

## Chris McCaughan

### "Traffic Haze"

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This brain is a buzzing beehive  
Swarming thought infestation  
My muscles pulse and burn alive  
Tonight they crave sensation

And when the night finally falls  
She'll wrap her arms around me  
And when I drop into the sea  
Let me rise in glory

I'm one in the glow of a rising sun  
Across these walls are my loathing scrawls  
I hear the water underneath the bridge

This day was a slanting misfire;  
A selfish infatuation  
All my lovers live on pages  
It leaves me lonely, reading

And from this perch I am a god  
The river speaks to me  
One final step and  
I will fly into that waiting darkness

I'm one in the glow of the rising sun  
Across these walls are my loathing scrawls  
I hear the water underneath the bridge

So, I glide blindly through the streets  
And I can hear the traffic haze  
Yeah, maybe I've had better days  
Maybe I've had better days

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