

Transcontinental

Ready Made FC

Engine severs lower legs
I feel my bruised heart beating
Spinal cord remains intact
Still sending and receiving Lying back on shoulder blades
The cargo rushing past
Missing limbs beneath the cars
Twitching on the tracks Click clack now handicapped
North am transcontinental I remember as I bleed
Certain tales of bravery
A man whose legs were crushed beneath
A fallen evergreen tree He decided he would chop them off above the knee
To sacrifice his shins and feet to make his torso free
The luxury of having been spared the hard part
You'd think would be enough for me to pull this off But I'm left to bleed to death, now all the man I've ever been
North am transcontinental

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