

Faint, The

"An Allusion Passes Through The Bar"

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loud for a reason
the reason wasn't what was heard
the traffic had died down
the road congestion has moved to the bars
where a lot arrived in makeup
one is standkng with her back against the wall
one shot, an allusion passes through her sunken eyes
while he waits
on some kind of tragic dose before he moves in
and i don't know why this feeling caused me to leave
but i do know why he's lining up
distant raise, no commitment at all
i want the standard of coupling introduced to myself
a key for a companion
i need to move away
all i do is watch
i wish i could battle it or care
the rest arrive in makeup
they're assertive in a bar where no one cares
and i don't know why seeing this caused me to leave
and i don't care how
but repeating this forms my belief
one shot a day
one chance for penance
free will is calling me closer to the grave
no one saves us
we stint the appraisals

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