

And my lips      Brieve Morison

And my lips they speak only lies  
And in my kiss there is death  
Out of breath I am  
Running for everything  
Everything that moves  
Prove nothing and very easily  
They'll prove it all to me  
Then through their windows  
I can watch the procession  
I'll get an unspoiled view

Given the chance  
Everybody would take it  
As easily as  
Taking breath  
Death is no answer  
There are other exits  
Not as saintly  
But just as final  
Bridal white the sky  
Thunder black the clouds  
Where my footsteps lead  
The sky reeks of god  
What else could it be  
Sundayschool believer

Growing older  
By the minute  
Unnoticed in these early years  
A dreamt scenario  
Of all my hopes and fears  
That wakes in a malaise  
Lays dark upon my head  
In my summer bed  
Where I oft times lay  
    Beneath a golden sun  
Where good and bad are one  
And innocence the air

And now my lips they speak only lies  
And in my kiss there is death.