

Park

"If You Could Concentrate"

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I fucked up again by letting you pretend there was something when the whole time nothing ever existed we'll keep up false connections through the phone lines of faulty wire and blown transformers replicate the sound it takes to move through the cables there nothing there I want to hear in-between waking up and sleeping through there was little less than nothing that I could do but many times I think you tried just to turn me on and many times I think you cried just to lead me on right now I'm dying in my bed you'll make sounds and rape the reasons and reassure yourself I wont hang up. Concentrate and duplicate the same mistake to perfection explaining you as I turned away you turned to stay

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