

Brittle Boned

[Julien Baker](#)

The low, electric glow “static snows in the lobby
Dull TV, magazines, waiting rooms can't hide me
From the sting, paper sheets, bloodwork and the IV
And the whirring machines while the nurses reassure me:
This will be quick and easy, I'm not gonna feel a thing
Lie and say it'll be alright, like a stray falling asleep
Cause I'm so good at hurting myself

Pulse is slow, faint metronome on my left side beneath my protruding spine
You can hardly hear at night
White flag, blindfold covering my sunken eyes
And a line of rifles aimed at my sick mind

Cause I'm so good at hurting myself

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