sabado gigante

Comadre

Saturday.
you're gonna see who owns tonight.
we're dripping from these hearts that love to fight.
we might not wake up tomorrow but that's just fine.
we're done with what we're looking for.
i am living under your skin.
you wear my teeth around your neck and start to grin.
so fuck tradition.
fuck the future.
breathe in these seconds.
lessons and bits of string around your fingers.
we all breathe the same air.
our throats can beat all night together.
the race has ended another marathon.
this is our pace.
this is our last night.
fuck the world.
we are too much for just one night.
this chest is so fucking heavy.
these ribs are zippers so stand close to me and zip up

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