

Evening Arms

END

Begging to be hurt
Barbed wire rosaries as chains
Pressed against my throat
A void ever expanding under insincerity
Avoiding evening arms and their embrace
Drawing a will to live from hollow promises
Stiff enough to coax the dead from fever dreams
Hide me from the heaven in your chest
Disguise myself as all I am to be
Wrapped in impure images to keep me clean
Slicing through masks with fragile fragments collected at my feet
But still unfit to serve as mirrors

Begging to be hurt
Barbed wire rosaries as chains
Pressed against my throat

Hiding from the heaven in your chest
Hide me from the heaven in your chest

Walking in circles until one of us is dead
Disguise myself as all I aim to be
Emotionless and rid of ammunition
Waters parting in the shape of both our names
Outlining lives in a hail of bullets raining from above
A hail of bullets raining from above

Hide me from the heaven in your chest

I haven't trusted in the Lord enough I guess
I thought I did that
Joined the church and all and took communion, and everything, but
It didn't seem to help me
I've been getting worse
Well, I don't say I've been getting worse, but
Since I've come in the hospital I have this awful vision that I was, wasn't
going to get better
Why do you say the devil is in you, where?
Well, I don't know where or what part's in me, or what part's in me
How do you know it's there?
Well, I had a vision
In heaven and hell and where
The vision, telling me
After, have mercy upon my soul, if you can
Doctor, doctor
I'll only tell you once, I can help you with different treatment
You can?
It's the same treatment as before
Oh, not the same, no
It's too late
It's too late