

## Largish/Dominant

### Parquet Courts

There is a silent one  
A scalding still grief from within  
A house of former logs  
The drywall cracking like its skin  
A shattered timecard clock  
Left in the hallway starts to hiss at you alone, you feel confused  
When the chiming time never hits  
I've seen you walk it out  
And I know what makes you twitch  
A set of stab blab scabs  
You only scratch to feel the itch  
You've got a key lord scar  
That you want out there, turning tricks  
And you can only speak the truth, with the blood of God, on your lips

Your blue jean pocket has  
A faded skull can scar on it  
A halo on your ass  
The only place that it could fit  
At every curtain call  
Hold for applause, smile, bow, and catch the rose  
It's old and it is proof  
Of your finest hour  
In this shit