

Juliette

Crooked Fingers

Juliette your cigarette has burned right through your face
Through your skin and through your skull and up into your brain
It doesn't seem that you will reach the fountain from where you are
And possibly this might just leave a really bad, bad scar
And you're lying on the living room floor
Lying like you've done at least one hundred times before
Burning with a radiant glow Juliette the fire has crept down and your chest's aflame
Smoldering an even ring around your torso frame
And moving slow the amber glow does flicker clear and clean
It's as if someone has doused you in white gasoline
With your ashes on the living room floor
Scattered like they've been at least one hundred times before
Burning off a skin that you have come to abhor
And spreading now the crackling sound
Down to your hips and waist Traveling past your legs at last a slow but steady pace
The smell of dead skin burning lingers sickly in the air
Oh Juliette, oh Juliette you don't look like you care
Though the smoldering has reached down to your knees
Moving down your shins over your ankles and your feet
Burning with a radiant glow
Swallowing, devouring the tips of your toes

Songwriters

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