

# Good Morning

## Taproot

Scraping film away your eyes awake to quite the sight  
a strobing TV static flares the neon motel light  
a tray of ash so full  
a candle burns at both it's ends  
a stack of empty bottles posing in the corner as your friends  
this place is a scene and now you believe  
this place is obscene, and you gotta leave  
"Good Morning" sir the sirens plead as they go laughing by  
through the pane they bleed urgency inside  
the smell of failed attempts and bad decisions  
now only to fill your lungs  
the taste of bitter sweet guilt now resides on your tongue  
this place is a scene and now you believe  
dig your bearings up from beneath the sweaty sheets  
to find the scary freezing holy carpet at your feet  
rise away from last nights tomb to see more in the view  
the resting place of many resonates the morning dew  
find yourself now reaching out for what is real  
your sense of self belongs in a few belongings you can feel  
a broken necklace hugs a lonesome matchbook at the seams  
an empty wallet shows a picture that you've never seen  
this place is a scene and now you believe  
this place is obscene, and you gotta leave

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