

Emma

"Mirtha Jung Treats Her Guests Well"

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Your sleeves
Are so cliché
So I wear it on my face
Abusing your control
Yet again, and again!

You abuse...!
Your...!
You abuse...!

Stumbling cross white lines
When your mistakes
Speak from under these boards!
I still wore your ring
One phone call away
From starting again!

Chalk outlines
Lay in my hall
Our crazy play
Strike poses on the floor
I'll breathe you in
To rest my throat
Anesthesia my only hopes!

You abuse...!
Your...!
You abuse!

Stumbling cross white lines
When your mistakes
Speak from under these boards!
I still wore your ring
One phone call away
From starting again!

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Your sleeves
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So I wear it on my face
Abusing your control
Yet again, and again

You!
Abuse!
Your!
Control!
You!
See!
My!
Face!

So everyone runs!
But I'll never see you again!
Again!
Everyone runs!
But I'll catch you!
Now!
Again and again!

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