

After The Fall

"Curare On Your Lips"

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Welcome to the last time
That You can buy my answer with less than a question.
I would sell the hands off my wrists if they weren't so
preoccupied
With taking the bread from Your fingers and downing
this cheap New Year's wine
That we call Your blood.
And You can wait for midnight but my lips are sealed.
And You can wait for midnight but my lips are sealed.

In this garden I'm waiting anxiously
For my children to come and murder me.
In this crowded room, staring nervously lovers lick at
their lips and wait for the kiss.
I've been sharpening
My teeth for this moment
And I'll stab with my lips but You've already won

Is there no resolution?
Well, I'll call these rafters my gallows,
And strung up by day-old party streamers
In the back of my mind I can see
The merlot dripping from Your hands and feet.

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