

Bad Books

"Petite Mort"

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Petite Mort, I'm asking for an answer
Petite Mort, I sang until you slept
Petite Mort, you took yourself, you bastard
Petite Mort, now sleeping's all that's left

You took apart the sympathetic angle
When you catered to the bitterness inside
Resigned yourself to depths I couldn't handle
A million daily deaths before you die

I gathered a bouquet of roses and posies
And straightened my tie
When I got there, you were nowhere I could find

Through layer after layer of subconscious
I hunted for a reason in the woods
I tore apart the map and started backwards
I couldn't picture living there for good

I left you there to finish setting fires
I left you there to propagate your lie
I left you there cause honey, I was tired
I left you but that doesn't make it right

I remember your bedroom, ivy and clover
You kept me alive
Knives drawn, the butcher world waited outside

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