

Deadbolt

Thrice

when deadbolts awake you from deja vu dreams,
at four in the morning you know where I'll be.
out running red lights asleep at the wheel.
the sirens feed my nightmares,

I just close my eyes and I'm already here;
its already too late.
I know its nothing but lies,
but they sound so sincere;
I find them too hard to hate.

and she calls from the doorway "stolen water is sweet,
so let's drink it in the darkness if you know what I mean"
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so let's drink it in the darkness if you know what I mean"

and I'm almost sure
that I've been here before,
that this is not the first time I've stood in front of this door,
with an overwhelming feeling that I shouldn't go in,
but it seems this is a battle that I never could win.

and you!
my true love!
you call from the hilltop.
you call through the streets,
"Darling don't you know,
the water is poison."
and I say!
"Come on and give me my poison."

what have I done?
is it too late to save me from this place?
from the depths of the grave?
we all are those ..
who thought we were brave.
what have I done?