

Current 93

"C.U.R.S.E"

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Overdose...Comatosed...I feel you close, but you're so
very far away.
Surrogate...there's no escape.I found a gate, but it's
locked so I'm
Here to stay...
Yet every wish I have is granted.Every hand is mine to
hold and all
The trees that I have planted touch the sky, turn gold.
I could buy the planet if I wanted.I'd make it mine...Yes,
I'd unfold
A tapestry that I'd recline in, somewhere we could both
grow old together.
Our dream.
Dying eyes...You sympathize.I clutch my prize but it so
slowly fades
Away...

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