

Showers

Infected Rain

On the lakebed I lay
Where you buried me in clay
My eyes swollen shut
At the core of the sorrow locked

Chewed up, spat out and forgotten
By cold torrents surrounded
Fooled by the lying tides
I fall, chasing butterflies

Sunshine like knives can hurt you
It can cut you, make you bleed
If followed by hailstorm
It can bruise you, make you shriek

Sprinkles of iced showers
Precipitating in the wrong hours
Deluge of fire and sweat
Killing the dew of regret

Fooled by the lying tides
I fall, chasing butterflies

Sunshine like knives can hurt you
It can cut you, make you bleed
If followed by hailstorm
It can bruise you, make you shriek