

## Cigarettes / Orchids For A Wake

Typhoon

I've picked the perfect suit  
Matching shirt and shoes  
To complement my skin

Pale, pasty paper white  
Flowers bloom in spite  
Frosty winter chills

She shakes her head  
Lights the one last cigarette, she says  
"I'm not ready yet"

And so we separate  
The years in to days  
The days to dust

Discard me down  
Discard me all the way down

To bury our bodies under the soil and seed  
We'll not be blowing leaves

Just lay me down, go to sleep  
I promise you won't feel anything