

Yuriko

"Lack Of Things To Talk About"

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a lack of things to talk about
i called you today
i must have called you a hundred times
the sea of noise is a ringing in my
ear as my lips conceal secrets
things i could never tell, god
i can't die these little deaths
not again, as the moths eat
away the fabric of my stomach
this is just a bit to familiar
this beautiful lie,
this one fraudulent crime
and you won't answer anyway
cause i know if you ever die
i would have
a lack of things to talk about
or i'd just lie

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