

Your mother hung herself in the National Theater
When she was four months pregnant with your sister
Who would have been thirteen years old today
Does that make you feel any less alone in the world?

Your dad, I'm sure, he tried his best
He thought you'd be better off living with your grandmother
He didn't realize that she had already given up
Baby, your family, they are just losers

I've become such a wolf around you
My thoughts go dark and dull, out of focus
Have no peace in my mind
Because you
You've touched me

The screech owls are going insane outside my house
It is the season for trouble and self destruction
All of my friends, they are falling apart
But not me, I'm in control

Remember the exquisite corpse that we created together
We laughed at the time, it seemed so impenetrable
But reading it now I think I understand
What it is that we are trying to steal from each other

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