

One of those fucking awful black days
When nothing is pleasing and everything that happens
Is an excuse for anger
An outlet for emotions stockpiled, an arsenal, an armour

These are the days when I hate the world
Hate the rich, hate the happy
Hate the complacent, the TV watchers
Beer drinkers, the satisfied ones

Because I know I can be all of those little hateful things
And then I hate myself for realizing that
There's no preventative, directive or safe approach for living
We each know our own fate

We know from our youth how to be treated
How we'll be received, how we shall end
These things don't change

You can change your clothes
Change your hairstyle, your friends, cities, continents
But sooner or later your own self will always catch up
Always it waits in the wings

Ideas swirl but don't stick
They appear but then run off like rain on the windshield

One of those rainy day car rides, my head implodes
The atmosphere in this car, a mirror of my skull
Wet, damp, windows dripping and misted with cold
Walls of grey, nothing good on the radio, not a thought in my head

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that
You'll wish you were dead

Let's take life and slow it down incredibly slow
Frame by frame
With two minutes that take ten years to live out
Yeah, let's do that

Telephone poles like praying mantis against the sky
Metal arms outstretched
So much land travelled, so little sense made of it
It doesn't mean a thing, all this land laid out behind us

I'd like to take off into these woods and get good and lost for a while
I'm disgusted with petty concerns
Parking tickets, breakfast specials
Does someone just have to carry this weight?

Abstract typography, methane covenant
Linear gospel, Nashville sales lady, stocky emissary
Torturous lice, mad Elizabeth
Chemotherapy bullshit

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that
You'll wish you were dead

The light within you shines like a diamond mine
Like an unarmed walrus, like a dead man face down on the highway
Like a snake eating its own tail
A steam turbine, frog pond

Two full closets burst open in disarray, soap bubbles in the sun
Hospital death bed, red convertible, shopping list, blowjob
Deaths head, devils dancing, bleached white buildings, memory
Movements, the movie unpeeling, unreeling, about to begin

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that
You'll wish you were dead

I've seen your hallway, you're a darn call away
I've hear your stairs creak, I can fix my mind on your yes
And your no, I'll film your face today in the sparkling canals
All red, yellow, blue, green brilliance and silver Dutch reflection

Racing thoughts, racing thoughts, all too real
You're moving so fast now, I can't hold your image
This image I have of your face by the window
Me standing beside you, arm on your shoulder
A catalogue of images, flashing glimpses, then gone again

I'm tethered to this post you've sunk in me
And every clear afternoon now I'll think of you, up in the air
Twisting your heel, your knees up around me, my face in your hair
You scream so well, your smile so loud, it still rings in my ears

I know a place we can go where you'll fall in love so hard that
You'll wish you were dead

Inhibition, distant, tired of longing
Clean my teeth, stay the course
Hold the wheel, steer on to freedom
Open all the boxes, open all the boxes
Open all the boxes, open all the boxes

Times Square midday, newspaper buildings, news headlines going around
You watch as they go and hope for some good ones
Those tree shadows in the park they're all whispering, chasing leaves

Around six PM, shadows across the cobblestones
Girl in front of bathroom mirror
As she slowly and carefully and paints her face green, mask-like
Like Matisse, "Portrait with Green Stripe"

Long shot through apartment window
A monologue on top but no girl in shot

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That was great by me
Yeah? Mine were alright. Wasn't my best one but who cares?

That's the spirit