

# HEALTH SURFACE

## Crass

Places of sickness nurse me cold  
Attendant whiteness glare in dark  
Straighten out the winding sheet  
Twisted round in poorest dreams  
Shattered proofing of the lost  
Splinter shackled, little wounds  
Of cruelty and truth, they tie  
The one way sickness up inside  
Regressive smile, a babys laugh  
A learnt contortion of the mouth  
Places of laughter leave me cool  
Hot fire dying down to ash  
Beauty breezes through so swift  
Endless roundabout of grief  
Not much to ask, a rightful place  
Where nothing matters, but can touch  
Without a sinking heart, this sigh  
Could be the wind among the leaves  
This pain does not belong to me  
They've taken everything away  
To nurse the sicknesses of loss  
Instilled with fear and bleachy guilt  
Impatient winds up in her cloth  
The tired shoes are splitting up  
With weighty promises of love  
Waiting for the last to fall away  
Buckle noose around the strap  
All that separates the flesh  
From green grass or sinking mud  
Stagnating, knowing the delusion  
Clean sheets waiting for a body  
Slapped into life and slowly gutted  
A place of sickness is to die in  
Tired of the cruelty and lying  
Drip-fed tears of the forsaken  
They say "we'll soon have you up and walking"  
Took the prison for a stronghold  
Took the lies for a love-song  
Paid for life on a shoestring

Waiting for the last to fall away  
Buckle noose around the strap  
All that separates the flesh

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>