

Bloody Poetry

Grieves

I guess it started when the lights went out
and everybody started running round in circles tryin to figure it out
I could feel it
wedged in my ribs it felt freezin
as my cold air blew out
dance through the evening, paranormal
slowly being called to the green
where the ghosts gather nightly and sell the devil their dreams, i observe
hails from the other side of the curb
hold the concrete notepad
scribble down my words in the limelight
this is what it's like to bleed ink
put your fingers in it paint me a picture of what you think
make it beautiful and make it look like love
make it hang from the heavens
make it break my trust
make it real
make it dangerous
make it out of the rust
make it passionate and impossible to touch
it's forever
slowly resurrected from the dust

when you understand its everything inside of you, its us.
You're all I've ever known
So to my sleep
You always got me running home
Count for the roses
You're my blood and brittle bones, my soul and open throne
You're all I know
Ive spoke a whisper in the dark one night
watch it take form in front of me and mimic my life
it seemed natural specially watching its last breathe like poetry
watch as it clung to its own chest with a smile
made out of broken pieces of tile
you can see the thoughts running chase em around for miles
if you want it people say that old road is haunted
if you travel on it long enough you'll never get off it
you believe it cause everything is skewed when you see it

then you process automatically think that you feel it
and automatically sticks to the brain when the truth of it is standing outside playing cards in the rain
you will never beat the game it plays
you can only turn around and lick the blood from your own switchblade
its forever slowly resurrected from the dust
when you understand its everything inside of you, its us.

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