

# Immortality

## Pulse Emitter

Vacate is a word  
Vengeance has no place so near to her  
Cannot find a comfort  
In this worldArtificial tears  
The vessel's stabbed  
Next up, volunteers  
Vulnerable, wisdom can't adhereA truant finds home  
And a will to hold on  
There's a trapdoor in the sun  
It's immortalityAs privileged as a whore  
Victims in demand for public show  
Swept out through the cracks  
Beneath the doorHolier than thou, how?  
Surrendered, executed anyhow  
Scrawls dissolved  
Cigar box on the floorA truant finds home  
And a will to hold on to  
There's a trapdoor in the sunIt's immortalityI cannot stop the thought  
Running out the door  
Coming up a which way sign  
And all good truants must decideOh, stripped and sold, mom  
And an auctioned forearm  
And whiskers in the sinkA truant finds home  
And a will to hold on to  
Some die just to live, oh

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