

I Am a Machine Gun

Showbread

It turns my stomach every night
like scattering bats in disrupted flight
the idea of ideas and tired points to pierce the skin
little children lining up and losing all of their time

Losing all their time

I don't have the time for my own lifetime
when you blink my stay here is over
batting those long eyelashes, baby save yourself the trouble

And separate from this strangling cable
I have won victory over death
won like an automatic weapon
fingers itching, itching for my trigger

I am a firearm, a machine gun

Walk this tired planet, make sand castles in the tide
I am not my own, so I will not call this place my home
I do not belong to me, and I do not have a care to see
my hands reaching out for wind,
like you're reaching out for wind

Counting the days, counting the scars
counting the miles to get this far
and looking back at nothing, looking back at nothing
and I turn to look up at your flags laughing
thinking of how sad it is to see you capture butterflies in mas
on jars

I rip my rib cage open and proclaim, I belong to Christ