

All Structures Are Unstable

Every Time I Die

All of a sudden you're dead
The ground cracks and takes you in
You've no time to be born again
There was nothing where something had been
But every grave that blooms is anchored in miles of roots
In the seed is the tree
In the flesh is the feast
There were worms in the hearts that you hoard
They devour their way to the soul and the world is weakened from within
A hole opens up and you're dead
When I was pregnant I burned a witch alive
At a hundred and one years old I gave birth to a cloud of smoke
We are part of a great machine that inefficiently cycles grief
In the beginning it puts the end and every cause is after effect
There were worms in the hearts that you hoard
They devour their way to the soul and the world is weakened from within
A hole opens up and you're dead
There's too much poison in our glass to make a toast to our health
The cave that I built a kingdom on won't carry my weight
The past is clearer than it's ever been
Our mistakes made our selves
Blood rushes out of our phantom limbs
We take on the water we're floating in but I'll never be clean

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