

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 asleep inside your arms. Your eyes reflect my regrets. All the feelings you can't afford and the ones I can't 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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