

John Lodge

"Mai"

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Mai falls like a star at a feather's pace into my heart
With the dragon's weight
and police make siren sounds wind down my street to
take
The breath from my lungs sweet
I tried so hard to cover up this taste,
it's like a sinner's constant fall from grace
I changed my name, my voice, my face
I killed my name, my voice, my pace
and antibiotics on the sixteenth day of Mai
I lost my will
Forms a new fate this reoccurring theme has killed my
faith
IT's drowning me in stereo and waste
and all my bridges burn together
And now my city lights are turning down this thin white
line
I follow blind, you tried to help me but I have to drown
Acts of faith the makeup on my sinner's face
I run so hard at absent pace to cover up this bitter taste
of waste

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