

# Pincushion

## Every Time I Die

Where the air hangs like the static of a dead end radio  
I'm waiting with a frozen pulse  
Crawl into an empty womb, don't raise these dead  
They've found their God in soil Dry scab silhouette's tell the secrets of sewn mouths  
My heart is a sore but even charred faces crack smiles  
Mismanufactured, screaming like some faulty machinery  
The overwhelming inefficiency of infants Artificer stead me now, you've sewn a machine  
You've birthed an abortion, the corpse of God is love  
I'm rotting and I'm not yet dead, I'm the king of worms and I'll have your head  
Resurrected roadkill, blueprinted skin, I swear, I've never been here before Everyone but me looks like they've  
seen a ghost  
All eyes fall on collapsing statues, stop pointing, stop laughing  
There's nothing to see here, everybody try to relax  
Everybody please remain calm  
(I'm not supposed to be here anyway)

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