stab city

Chris Herbert

My heavy head is full of debris.
Sometimes I wish this city would
sink in the sea,
'cause even when I find the love it's fake
and everything I want to touch
would break.In some strange way
it's like you're never there.
You just float by,
crawling in the air.
I've been so tired
I can barely breathe.
Open your eyes
once and try to see.So don't say you'll see me.This skeleton town
with snakes in the grass,
where every single breath you take
might be your last.
And even when you find the love
it's fake
and everything you try to touch will break.Our crooked feet
burn up this street,
and every time we're passing by
you feel the heat
of 50,000 burning souls asleep.
There's 50,000 crying out to me.Burn up the city.

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