

# Bad Ritual

Timber Timbre

There's a hair on the bed  
The clock has stopped ticking  
And nothing remotely romantic has been said

Let's not pass on the steps  
Let's take the season very easy  
Let's take pills, salt water, let's keep looking ahead

Oh, it's a bad, bad ritual  
Oh, but it calms me down  
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There is a history in pictures  
There is evidence in boxes  
There is proof of your love for him, long after it's dead

And every creak, a trigger  
I will think of you with others  
I could not smother out that fire in my head

And I saw your levitating chair  
I found your long blond hairs  
I felt your poltergeist presence in the frame of the bed

Every creak is a trigger  
I will think of you with others  
I found depravity convinced me I may no longer care

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