

## Helium Dreamer

The Dirty Nil

If all my thoughts were a poison bow  
I'd point it at you and I'd let them go  
I've paid for lust with a pound of flesh  
Waiting for shame to come and do me in

This body's alive  
Quit dreaming aloud almost every night  
If death is a mercy  
Then sleep isn't halfway empty, no

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I'd point them at you and I'd let them go

Liar