

Sundowner, Traffic Haze

This brain is a buzzing beehive.
Swarming through infestation.
My muscles pulse and burn alive.
Tonight they crave sensation.
And when the night finally falls
She'll wrap her arms around me.
And when I drop into the sea.
Let me rise in glory.
I'm one in the glow of the rising sun.
Across these walls are my loathing scrawls.
I hear the water underneath the bridge.
This day was a slanting misfire,
A selfish infatuation-
All my lovers live on pages.
It leaves me lonely, reading.
And from this perch I am a god.
The river speaks to me,
One final step.
And I will fly into that waiting darkness.
So I glide blindly through the streets.
And I can hear the traffic haze.
Yeah, maybe I've had better days.