

## **Closure In Moscow**

### **"I'm A Ghost Of Twilight"**

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Awake to the cracking of bones; to the scratch in my throat.

Awake to every boy and girl, every heart that feels a swell.

It's all so lovely, when you look at it just right.

It's also stabbing me to sleep-

Needles long into the night.

Suspended eventide can only mean one thing:

I'm a ghost of twilight, haunting neither night nor day.  
With one foot treading sweet rapture, and one foot in the grave.

Asleep to the creaks and the groans; to the sounds of their sex.

Asleep to all the promises, all the blessed days ahead.

I want so much to keep this precious thing from harm.

Then there's a part of me that wants to hold it lifeless in my arms.

Because I got this chill in my bones, and a warmth on my face.

I'm a ghost of twilight, haunting neither night nor day.  
With one foot treading sweet rapture, and one foot in the grave.

Desperate for resolve, they're closer every day.

The ghosts of twilight call, so now I'm joining them.

I slept with faith, and found a corpse in my arms on awakening.

I drank and danced all night with doubt, and found her a virgin in the morning.

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