

Faint, The

"Amorous In Bauhaus Fashion"

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her brow: pensive
her knees: away
i stand beside her
but look straight ahead, and dissolve
Before the night began on herring st. a book from
school kept me wondering
this may take a while i might never see this through
and they said that chapter four repeats itself, along
with three so far
....where are you, tonight?
Its crowded at this sokol club
and tonight will be the same
i want her walk to scream with confidence
above me
i try to hide my thoughts and i, stare blankly through
her face
this seems so senseless
She sees me breathing my hands are crippled clay
this could have been different i hear myself say it
again
again, again!
i break into a crowd of people i don't know which ones
to trust...
do you?

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