

Salt

Little Comets

Pick up on my nuanced groans
Rip apart my soiled interior walls
Given I'm a sack of bones
Maybe you should have excoriated home
The system that I need to cope
Shatters me with every idiom
Suffering a cut to hope
Sullen at the time I needed you the most

Let them bleed me
Feed me salt under the table

So I
Miss a bit, miss a bit out
Miss a bit, miss a bit out
Miss a bit, miss a bit, miss a bit

Treat me as a prescient ghost
Watching over the familial
Speak of me in loud, clear notes
I'm the boy who was invisible to all

Let them bleed me
Feed me salt under the table

So I
Miss a bit, miss a bit out
Miss a bit, miss a bit out
Miss a bit, miss a bit, miss a bit

And if grief can't reach us
How lamentable it is to your hope
And if grief won't teach us
Then I'm powerless to move you along
From these walls

So I
Miss a bit, miss a bit out
Miss a bit, miss a bit out
Miss a bit, miss a bit, miss a bit