

# The Plague

Marc Almond

I've spent many a night  
Lying on my back  
Waiting for the dawn  
To pierce and crack  
And the ceiling  
Hanging from the sky  
And I envy the boy  
Who grabbed the toy  
And ran away  
And found a joy  
While I stood in the shadows  
Wondering why  
Flying towards me  
Then he laughs  
A woman's face  
The terrible taste  
Of the morning after kisses  
And goodbyes  
I could never seem to catch my footsteps  
Have desires, they fly away  
Every day I have to fight the plague  
How can I sleep in hours like this  
When anguish tracks me like a fist  
My nakedness exposed, I can't stand  
Still I...try to remember lips on lips  
Hips on hips and ice on fire  
In gloom and glow  
When did they leave the man  
In the mirror of the night I see  
A face that staring out at me  
Like a fallen star  
Burned itself out  
Like a deadly scrapes  
Across the ground  
My voice cried out  
In a gravelled sound  
No one's there to hear me  
But the plague  
Straining hard to see  
Running after me  
I keep pounding pounding on the door  
But it's all so vague  
When you meet the plague  
And I keep coming  
I keep coming back for more