Skin Collision Past

Wild Moccasins

hollowed eggs are hatching on brother's head
blushing cheeks showered with floating shells
the hand that i catch is a brighter red
the hand that i raise how it turns me pale

swollen tears swallowed by a pavement sea
authority figures look for me
the mess that i made how it makes me dwell
the hand that i caught wasnâ€™t all that well

my first and hopefully last
skin collision past
falling to the occasion
a means to my evasion

my first and hopefully last
occasion to fall
authority figures call
swallowed by a pavement sea

is a brighter red

Lyrics submitted by Balcan.

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