My Cyanide Catharsis

The Bled

This scalpel makes a map across my back.
Carve a short cut to your suitcase lips.
There's no saving us tonight.
Our pulse will flutter like a dial tone.
As you touch my hand for one last time, the car engine hums us to sleep. The lies.
Your subtle teeth.Tonight is the rest of our lives, a carbon monoxide lullaby. Evacuate. Abandon this breath.
Pull myself apart. Just to feel something real.
I close my eyes I turn my back for one last time.
I hold my breath I fall alseep inside your arms. Your eyes reflect my regrets. All the feelings you cant afford and the ones I cant control have collided. Now I'm a mess. I've tried my best to hide it. Now it's obvious. I wear it in these wounds that never heal.There's no saving us tonight.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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