

Deluge

Closure in Moscow

This body is riddled with ailments.
The devil's got me in his grip.
Genuflect and skin me of this payment.
"We share the same affliction, everybody's gotta breathe."
That's what I say.

I thought your touch would be the vessel to my salvation,
But it drifted far beyond the shore.
So I put up my sails, and I searched all my days, and I found out one thing:
There's no love anymore.

No more pouring out, I swear to God, I'll overflow.
Until it spills over, your floor's ungratified.

It comes in oceanic surges.
I heard they purged you of denial, but I'm lost in a sea of delusion.
So instead, I purge my abdomen of antiquated doubt.

Your candle's burning to no end, but you're relentless all the same.
Please dear, just validate this fixation.

No more pouring out, I swear to God, I'll overflow.
Until it spills over, your floor's ungratified.