

Last Call

Thursday

This is the last time
That you'll ever hear me say:
Last call for a better life
In wedding and cheap champagne.
Last call for a friday night
In bathroom stalls and crowded bar.
Last call. Right before your eyes,
We celebrate our separate lives.
Last Call. Where are you friends?
They're speaking secrets in a silent shout:
Everything we build, it falls apart,
And the architect abandons us.
Last call, when i held you tight,
The dj played cuts from The Knife.
Last call, where we used to meet,
Now we look away and we skip a beat.
Circular Breathing will separate these feelings
with heart attack efficiency,
Erase the figure as it falls.
(Support collapses at the center of this opposition.
This infrastructure calls for circular resuscitation)
The wedding starts
The guests appear
The church bells ringing endlessly
Bride and groom are hand in hand
And everything goes as it's planned:
The parents smile,
The priest chokes up,
The organ plays "Amazing Grace"
And underneath the thin white veil
You can hear them say:
"Last call for the matching hearts
Last call for the yellow birds
Last call for the two of us"
And the people sing
La la la la, la la la