

Digging Graves

Chloe Ament

There is dirt beneath my nails, there are mud stains on my jeans
I will sit here for a while with the earth torn up around me
I'm aware six months from now I will romanticize today
I am trying hard to grieve but I don't like the way it tastes

It's as bitter as leaving the town that you've lived in your whole life
It's as sweet as watching my friends change their last name on their profiles
I am caught between the mourning and the dancing in my chest
I keep digging graves and laying all of my past selves to rest
Mmm

There is dirt beneath my nails, there are ghosts lined up 'round me
And I recognize their anguish, their ambition, their envy
They all look at me with brown-green eyes, I hear them in my head
Oh, they beckon to me presently, and my stone's coming next

It's as loud as 9PM laughter in my college apartment
It's as quiet as the writer's block, as the exhausted artist
I am caught between the mourning and the dancing in my chest
I keep digging graves and laying all of my past selves to rest

Feels like all I do is just bury myself again
I'm wearing black just because I buried myself again
Buried myself again, buried myself again

It's as ugly as the crying after my very first heartbreak
It's as pretty as opening up springtime and wedding cake
I will navigate the mourning and the dancing in my chest
I'll keep digging graves and laying all of my past selves to rest