

Laurel Leaf (Anhedonia)

Kevin Devine

All the things I told myself and I heard nothing
Every lie I sold myself 'til I quit buying
Found the inner activist and killed her quiet
Buried under processing but she's been climbing

Up in my tree I have all I could really need
And the fork in my tongue troubles no one
Shame and relief to be finally truly seen
As I am
As I'll be
As I've been

All the nights I cut myself and I felt nothing
Murder every messenger
But they keep coming
Cultivate your loneliness til you're a loner
Cradle your anxiety and anhedonia

Down at the end of your day in the mess you've made
And the bones of your bed
She's a shipwreck
What's in a name or a face or a garden grave?
Stomach-sick at the turn of the trick

Left waiting on the airlift out
Stuck straining for the punchline now

Worry away your pretensions of guile and grace
What's the last thing you said?
God's a basehead
Spinning in place
Never fazed by the risks he takes
Then you fell through the floor
On a low so pure
When you spread at the surf
Did your teeth hurt?
Almost awake
I await a redemption day
Laurel Leaf
You'll be all I can see

All the signs I showed myself and I saw nothing
All the signs I showed myself and I saw nothing