Only the Young Die Good

Saintseneca

Waste of a face never yours for the keeping
Slapped across your head
Then with what little time remained
Set out to forget itYonder would break days plump with thunder
Of new and glorious morn
Hours would spill, souring still
Despite our adornments for themBut all in good time
You break before the light
So soaked in wine
It dries your will to fightBut everyday is never enough
Socks tucked in the folds of your guts
Contents of which blaze in your eyes
Jesus, I'm drunk on this spirit tonightIf only the good ones die young
I'd pray your corruption comes
Swift like a thief in the night
Right I'd pluck my right eye right outIf only the good ones die young
I'd pray your corruption comes
Swift like a thief in the night
Right I'd pluck my right eye right outYanked from your slumber what ominous portent
Dangles in your face
Rife with sprites falling on knives
Crowd into your gazeWell sight is a sense and in your defense
What I might liken to
The manner in which you touch what you clutch
Or the way that the wind touches youIf only the good ones die young
I'd pray your corruption comes
Swift like a thief in the night
Right I'd pluck my right eye right outIf only the young ones die good
I'd pray your corruption would
Slip like a slit in the wrist
Hack the hands, redeem the rest

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