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

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