

Pinebox Mourning

Farewell

I'd say I'm drunk enough to hate you now
Or at least enough to take a little drive around the block
Crashing through the windshield can't be half as bad as crashing parties
Unintended for you

You presence isn't needed here
It isn't needed

And at the hospital, the waiting room will not be crowded
The paramedics will not stand the sight of this
Instead there will be lovely flower patterned chairs
And a blank television

Will not be filled
With closest friends and next of kin
Instead the bottles will be empty
And the bellies will be full

This solemn day
Has been quite intriguing to say the least

I've mixed a wonderful concoction
A miracle of sorts
It contains

So tonight I'll either be fighting or lying in my own vomit but
Either way the morning will be lonely

And at your funereal
I'm sure the guests will sit and stare
With lovely words from people
Who all knew your parents
Pinebox memorial