

## You Come Down

Marika Hackman

You come down with your thorns in your crown  
Tearing the flesh from your skull  
And the trick of the brain is the trickle in vein  
As it drips from your ears and your nostril  
But you could always make the lakes fill up

Take my hand leave my heart to the damned  
As you build me a bed in the earth  
Peel back my skin let the daffodils in  
As you bury me back to my birth  
But you could always make me hurt

Cause I will go to the ends of the Earth  
Just to hear you sing  
Make no mistake  
But the heartache of my weight  
Feels like the breath of the wind  
Without the force to push me on

Plough through the soil, hear the crunch of the foil  
As you unwrap the bread of my heart  
Chew through the bones, close your ears to the moans  
Of you I now am a part  
But how long can you hold on to your head?

Take my lungs, pour the songs that we've sung  
Into a ready-made flask  
Mouth open wide as you drink it inside  
Drips through the hole in your mask  
But you could always make me hurt