

Dead Cat

Foxing

Deep sweet dread
Syrupy dread
I'd love to live
But I smell death
Deep regret
Arm caught in
A blood pressure test
But I smell death

Feels like I missed the real end
I must live in the index
The universe is mumbling
"Buy a gun or something?"

Now that I have some time alone
I'm chewing through my arm down to the bone
There's time enough now at last I know
All the blood in my head is going home