

He lies in a white fetal corner,
walls peelin',
coverin' his face with his hands
and cryin'.

She sits on a black couch,
legs crossed, right elbow
balancin' her left kneecap.
She's smokin' a cig'rette,
She's smokin' a cig'rette,
 daydreamin' away
 through the night...

He's been frozen eight days:
time passin' by, not carin' about
his mind or his whys
her lies and her thighs.
All he sees is white...white...white...

She's just smokin' a cig'rette,
She's just smokin' a cig'rette,
 daydreamin' away
 through the night...

Her lips curlin' to a smirk.
His body shiverin' the ceilin'...

"Let me come out,
or let me fade away.
Let me drift off,
of let me play, with the children—"

Time sticks, or Time slides by...
his report triggers her hollow tear,

and the paper burns,
Oh, the paper burns.

'cause,
She's smokin' a cig'rette,
She's just smokin' a cig'rette,

down...to...her...skin...