

# 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.