

Unofferable

Half Moon Run

Tell me a lie
I'll be the first to fall
Give me an offer, unofferable

Imagine the warmth
In those tiny hands
That held on to a penance I didn't deserve

Don't it feel like a knife
In the back of your head
And it reeks like an afterthought, rotten and said
Maybe something got lost or forgotten instead

Oh and I'm bound by a drunk
With a few memories
Of how you burn through your lovers, it's like an ugly disease
And give me an offer, unofferable

Held on to a penance,
I didn't deserve
And it reeks like an afterthought rotten instead
And maybe something got lost or forgotten and said