

# Shiva

## Silver Bullets

Suddenly every machine stopped at once  
And the monitors beeped the last time  
Hundreds of thousands of hospital beds  
And all of them empty but mine

Well, I was lying down with my feet in the air  
Completely unable to move  
The bed was misshaped, and awkward and tall  
And clearly intended for you

You checked yourself out when you put me to bed  
And tore that old band off your wrist  
But you came back to see me for a minute or less  
And left me your ring in my fist  
My hair started growing, my face became yours  
My femur was breaking in half  
The sensation was scissors and too much to scream  
So instead, I just started to laugh

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