

Immortality

Damian Luca

Vacate is a word
Vengeance has no place so near to her
 Cannot find a comfort
 In this worldArtificial tears
 The vessel's stabbed
 Next up, volunteers
 Vulnerable, wisdom can't adhereA truant finds home
 And a will to hold on
 There's a trapdoor in the sun
 It's immortalityAs privileged as a whore
 Victims in demand for public show
 Swept out through the cracks
 Beneath the doorHolier than thou, how?
 Surrendered, executed anyhow
 Scrawls dissolved
 Cigar box on the floorA truant finds home
 And a will to hold on to
There's a trapdoor in the sunIt's immortalityI cannot stop the thought
 Running out the door
 Coming up a which way sign
And all good truants must decideOh, stripped and sold, mom
 And an auctioned forearm
And whiskers in the sinkA truant finds home
 And a will to hold on to
 Some die just to live, oh

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