

Holy

The Golden Palominos

I eat only sleep and air
And everyone thinks I'm dumb
But I'm smart because I've figured it out. I am slimmer than you are
And I am burning my skin off little by little
Until I reach bone and self
Until I get to where I am essential
Until I get to where I am Food doesn't tempt me anymore
Because I am so full of energy and sense
I can even pass by water now
Because I am living off the parts of me
That I don't need anymore. I could feel the slow drips of pain before,
Swirling inside where my lungs should have been.
Now I'm clean inside. I threw out hundreds of things that I didn't need anymore.
All my dresses and bras
Stupid things like jeans and socks.
Most days I float through the house naked
So I can see myself in the mirrors.
I have hundreds of them everywhere
And they talk back to me all the time.
They keep me true and pure.
They make sure I'm still here. When I knew what I had to do
I took all my notebooks, all my manuscripts
And ate them page by page
So I could take my words with me. I can finally control my life and even death
And I will die slowly like steam escaping from a pipe. This is my greatest performance
And all of the actresses who won my parts will say
How wonderful to let yourself go that mad,
How wonderful to go on this kind of journey
And not care if you come back to tell the story. I scratch words on the walls now
So people will visit this museum and know
How someone like me ends up like this
(they'll say there is art in here somewhere). Everything that comes out of me is sacred
Every tear, every cough, every piss.
Everything that comes off of me is sacred
Every fingernail, every eyelash, every hair. Starvation is sacred and I scratch my bones
Against the windows at night.
I light candles and feel myself evaporate.
This body is a little church, a little temple.
You can't see me now because I've gone inside. My family doesn't call anymore.

My friends don't call anymore.

You can't hurt me anymore.

They can't hurt me anymore.

Only I can. And that's okay.

I don't need them anymore.

I can live off of me.

I speak to me.

I dance with me.

I eat me. When they find me, I'll have a little smile on my face

And they'll wrap me in a white cloth and lay me in the ground

And say they don't understand.

But I do.

I don't hurt anymore.

I'm not lonely anymore.

I'm not sad I'm not pretty anymore.

I made it through. I feel so holy and clean when I stretch out on the floor and sing.

Sometimes god comes in for a minute and says I'm doing fine, I'm almost there. Every day I get a little closer to

vanishing.

Some days I can't stand up because the room moves under my feet

And I smile because I'm almost there,

I'm almost an angel. One day when I am thin enough

I'll go outside

Fluttering my hands so I can fly

And I will be so slight that I will pass through all of you

Silently

Like wind.

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