

Len

"Mean Sleep"

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What can we scrape together
With just the flesh as evidence
Handfuls of hate and the bittersweet ambivalence
'Cause I am pushing cobwebs and I'm folding into
myself
Who will find me under this mean sleep

How could the clouse tease us into thinking it might
rain
How could the need deceive us into thinking things
might change
I had a mean sleep over you and it hurts coming back
to life

You could burn a thousand days
And I would need no other light
You could die a thousand ways
And I'd still love you back to life
But my needs rising angry and loneliness like
quicksand
Who will find me under still mean sleep

How could the clouse tease us into thinking it might
rain
How could the need deceive us into thinking things
might change
I had a mean sleep over you and it hurts coming back
to life

I am lost to the longing
I am moulded by my memory
Had shut down half my mind
Just to still the space you left behind
'Cause I am pushing cobwebs and I'm folding into
myself
Who will find me under this mean sleep

How could the clouse tease us into thinking it might
rain
How could the need deceive us into thinking things
might change

I had a mean sleep over you and it hurts coming back
to life

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