

Nothing Special

Boris

It sits here, the dark anxiety
It sits here, now it's waiting
Somewhat flippant, somewhat damp, it's mid-day
Quite right, you can blame the night when you see it
Just like me
It sits somewhere, it's sits somewhere far
The darkness now sits
This is the end
you know
It sits, the anxious darkness
It touches and it turns red
Somewhat flippant usual day, and this is the end.