

Juno "The French Letter"

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who was it you said you were? and what was it you were sent here for? to drive him out so no one knows the true sentiment of your analysis now. slave to the assassin? bulgakov to woland's crowd. your ruse of sublime benevolence tapped out. a future lived in past tense right now. who was it you said you were? and what was it you were sent here for? bad cop wants to stir it up at the scene of the accident. good cop wants to kiss and make up. ever supressing the evidence court of opinion whispers" there's no point left" who was it you said you were? and what was it you were sent here for? "only your insincerity thanks him for waiting" stop off for a pack of smokes and a length of rope at the nearest safeway. hero slapped across your face. badly in need of belief to distract from this emptiness you mistake for feeling. who was it you said you were? mistaking might for miracles. and what was it you were sent here for? mistaking might for miracles? this is not going to hit you from behind but right between the eyes. watch the whole blinding light from the comfort of your car. a future erased by the things you never were. who was it you said you were? mistaking might for miracles? and what was it you were sent here for? mistaking might for miracles? born into oblivion, swept up and back out again "you'll leave behind all we ever did" "the only things forgotten will be the things you knew to hide" mistaking might for miracles. focusing on the spectacle, the purpose in the animal. who was it you said you were. mistaking might for miracles. what was it you were sent here for? mistaking might for miracles. find a sequence of numbers, all's revealed in the codes. while you sleep keep your ear on the dulcet tones. hell no, you're not wrong if you think you're alone. hell no, you wonder why they torch your car and smash your windows? who was it you said you were? and what was it you were sent here for? mistaking might for miracles. when you were young listening to "the lung" and acting like a kid who knew you'd always stay so thick. faking is not enough. wasting is not enough for this "you're not who you say you are you have no idea what you were sent here for."

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