

# 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 boil I 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 die Your fingers crawl like flies on peeling flesh  
Paralyzed you warm me in a cold sweat deadened  
But moving in seizures loving in fits of disillusional blurs  
Don't you come near me buried above ground and rotting  
You can't take the corpse from his cold This is not a sickness if I beg it's an addiction  
Throw your flowers to the fever  
I'm an abscess with a heartbeat

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