

Comadre

"Date Night"

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Black teeth and a crown of black lies.
I feel surprised but the room's still alive.
I'm left out, I'm locked in,
if I don't win then I'll feel like a sin.

And I'll keep fighting under dead moons,
I feel the dawn begging come back real soon.
I'm shut out, I'm fading,
the sun's burnt, it's the moon I'm dating.

Still losing, still fighting.
It's like forever never ended in sorries.

Here's to the ones that got caught out in the rain.
The church still swallows.
Drink to the ones with thick skins over their brains.
The devil follows.
Here's to the ones who listen to the sound of the rain.
Never better, but always clever.

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