

Party Tea

"Touch"

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catatonic listless creature
try to comprehend
everything you've ever wanted
is around the next bend
don't try to fake it
i see you shaking
it doesn't mean anything
look at you, the freak attraction
in this carnival of souls
failing all negotiations
you'll be the next sold
don't try to fake it
i see you shaking
it doesn't mean anything
now love, don't make a sound
just reach down and touch the ground
emptiness is almost certain
like an automatic dream
you're closing in on the final curtain
you're on the next scene

