

Idy

"I Slept With The Nittany Liar"

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Mind if I hold this hand over top of your heart,
as I search for a pulse somewhere amidst the dark?
Searching for a life form somewhere between the
sheets,
and the poison of love spreads with every heartbeat.
A faint taste of blood resides on this tongue,
in your most sacred place, a psilocybin aftertaste.
And, darling, just open up, while I insert this drug
for a few more minutes, we'll overwhelm our senses.

You can't fly far on the wings of a sparrow;
you're destined to crash into waves below.
I'm screaming my heart into this stereo
and learning how to live my life without you.

Mind if I hold these hands over top of your eyes?
Then you won't see the flaws, and then you won't see
the lies.
As you're resting your angel head
against my windowpane, Darling, you don't feel pain.
And I listen as cars pass on rain-covered streets,
momentarily wishing that one would just hit me.
And I gladly swallow down your venom kiss in my
throat,
and hold on, and pray to God as your love takes me
whole.

Love can't fly far on the wings of a sparrow

'Cause baby, you're like a lap-dance for a Vietnam vet,
facetiously attractive and so inappropriate.
And this isn't arrogance; this is disinterest,
so hold onto anything, because I am through believing
in you.

Mind if I hold this hand over top of you heart?
Mind if I hold these hands over top of your eyes?
I will find a pulse somewhere amidst the dark
inside this unmarked grave you dug for me in the park.

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