

Box Cutters

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Shots from a gun,
lightning and rain,
in a thunderstorm
it all sounds the same.

See, I been thinking box cutters
and a warm bath,
a rose-petaled,
eyes-closed collapse

To go finally to sleep
To rest, to rest,
a beautiful dream,
beautiful dream.

Plum wine
warms the veins.
Russian roulette
is a winning game.

Fall from a tractor
into the blades.
The sun comes up,
just your bones remain.

To go finally to sleep.
To rest, to rest,
a beautiful dream,
beautiful dream.

Carbon monoxide
in the garage,
Put the seat back,
turn the engine on, Let it run.

Drown in the waves,
ocean and blue
Let go let go, Let 'em think...
you didn't mean to.

To go finally to sleep.
To rest, to rest.
a beautiful dream,
beautiful dream.