

## Lux Occulta

### "Sickly Thug I"

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We're deep in her diary now  
A month for every kiss  
And this passion-in-hours amounts  
To little more than this  
She keeps wisteria  
I keep forgetting to die

We keep on getting there  
Sickly thug and i  
She keeps a distance  
I keep forgetting to die  
We'll keep on getting there  
Sickly thug and me  
She keeps wisteria  
I keep turning to lapis lazuli

A pistol whipping wind  
Sickly thug and me  
Our hearts fire blanks  
Over the marshes  
The river lee  
Was there anything  
Really moving in the news tonight?

If there's no hope for us  
There'll be no respite  
Just a drop or two  
From a bottle of the widow's mite  
We'll keep on getting there  
I'll just happen to you  
We'll be back from somewhere else  
We'll never get to

Over here may be bad  
Realissimo bad  
But that nameless other place  
It's far far worse  
I'm an innocent  
I never resisted  
Alcohol and coloured beads

Broken sunshine swells  
The length of waltham beach  
And nothing ever changes  
And nothing ever lasts for long  
It just stays out of reach  
This feeling's mutual  
For sickly thug and me

This feeling's mutual now  
But so separately  
We're burning up  
We're collapsing into probability  
And there's no hope for us  
And there's no respite  
Just a drop or two  
From a bottle of the widow's mite

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