

# Conspiratory Visions of Gomorrah

Asaf Avidan

Sorrow is back in your eyes  
Pulling us to the depth  
We could have lasted like planets  
But your weight dragged us both to our death  
They've been sober around you  
And I truly believed it'll suffice  
But you're an addict for torture  
And the sorrow is back in your eyes

The minor sonatas of Beethoven  
Roll through your hips  
But the words you are aching to sing  
Are glued to your lips  
They've been burning the wrongly accused  
While you silently dance  
But your beauty was such  
That they all gladly stood in line for the chance

The amber around you  
Has stiffened your thought and your limb  
You're a fossil of love  
A relic, an echoing hymn  
The purity that once you delivered  
Dissolved into sand  
Lot has escaped and is dancing  
But you're hardly able to stand

You won't work off your debt  
Until you strip to your heart and your bone  
The love that was once in your veins  
Will dry into stone  
The mist and the fog  
Will densen themselves to a wall  
And you'll finally sing  
But I won't be there to hear your call