Dying

Boys Night Out

[Singing:]
Picture yourself in a nightmarish scene of such
grotesque complexity that you'd kill to be dreaming.
Your body's been dying, while your mind has been trying
to make you picture a life where you'd kill for your
lover and a song in your head. The deaths of countless
others merely set up the lyrics for your symphony.
That's where you'll find me.[Speaking:]
something awful has happened here..this is,
this is so much worse than i ever could have imagined
i knew it all along that this man should not have been released
god, what's happened here, he's completely torn his entire apartment apart
the smell is overpowering, a fowl pungent odor,
like rotten food or i don't know, possibly something worse
but there's something else that's almost overpowering
i think its a woman's perfume, oh no..no..
i found the patient he's lying on the floor in the center of the living room
completely naked, emaciated, deathly pale, it appears he hasn't eaten anything at all for weeks
the infection has spread up his arms, it must have reached his brain
there's bulging bright red veins all the way up from his wrist to his neck
there's empty bottles everywhere, of alcohol and medication
my god this smell is sickening
there's blood coming out of his mouth nose ears
he's not dead yet, but he's close
i failed, this is my fault
and somehow, he's smiling at me, i think he's whispering something,
no, not just whispering, i think he's singing.....[Background singing:]
Now, place your ear to my lips.
Trace these notes with your fingertips.
They dance alone on my last breath.
This is the end. This is death.[Singing:]
the lines i wear around my wrist are there to prove that i exist
[20x]
(someone call an ambulance, because something's not right)
(the smell of her perfume struggles to cover everything)

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