

# This Accident

Percy Shaw

It's not physical my minds mayhem. It's so subtle.

Lines and colors. Textures. Nothing beats this fear.

Poetry becomes one line on lies and smiles. I don't want to be in that place. A finished work of art. Smooth,  
Polished in a cold stand. I'd rather be a paper cut. I've written away from lines to be free in a black screen.

Sheared. Alive. I Breathe. Bleed. Bled. Woke.

Nothing to say. Your cheeks turning white. New hope.

You're dressed in white on an operating table.

I drove you to the hospital.

Lyrics provided by

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