

Hemlock is the New Mistletoe

After The Sirens

When I wake up on fire
and get caught in the sheets,
my dreams of safety hit the floor.
I've heard the air raid too many times before
to be bothered by the bombs. And you ask me why I'm holding on
to what you're holding over my head. Well I am lost in the space you left between good and bye.
And the butterflies
get caught in my throat
when they try to follow you away from me. I believe in healing
but there is just no prize
for whose head gets stuck the deepest in the sand. I believe in healing! Then Christ,
just heal me! Don't even try to fix this with that face you make.
I know just how you pout
like a rainy day without a parade.

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