Naw, You Catch Up

Comadre

...and it might kill us both.
i've been given all the time and patience this world can give.
slowing down are words i can't define.
i am going to take my time to make sure our heads fit.
our skulls and teeth lock up and our hearts beg for the same cause.
we are all sick of robbing the same banks
and ending up with counterfeits.
my muscles are burnt to shit and this might be all i have left.
but someone once said when you start to burn your bones,
you will find everything you were born to die for.
and if that's true, then consider me dust

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