

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