

## **Closure In Moscow "Sweet#hart"**

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I lay awake stuck by this fickle thorn.  
I lay with you so they won't sink in their claws.  
I lay awake while the beasts and the whores are  
Dancing in the jaws of a landfill.

Am I ever gonna let you in before I see it coming?  
Systematic in decay.

I'm dying to feel what you feel now.  
You've already been such a sweetheart.  
And I know we all get scared.  
We all get scared.

Too much head, but too little heart, oh honey:  
I want your touch, such a shame that I am numb honey.  
Too much head, but too little heart, oh honey:  
Not meant to be this way

Lover, lover, lover you'll never know-  
You'll never know, because-  
Lover, lover breathing down my neck;  
Incendiary breath, and still my lover is a burden.  
Tell me something could you smell my fear  
As I lay there cringing on your bed?

I'm dying to feel what you feel now.  
You've already been such a sweetheart.  
And I know we all get scared.  
We all get scared.

Too much head, but too little heart oh honey:  
I want your touch, such a shame that I am numb honey.  
Too much head, but too little heart oh honey:  
Not meant to be this way.

Maybe my seed found purchase in your soil.  
It's just a fight, a futile fight to feel connected.  
I lay awake stuck by this fickle thorn.  
Instead of tending to it's prick, I lay, infected.

