Pincushion

Every Time I Die

Where the air hangs like the static of a dead end radio
I'm waiting with a frozen pulse
Crawl into an empty womb, don't raise these dead
They've found their God in soil
Dry scab silhouette's tell the secrets of sewn mouths
My heart is a sore but even charred faces crack smiles
Mismanufactured, screaming like some faulty machinery
The overwhelming inefficiency of infants
Artificer stead me now, you've sewn a machine
You've birthed an abortion, the corpse of God is love
I'm rotting and I'm not yet dead, I'm the king of worms and I'll have your head
Resurrected roadkill, blueprinted skin, I swear, I've never been here before
Everyone but me looks like they've seen a ghost
All eyes fall on collapsing statues, stop pointing, stop laughing
There's nothing to see here, everybody try to relax
Everybody please remain calm
(I'm not supposed to be here anyway)
Divinity doesn't show what the stables hold
The scalpel proves my faith when he spits through his words
We traitors share our strings, we're suffocating under makeshift skin
Pull out the thread, sew on a heart, make peace with dirt

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