

Junkies And Whores

Easyworld

You sleep so still
And after everything
We claim to have forgiven

The no return
Was twelve returns ago
And every one the last
This
Time
I swear, did you really believe that?

I know these words
These sounds I recognize
And shapes all too familiar

The saddest thing;
A point to recognize;
All reasons and excuses;
Well they are, I fear, as pathetic as are your own

I am
We are
Sadly
Too far
The line we had drawn before is thinning out
Too far, gone
We need
No more
Junkies and
Whores
The line we had drawn before has disappeared
Too far gone

You sleep
So still
You'll sleep through everything