

# Bloody Poetry

## Grieves

I guess it started when the lights went out  
and everybody started running round in circles tryin to figure it out

I could feel it  
wedged in my ribs it felt freezin  
as my cold air blew out  
dance through the evening, paranormal  
slowly being called to the green  
where the ghosts gather nightly and sell the devil their dreams, i observe  
hails from the other side of the curb  
hold the concrete notepad  
scribble down my words in the limelight  
this is what it's like to bleed ink  
put your fingers in it paint me a picture of what you think  
make it beautiful and make it look like love  
make it hang from the heavens  
make it break my trust  
make it real  
make it dangerous  
make it out of the rust  
make it passionate and impossible to touch  
it's forever  
slowly resurrected from the dust  
when you understand its everything inside of you, its us.

You're all I've ever known  
So to my sleep  
You always got me running home  
Count for the roses  
You're my blood and brittle bones, my soul and open throne  
You're all I know

Ive spoke a whisper in the dark one night  
watch it take form in front of me and mimic my life  
it seemed natural specially watching its last breathe like poetry  
watch as it clung to its own chest with a smile  
made out of broken pieces of tile  
you can see the thoughts running chase em around for miles  
if you want it people say that old road is haunted  
if you travel on it long enough you'll never get off it  
you believe it cause everything is skewed when you see it  
then you process automatically think that you feel it

and automatically sticks to the brain when the truth of it is standing outside playing cards in the rain  
you will never beat the game it plays  
you can only turn around and lick the blood from your own switchblade  
its forever slowly resurrected from the dust  
when you understand its everything inside of you, its us.

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