

## Riser Two

Matt Pond PA

bargain sight and the clumsy way of thinking  
was there ever intuition i'm lost thinking of fires to  
suburban desires  
tied too tight are the slings for all the sorrows  
will you wait until tomorrow to tell all of your lies  
so that i might be there with you

false alarms of the memory i'd forgotten  
of the stores that i've been lost in  
there are pills for the fear so that i might wake up with  
you  
i want to be there when you come to  
in surprises are the answers and when silence breaks  
I will admire the bones and the bareness of the truth

every night there are charms to mask the terrors  
could be all our thoughts are errors  
hope that you're tired so that I just might see through  
you  
I want to be there when you come to  
in surprises are the answers and when silence breaks  
I will admire the bones and the fairness of the truth  
I want to be there when you come to no more armed  
response desire and when silence breaks  
I will admire the bones and the bareness of the truth