

Crooked Fingers

"Every Dull Moment"

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Every dull moment that we wait here
Nothing comes
Up to greet us barely breathing frozen
Thick and numb

They say if it happens
That it's got to happen soon
Strange how something meaningless
Can mean so much, can mean so much to you

Strangers weep as distance
Keeps us waiting in the wings
Hidden in a hole
She blew out my memory

Pity, when familiar places
Turn so dark and cruel
Pity, when familiar faces
Turn their backs on you

Now every new moment plants
Another wicked seed
Creeping up from underneath
So subtle and discreet

They say if it happens
That it's got to happen now
But what they say will happen
Hardly happens anyhow

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