

Polar Swelling

Grammatics

Way away, the polar swelling, aching and echoing,
Falling through the ether as a widow's waiting on
sleep.
Readying, the lone remainder,
A feeling familiar warning us her waters are to break.

Now that apathy has been done,
To death let this verse serve as an epitaph.

Found God, you found God, found God,
And now I can't afford your love...
Yet I am drunken with relief.

Kissing in the dissonance,
Now we've only the grammar of grief and all of our
little ways.
For as I lay awake, creeping in among the humming,
I feel that swelling now.

On the wired side of the famine for you,
barbed and delusional with pretty pins of panic for my
baby,
And a widow's dreams cancerous cacophony,
Yet all I hear is melody,
And dissonance arguing yet resolving to agree.

Lives are spent in argument,
Let our last years fall free of fear but not even.

Viva, viva la difference.

I know I can't afford your love,
Yet I am joyous in defeat.
Exposing everything and exhaling,
I am the model of relief awaiting an epiphany.

For as I lay to waste, creeping in among the humming,
I feel that swelling, the echo and the ache,
Of all her little ways, of all her little ways...

Your words are nothing,
Your words are not echoing in me now,
I'm the model of relief awaiting an epiphany...

Found God, you found God, found God.

Viva, Viva la difference.

Your words are all lost in a vague archive,
So save me, no, spare me, the hallelujahs...

Heaven was never enough,
Your eyes are looking so hard,
Get off my back now you've found God.

I can't afford your love...
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