Prom Song

Quinn Walker

strung by vein to running mouth your whispers are the catalyst somebody
please breath lies my blood's not thick enough I can't hear my heart beat
when you shut up still waiting for last rites still waiting on a goodbye
kiss to sever the dead flesh and walk away a part of you please don't tell
me you're useless with threaded lip my hands went numb to feel like you I
should have known you were no angel by the way you said my name I'm running
out of perfect moments I've grown tired of clothing the blood to whom it may
concern you'll never keep my scars from healing you'll never leave my

bridges burning consciousness comes and goes like the routine of three lost
words lovers lay dead and when you're bound and gagged I defy you to define
me it's the only way to feel like I'm still breathing I long for fresh air
cleansed of sedition the waters listen closer that I tell them everything
then take a deep breath

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