Your Cell

The Velvet Teen

counting down to one
lost my place had to start over again
it won't save your cell
but we'll gather more
drowned myself in my own sea
like a morning sunrise in reverse
it won't save your cell
but it's a way to beginthe waking hours we call our friends
but we're the in-between
the thirty-second trends
and we'll keep pushing towards the edge
until we break
on the rocks beneath our skinin the mouth of time
we find ourselves coming out to play
all our stupid games
but we dream
we dream...
then something lets itself in
through your backdoor
while you are away cleaning your windows
it slits your thoat and you like itthe waking hours we call our friends
but we're the in-between
the thirty-second trends
and we'll keep pushing towards the edge
untill we break
on the rocks beneath our skin

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