

## NJ Falls Into the Atlantic

Senses Fail

And it's 4am  
And we will stalk again  
The princess, and her bitter queen.  
On the 4th day of July  
Deep in summer's eye  
Naked like the truth should always be.

So speak your lives  
(Don't follow with your foot)  
All this pain here  
(All comes from your dry lungs)  
I won't listen  
(Your retheric is fleeting)  
My knives are fixed with glue.

Coming straight from out the water  
Sun-burned face and drunken father  
Crying and she's carving in her flesh.

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This false art  
(Of palm trees and trash heaps)  
This burning bed  
(Where my ghost will now sleep)

Watching romance from a far seat  
Bleeding from the glass on my feet  
Learning that i love the smell of flesh.

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An angel on his two knees  
Arms stretched towards red sea  
Of violence and his sultry tongue.  
The scenic view of carnage  
Caused by the sword in his hands  
The beauty resonates in birth.

It's plain to see, the wind beneath the trees.  
Flowing free, the summer breeze is sweet.  
I lay in space, choked by my own air.  
I love the taste, of your blackened lips.

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