



Andrew Zitka

The Silence is Fine

South Waterworks passes by, ahead are a thousand passions
Tucked away, hoping to be forgotten
Of a smile that settled on my skin long after it set
Little Mill Rd. comes up, wincing under the weight
Tired of these dreams, I pass by careful not to think
Of that lazy hair that played with the wind, moving it their whim
I drive fast as the light turns green, relieved not to
Have heard that voice again

what purity (it's morning and i'm not laughing)

"and i feel i'm almost only catching falling stars and
each beat a second behind (won't you let me go to sleep?)
it was only time until it finally broke and
we're all following the thread, i'm dancing along the needle
besides, can't you wear my smile anymore?"
--Not tonight, Not tonight

"and all i feel is that love is a lie you tell yourself
each memory will fade away into that nothing left
it's time you learn that everyone who answers is a liar
we're all tired, i'm tired of wishing i was dead
besides, don't you believe in heaven?"
--Not tonight, Not tonight

Joy (A Love Story)

The paint was peeling and cracking
A smile that anybody could have walked across
A lie told each day in photographs and laughs
So lets go ahead and finish what we started

As I offer the flowers, its only to look for the knife
And the kiss I give is only to measure the length
One side of the neck to the other
Feeling across as I make the cut

The blood flows from off my hands
I watch your body fall
The breath leaving the remains in a crash
Yet you kept that smile on your face

You always thought you had the best of me in you
I draw the blankets over my head and finally find sleep
I erase the pencil marks in your place
If hell is what you wanted this is what it takes.