

Marty Willson-Piper

"Luscious Ghost"

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First I drew a breath
Fell into sleep
I was laughing at death
When I fell too deep
I awoke in a room that I'd never seen
With velvet drapes
And ancient beams

And the night, she was whispering
And the portrait seemed too real

I see your luscious ghost
Sharing you with the Host
I see your luscious ghost

In a tear
Life is a force
You can't fathom the fear,
Or drink from the source
But you do
Running at you like light
Suffocated by darkness
And the widow in white

And the sky she comes pressing down
Takes you, drowns you in blue ...

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