

Nick Jaina "Power"

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In the fullness of the moon, I see my only secret tomb
And all the bitterness and hate you can just scrape
right off your plate
Set aside your clever smile, come and lay with me a
while
While you're drawing up your will, the apartment house
is still
They shut the power off

When the moon is proper full, set your hands into the
wool
And dig down into the skin, feel the fever held within
Remember when we thought we'd die, the cops fell out
of the sky
Pushing through the night, your hand held my hand so
tight
They shut the power off

Rumors suit you just fine, they warm you like wine
Pass strangers and tired roads
Singing in the park, ten feet further in the dark
Your saviors are all failures to me

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