

# Friday Night Binge

Faderhead

It's a huge shit sandwich  
And we're all gonna have to take a bite

If I could mix your tears with burnt herb  
I'd inhale your pain  
If I could erase these years of misspent words  
I'd write again  
A love letter to ceaseless stormy weather  
To the knot around arms that's doomed to sever  
And the glue that holds these pages together  
Sucked from the soles of empty milk containers  
With my senses detained I feel saner  
Fuel the cursive from the pen to paper

Overdosed on a sigh  
And I'm saying goodbye  
Where do drugs go to die?

When there's no rights to wrong  
When your friends have gone  
A needle playing the same song  
Bled you too long  
And now every one light I see - is sunset orange  
And the exit door is stuck with a rusted hinge  
Looking for a soul contained within a syringe  
Eyelids awake  
With that friday night binge