

# Blood-letting

## Mothers

I think it's about time I was leaving  
you're stumbling over words I don't believe in  
but I'm finding new legs to walk with

I've been finding new knives to kiss withwhen you sleep your body turns a ghost white  
and I can't help but feeling like a fly on milk

I crawled back into myself alonedarling, I was old enoughI am writhing with certainty  
I am dancing with the slow death  
trembling like a drop of mercury

I touched your wrist beneath the blanketno use now in trying to change our old ways  
when someone else's name is stuck  
between your shoulderblades

here are my hands  
reminding you of someone else's handsdarling, I was old enough  
god is stuck singing himself to sleep  
I am not the only one

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>