

Intermediate Laceration

Ninety Pound Wuss

did you see it?
could you sense the tension?
thickness was building,
yet for a surprise crimson starlight.
your chanting my curse.
it's a lovesick dead end.
your whitewashed lies.
your clean cut sneer.
your whitewashed lies.
tongue tied undone.
your whitewashed lies.
you've wasted my time again.
it's all wound up in one big surprise.
new action, fresh flesh.
oh, tonight i dance my demise.
could be my last dance.
could be my own death.
can you see me bleed?
i am the wounded.
i am the injured.
oh scarlet, where's my last dance?
oh scarlet, where are you now?

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