pull me back again
Every night at the appointed time
The calling mind won't go
Every day in the same old way
It's the sound of winding down
My starving ears react to the unrelenting howl
Every night come crawling in on your hands
From where I don't know
Every night with the monster lens
Steal a photograph of my soul
Every night with the six-inch heels
Strut strug right into my room
Every night feel the hands of time
Turn me back to the naked gloom
Oh I don't know, oh I don't know...