When People Become Numbers

Drowningman

sometimes our fingers speak louder than words (aggravates illness and passes through spit) I can see right through the back of your head. clearly. if its right or its wrong if this is wrong. I can't be right. dear god, I think they're right/ how long before this dies? we'll count the numbers, we'll just forget. we've learned to fail. we've embraced regret. that's not an honest answer and we don't wish it was. (you're like) sharpened sticks passing hands, aimed at hearts, passing through. straight through my heart, pass my way. sometimes our fingers speak louder than words. sometimes these wires pass right through the nerves if my heart swelled from my chest would you feed it glass or another kiss? we'll go on for days, for months, for years forever. you'll break my heart. if we count on each other over someone else's shoulder. the way we do when people become numbers am I a one, a two, a three, four, five or six, seven or an eight?

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