

DAVID JUDSON CLEMMONS



The Haunt

You've had the taste, of pity and waste
and you're feeling used, because you never broke through
you sucked on the barrel, got infested with terror
a little tricked by the news, so you're singing the blues
who says the truth, shall free you
who said the truth, is gonna clean you

Now you slip through the dark, making pieces of their hearts
fell into the light, to fill that empty inside you
yeah you made it so far, with your hand in the jar
but you know good lucks are poison momma
it's nothing like the fairy tale
corrosive and illusive, tricky and sly
just let yourself let it go, there's no time to hide
let the happy hide the pretty, trap the pelt in the hide
pack your bags, seal your skin son
it's time to ride

Now death is a song, it's the dream of my life
the black within the nothingness, poor lost soul on the motorway
as hope and lust morph, into a dull empty room
until somebody catches you and teaches you what you can lose
it's blatantly apparent, we're vibrant and rare
we're troubled yet capable, caress then beware
oh starved frail big blue sky, open wide, she's gonna fly
use her wings to get inside, your young and hungry simple mind
who said the truth, shall free you
who said the truth, is gonna clean you
I went down, sat by my river today
I could not find any reasons to hate you
so I set you free

copyright 2010 David Judson Clemmons



COPYRIGHT 2010 DAVID JUDSON CLEMMONS