

## Whiskey Tastes Better

Mistress

To bury the sun  
So pyrrhic a victory  
Poetry in the shape of her hair  
They get you like that, you should always beware

Beautiful was too clumsy a word  
To touch such poetry it's fucking absurd  
What were you thinking?  
Just keep on drinking  
Whiskey tastes better

We are the cracked, we are the shattered  
We judge our competence by broken or battered  
You're on the edge? Well take my hand  
And we'll put our best feet forwards

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All the parts of you that believed  
In the tender times that dared to hope  
Take them to the river like orphans in a sack  
And drown them

Counting the time it takes to sever  
Dying hands were to been joined forever  
Oh god sometimes there ain't enough drink in the world  
Sever the ties, damned be the past  
You always know that hope never lasts  
Whiskey tastes better when you've nothing left to lose

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We'll render pure  
We'll expurgate  
Shut up you stupid fuck it's all too late  
It's always too fucking late