

Sick Talk

Wye Oak

Spit it out
I can see if you can say
You explain
Still your meaning floats away
Quiet fails
It is present in its space
Do you doubt
Other voices in your place

Is this sick talk
Building on your tongue until it spills off
Anyone who speaks can say the same truth
Even if the words that they have spared you
Scared you

Is this sick talk
Hovering around me, taking quick stock
Anyone who sees afraid to talk back
Anyway the answers are of no use
We are lost

Fits and starts
What's the use in watching me
Take apart
One more endless happening
See me now
Terror at the ones and twos
Look again
Shameless you are mine to lose

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