

Odd Nordstoga

"Empty Moans And Sentiments"

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Her cold blue eyes reflect like static on a broken television, except without the hiss.
Her blood red lips are cracked like the desert floor.
And she never gave me a chance to see her true colors...and now it's too late.
Her love is priceless but her body's cheap. baby nothings free.
Yea. yea.
And through her open mouth screeches the sound of a dialtone that no one can hear. so the phone stays off the hook and her glazed stare begins to slowly flicker out like another broken down street light in a run down neighborhood.
The dim light shines just bright enough to show a little more than the silhouette of a scantilly clad whore.
pounds of make up and smeared mascara taint a once picture perfect beauty queen face. she has the marks of a track star, but she never ran a race.

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