

Teeth

Duster

A wicked glow arrives from numberless time
And the stars seem closer than you do
The space without is overloaded
With the ghosts of little things

Leave your teeth, your ill feeling

It's July and you've decided
To meet the crows and cast the ashes
Impossible, a missing spider
I hear the echoes of their voice

Just empty memories

Been minus days and clothed in waves of lost
Stuck in mud kicking and clawing
Stationary, situational
Since you sliced my ears in two

Leave your teeth in between