

## **Curl Up And Die**

### **"Rich Hall (Runner Up In A Carson Daly..."**

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Away from the rivers we gather our things for tonight.  
Apart from the ocean the smell  
Of this worn away machine carries her away.  
Alone i said to myself, i will wait for you.  
The city shined shades of white tonight.  
Covering all the filth, it almost seemed safe here.  
Clouded city now hidden by the crowded structures  
And her lost citadels.  
You never wanting and me never knowing, we move on.  
Tired angel buried beneath the towering divide come  
back to me,  
Wake from your slumber.  
For all the reasons these fingers never wanted to quit  
drawing yours.  
(these words were all for you.)  
Like a story she read once i lie in an empty bed.  
Together we're better seperate.  
I'm better off alone.  
This quick romance has killed me.

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