

# St Augustine

## An Angle

silver scents of Saint Augustine  
fire in the ground  
between my better teeth  
we're dancing on the poison in their graves  
at the end of the night  
we'd all seen better daysi know you tried  
i know you're cursed  
i know your best was still your worst  
when Hollywood was calling out your nameif i stayed behind  
would you let your hair grow?  
i will forget  
the favors that you owe  
I'm dreaming of car wrecks and thunderstorms bright  
let's bury ourselves  
and go haunt someone tonighti know you tried  
i know you're cursed  
i know your best was still your worst  
when Hollywood was calling out your nameSaint Augustine

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