

Bled, The

"Nothing We Say Leaves This Room"

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Your eyes begin to stare at the polygraph machine
as you become aware of the satellites that call her
name.

It's as if the ocean swallowed the city lights that we fell
in love with.

Paralyzed and paranoid, we withdraw the hands we
held.

This is beginning to get ugly, dear.

You feed me to the lions.

Now the tongue becomes the bridge between broken
teeth.

Now you feed me to the lions.

How we reach for the arms but only clasp the knees.

How we reach for each other only to die alone.

How we reach for the stars only to swim right through.

How we strive to connect only to fall apart.

Just between me and you I felt the rapture in your arms.

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