

Sad Theory "Cry Not"

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Words slip away from my hands,
blend with sweat and rot down into your mouth.

Come and take a look: it's me, over there, flying over
the fog from your dirty breath.
Hiding the dizzying sound of your hair. Hiding the
dizzying sound of your shoes,

Listen: someone is entering this noisy room, there is no
space out, so, please, come inside,

Have you swallowed them? Have you heard what I gave
you?

I may slay these words with blades, recovering tender
wounds with tears

Deception is my burnt wing, I'll take you to my
promised land

Then I can just step you on the floor, and you'll know:
pain sustains my heavy weight
Around your teeth. Cry not.

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