

Sacha Sacket "Desire"

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The stars all hang so low it seems insane
The city burns below in tiny flames
Embers of tobacco rip up my hands
The moon highlights a shadow of a man

I let myself softly slip into piss
I saw the light but only made a wish
I froze on the sands of Los Angeles
Burnt out on perfect plans and endless lists

You can blow off
All your dark desires
You can tell yourself you tried
Fortune cookies
Will always take your side
But you will crumble from the lie
Desire won't die

I keep this favorite pocketbook romance
A girl that swears she never got a chance
Boy, you should see her hold a microphone
Stretch out her voice into some long snake moan

She said, "It's madness to go on with this
Shell out my soul to hear what's wrong with it
Before this eternal self-consciousness
I had a point of view, but now it's shit"

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