

Mwk

"Anodyne"

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Baby, it's our hearts' slow beating
That make us grow old
I mean to say there's no one helping
We're digging our own hole

I'm reading your words
They're scrawled on the page
They lay here in silent rage
I'll hold you to this for as long as I breathe
Much more than whispers

If I ever found a one leaf clover
It would be you
Wishing that such heights were lower
And nothing is new

Citing your verse
It couldn't sound worse
The black recital I did rehearse
We all die alone as I'm clenching this phone
I can't imagine a slowing hearse

How many times will I play the hero
How many lies before it's true
How many times will we clock out at zero
How many tries before we're through
How many lives 'til another you

The scars are slowly healing
The lips have regained feeling
The obstacles are kneeling
The final wax is sealing
The great white ships are sailing
The feet have left their railing
The four last hooves are hailing

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How many lies before it's true
How many times will we clock out at zero
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