Furniture

Antonelli

I am only flesh and bones,
Splintered glass and tattered clothes,
behind the skin, my fragility,
behind the skin, a skeletal impracticality,
I am only pieces of you,
held together with paper glue,
behind the skin, my divinity
behind the skin, my only sanctuary.You can lean on me, have a drink on me,
leave your mark all over me,
paint the outside 'till it smiles,
you can eat off me, rest your head on me,
press yourself on top of me,
kick the back until its quiet.All in all I'm just furniture,
Just another piece taking you one step further from the perfect living room set,
All in all I'm just furniture,
In these 4 walls that hold me, keep me safe under sound and bare within its grip.My wooden heart it sings no more,
This dress I wear becomes the floor,
behind the skin, a living, breathing thing,
behind the skin, a place you've never been.You can lean on me, have a drink on me,
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