

# I'm In Love With a Dead Girl

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Tucked Out: My Dream Creature

As night spreads herself and i am awash  
Shutters of another long day draw themselves tight  
Clearly, i see anew my living, breathing crimson river  
As it washes the insides of my eyelids to usher in the night

I just don't have the time  
Whether or not the once-angelic ride  
Dragged the principle players up and out

Me? *I'm in love with a dead girl.*  
I think and live and dream of eating the unsheltered skelter  
I cry and die as The Awake (it) claws at me  
And again with her Goddess Purity she beckons me  
She will NEVER let me die,  
Even though she is herself dead.  
Me? I've seen the end.

With not a mote of any sort of time left to inhale  
Angels drag my starving soul in and out of frail mistrust  
Into the sum of all nights pinched between unseemly dreams  
Left to scavenge and grieve among the graves of lost lust

How many dreadful, hideous days  
Will squirm and crawl in through this maze?  
It's just a wicked, burdened haze  
It's just another scrambled craze  
*She never set her face ablaze*  
It's just a blackened, deadly faze  
It's just another scrambled craze  
*She always set her face ablaze*

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Everything is born on the day after death.

All that we eat comes back and paints our face  
Our skin is discolored in a wicked disgrace  
I am the night that seduces with fright  
The quake that shudders amid frail delight

The princess born obscures the scorn  
Rapacious, hungry, she wants so much more

Hell delivers her golden wish  
All of man is baked clean of any possibility  
To love the pour that drips in, too  
Wanting some more to seep right through  
All that dance can come and stay  
Wipe the chance and don't be prey  
I am the night,  
Hell delivers her own touch.

Like you, I and we roll into the deepness of the Black and Eternal Sky!  
We drive the Splendid of the mighty and beautiful Deep!  
We thrive with the perfect purity of palatable purpose!  
Behold: bring the Fruit and send it on High!  
I'm not the one! The Souls decry!  
Me, I am the One that Sends the Sleep!

So, and finally...  
It rains a reigning wet fire  
And the beautiful stranded children  
Are crying for me (to come help)!  
Crying for some part of me to render!  
And I try but the flames are on my face as I push through!  
And thank God  
The sweet life of tomorrow has less sorrow  
Than the hope of the true  
As the wonder of this splendor  
Is why I love You.

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And, anew, awaken!  
So sweet, it's a colorful new day!

The sprinkling of thoughts we conjure, think on and say  
I love the sun and the salty sand  
I love a silent stroll, hand in hand

Everything we say is leading to that brand new story of tomorrow  
This bleak day's life spreads its hungry corpse across the dripping sorrow  
Of those forward memories