

Whiskey Tastes Better

Mistress

To bury the sun
So pyrrhic a victory
Poetry in the shape of her hair
They get you like that, you should always beware

Beautiful was too clumsy a word
To touch such poetry it's fucking absurd
What were you thinking?
Just keep on drinking
Whiskey tastes better

We are the cracked, we are the shattered
We judge our competence by broken or battered
You're on the edge? Well take my hand
And we'll put our best feet forwards

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All the parts of you that believed
In the tender times that dared to hope
Take them to the river like orphans in a sack
And drown them

Counting the time it takes to sever
Dying hands were to been joined forever
Oh god sometimes there ain't enough drink in the world
Sever the ties, damned be the past
You always know that hope never lasts
Whiskey tastes better when you've nothing left to lose

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We'll render pure
We'll expurgate
Shut up you stupid fuck it's all too late
It's always too fucking late