

# Phantom Throb

WHY?

Our parties had dissolved into acrimony  
The army was a fever  
I'm at the bitch end of a mile-long tunnel made of  
PVC tubing

Hold on I can hear the blades spinning faster  
Hold on I can see the waves getting taller  
Keep it the fuck down would you, I got my boss on speaker  
My boss'll fuckin kill me  
No one will ever see me

Sinning in  
The linens at  
The Hyatt sick  
With guilt, on pot

In single vision  
I'm reliving  
Your departure  
Stop

Order dinner  
From a number  
On a hotel key card

You call  
All arch  
Me parched  
Still hard  
Hurt heart  
And so far from slumber

In the beginning  
It was exciting  
But It was already winter

We went out on a lark  
To an outcome unintended  
Remember?  
Now we've gone out  
Like a fire untended

The wailing wall  
The night in jail  
The ultrasound

All my weight. All my arms

The landing pad  
The hacked off arc  
The phantom throb

The pin I put you on

The fancy spread  
The actress packed  
The lactic acid

Under mine you were gone

All my will could never solve you  
All my wind could never stall you  
All my will could never solve you  
All your wings  
All your wings

My spells, my wand  
The pillar I put you on  
Under the veil you were gone

All my will could never solve you  
All my wind could never stall you  
All my will could never solve you  
All your wings  
All your wings