H.

Grace Woodroofe

What's coming through is alive.
What's holding up is a mirror.
But what's singing songs is a snake
Looking to turn this piss to wine.
They're both totally void of hate,
But killing me just the same.
The snake behind me hisses
What my damage could have been.
My blood before me begs me
Open up my heart again.
And I feel this coming over like a storm again.
Considerately.
Venomous voice, tempts me,
Drains me, bleeds me,
Leaves me cracked and empty.
Drags me down like some sweet gravity.
The snake behind me hisses
What my damage could have been.
My blood before me begs me
Open up my heart again.
And I feel this coming over like a storm again.
I am too connected to you to
Slip away, to fade away.
Days away I still feel you
Touching me, changing me,
And considerately killing me.
Without the skin,
Beneath the storm,
Under these tears
The walls came down.
And the snake is drowned and
As I look in his eyes,
My fear begins to fade
Recalling all of those times.
I could have cried then.
I should have cried then.
And as the walls come down and
As I look in your eyes
My fear begins to fade

Recalling all of the times
I have died
And will die.
It's all right.
I don't mind.
I am too connected to you to
Slip away, to fade away.
Days away I still feel you
Touching me, changing me,
And considerately killing me.

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