

# 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