

Early Birthday

Born Gold

Shrouded in snow pale as the morning star
your little flesh scarf sewn by your belly's arms
your boiling brain and the stove of your art
bubbling over bshrouded in snow pale as the morning
star
your little flesh scarf sewn by your belly's arms
your boiling brain and the stove of your art
bubbling over black on the shattered glass

We all have time! i doubt it
you'll be just fine! i doubt it
suspended in amber, surrounded
by the lives you never wanted but you lost

It's what it is
that's what it is
it's what it is
little membrane between the things we've been

Shivering cold, upright and frightened dumb
the pulp and wet fruit slip as your fingers numb
no design in the rope just a shriek and a moan
disembodied prayers for a life alonelack on the
shattered glass

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disembodied prayers for a life alone