

Morphine Season

Every Time I Die

Looking forward to a flat lined love affair

The comfort of a dire love sickness

I've come to cherish bed sores and the salt in my own tears

My beautiful affliction your kiss festers like a boilI find myself ugly in your eyes of asylum scenery

Have you come to take me away take me away

Darling you are a disease that spreads like sunshine

The vultures make a halo while they wait for me to dieYour fingers crawl like flies on peeling flesh

Paralyzed you warm me in a cold sweat deadened

But moving in seizures loving in fits of disillusioned blurs

Don't you come near me buried above ground and rotting

You can't take the corpse from his coldThis is not a sickness if I beg it's an addiction

Throw your flowers to the fever

I'm an abscess with a heartbeatAn arm span of dirty needles and a rusted pieces

Flowers mask the decomposing

Passion is watching how fast I can deteriorate

The desperation is a clotting incision

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