

## To Death

(9.25.2006 - J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux/E. Lamoureux/R. Lamoureux)



She was blemished yet balanced from the aftershock  
Looking over his shoulder, she stared at the clock  
She felt the sheets settle around her wilted waist  
There was nothing left to swallow but the aftertaste

Love you to death...

There were metaphors burning in her cigarette  
I-love-you cliches outlined her silhouette  
A wedding picture choked on ash and their tiny lives  
She wondered if this is how she is supposed to die

Love you to death..

.I know what you are because I'm a ghost like you  
I iron my shirts, I iron my mortality  
But there's still a stain that won't come out  
With lemon juice

The kitchen floor was cruel under her naked feet  
She could hear the post-mortem of his vulgar sleep  
She dreamed and prayed of a rekindled time  
She dreamed and prayed he would suddenly die

Is it love, is it love, is it love or death?  
Is it love, is it love, is it love or death?  
Is it love, is it love, is it love or death?  
Is it love, is it love, why'd you steal my breath?