

# See You In Hell

## Small Brown Bike

I'll take Sunday night with a blanket over this old, dark house.  
An occasional ruffle, but nothing like you or even this memory of you.

Do you save our pictures like I do?

Home is where you die.

We we're like a lullaby.

You hit like a hammer now.

You used to lean into me.

Now you stand away.

Those wheels just push right by now.

Just a few feet from my life.

If I leaned into their mess.

I'd see you in hell. See you in hell.

You looked straight at me,  
then laughed and said so honestly,

"You're so dead now."

As I thought to myself, "Is that really true?"

Because I killed you in my head.

You can too.

There's no second chance.

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