Atrophy

Cesium_137

You've been living a while in the front of my skull, making orders
You've been writing me rules, shrinking maps and redrawing borders
I've been repeating your speeches, but the audience just doesn't follow
Because I'm leaving out words, punctuations, and it sounds pretty hollow

I've been living in bed because now you tell me to sleep
I've been hiding my voice and my face and you decide when I eat

In your dreams I'm a criminal, horrible, sleeping around
While you're awake I'm impossible, constantly letting you down

Little porcelain figurines, glass bullets you shoot at the wall
Threats of castration for crimes you imagine when I miss your call
With the bite of the teeth of that ring on my finger, I'm bound to your bedside, your eulogy singer
I'd happily take all those bullets inside you and put them inside of myself

"Someone, oh anyone, tell me how to stop this
She's screaming, expiring, and I'm her only witness
I'm freezing, infected, and rigid in that room inside her
No one's going to come as long as I lay still in bed beside her"

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