

# The Figurehead

The Cure

Sharp and open  
Leave me alone  
And sleeping less every night  
As the days become heavier and weighted  
Waiting  
In the cold light  
A noise  
A scream tears my clothes as the figurines tighten  
With spiders inside them  
And dust on the lips of a vision of hell  
I laughed in the mirror for the first time in a year

A hundred other words blind me with your purity  
Like an old painted doll in the throes of dance  
I think about tomorrow  
Please let me sleep  
As I slip down the window  
Freshly squashed fly  
You mean nothing  
You mean nothing

I can lose myself in Chinese art and American girls  
All the time  
Lose me in the dark  
Please do it right  
Run into the night  
I will lose myself tomorrow  
Crimson pain  
My heart explodes  
My memory in a fire  
And someone will listen  
At least for a short while

I can never say no to anyone but you

Too many secrets  
Too many lies  
Writhing with hatred  
Too many secrets  
Please make it good tonight  
But the same image haunts me  
In sequence  
In despair of time

I will never be clean again  
I touched her eyes  
Pressed my stained face  
I will never be clean again

Touch her eyes  
Press my stained face  
I will never be clean again  
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