

Pictures Of A Night Scene

Pretty Girls Make Graves

I'm sorry I missed you
I mean I'm sorry I miss you
I didn't know you had in you
Do you remember your way?
There's ice on the lake again,
Thin enough to be a hazard when
The smallest steps are too heavy and
You can't will it away
You spit cold like you mean it
But you're too numb to repeat it
And digging holes that you sleep in
And you can't wish them away