

The Twilight Singers

"I Wish I Was"

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Strings of your death, tied to your breath
all that's been seen, cannot be unseen
unless

deeper you fall, the places you crawl
to find you're unclean, unsaved, defeated
by self and no one else, my love

tongue tied, obsessed, mesmerized
I acquiesce, and step into the machine
again
don't breathe, don't tell, my belle, listen

deep in the garden, I wait for you now
under the weight of the leaves
that do bend on the bough
come save me

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