

In The Dark

Romeo Void

Night is cool, your breath is hot
Sheets cover us, inside, we soak
We crawl for what we want
The wasted words
Voice is clay
Your word is clay

It is not the first time if I could explain
It is not the first time if I could explain

With eyes in my ears, I see what is said
And wrestle dark darker face down in the red
If I had foresight, I wouldn't start this
But when you come this close, I just want to begin

I fear how we roll past each other
One night just the same as another
What you said, how you say it
What you said, how you say it

This is not my idea of a good time
This is not my idea of a good time
This is not my idea of a good time
This is not my idea
Idea

You be the surfaces in amusement parks
And stare at the animals, tap their vital source
Wine turns sour in the stomach's recesses
Sit down in the dark and confess your successes

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One night just the same as another
What you said, how you say it
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