

# Again And Again

## Holly Brook

Unlocking metaphors  
Caches that were safe before  
Lost their secrets to the wind

It isn't everyday  
You can see the other face  
Watching you I'm watching me who could this be

Your wounds begin to sing  
Red melodies that sting  
Like ice bury me twice

Running from the heat from the lines that break me  
I'll give another try

Fallen angel  
Your terminal high  
Feeding the hunger of your sky  
Take all the poison that I give  
Just to live  
For the feeling  
Use me again

Your stuck in a centerfold  
Written in capitals  
Bake the time talking through wine

Young boys that you tantalize  
Sipping on your pretty eyes  
But you kill just to feel real

Lately on this vine the showers have been steady  
Are you ready for this flight?

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