

16mm "So Cliche"

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Out in the foyer of this manor's where I shot my lover
dead.

She must have known and saw it coming there,
I shot my lover dead.

Like Kama Sutra, or Sinatra with a vodka kiss.
I shot my lover dead.

That's where I shot my lover dead.

And now there's no hope.

Looking with my eyes closed.

Looking, but I don't know what I'm looking for.

But when my patience runs out...

So little patience, sister.

Choose sister, choose sister.

It's him or you, sister!

When my patience runs out...

So little patience, sister.

Choose sister, choose sister.

It's him or you, and now it's

So cliche.

I never wanted.

So cliche.

I never wore it out.

Under the moonlight in the courtyard's where I lay my
lover's head.

She rests in several different pieces here, beneath my
guilty breath.

No paranoia. Bad production. With a pampered kiss,
I lay my lover's head, into a puzzled silhouette.

And now there's no hope.

Looking with my eyes closed.

Looking, but I don't know what I'm looking for.

When my patience runs out...

So little patience, sister.

Choose sister, choose sister.

It's him or you, and now it's...

So cliché.
I never wanted.
So cliché.
I never wore it out.

These bloody actions leave us cut up into smaller
fractions.
This new infection's smooth complexion was erected to
resolve.

Keep on breathing, keep on beating, keep on breaking
my bones.
Keep shaking, my bones keep shaking.
Keep her breathing, keep on beating, keep on breaking
my bones.
Keep shaking, my bones keep shaking.

And now it's so cliché.
I never wanted.
So cliché. I never wore it out.

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