# Face Down

## Jawbreaker

Beneath the door I see a light.It's four a.m. in apartment three.
A sealed room.
Muted sounds.I turn the knob.The door is gone.
Yellow light.Kitchen floor.Just her back.
An old woman is at the cutting board.
Her old bent back.Short, abrupt chopping jerks.How do you like that?
I died in my sleep.Face down.
Face down.
Just a little dream I had.It was more than real.
Face down.
She turns around.Smiles up at.Laughing teeth into me.
Silver gleam and out.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/