

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