

dropping through sky through the glass of the roof
through the roof of your mouth through the mouth of your eye
through the eye of the needle it s easier for me
to get closer to heaven than ever feel whole again

i never said i would stay to the end
i knew i would leave you with babies and everything
screaming like this in the hole of sincerity
screaming me over and over and over
i leave you with photographs pictures of trickery
stains on the carpet stains on the memory
songs about happiness murmured in dreams
when we both of us knew how the end always is . . .

how the end always is . . .