

Don't Rescue Me

¡Mayday!

We were nothing but clenched nails
Lips gone mute in the line of sight
Soloists in the same show that never went up
Sitting at the front row
Staring at the stage
Waiting for a standing ovation
Placing green paper on a pedestal's face for the lay of the land to get syphoned, schooled, and traced again
I mean
As if going crippled with a ripple of fucks
And being hurled into a cubby hole for the meaning of things wasn't enough
You can taste it on the winds of skin
Tall vowels
Moon burns and spearing vocals
As all hands talked to each other
Let the dust settle
And burst the resolve during the gathering of hues
There was no night to question belonging
But rather answer to our calling
Take it from the top
'cause space and reflections live there
Bear in mind though
The returnal inhale is in talking tatters
So with a late-for-work tempo
Blink thrice
And find a little made-to-be-me breath
Because we all return to air
Crunchy water and dank dirt
We all return to air
Bless

We can't turn back it's a one way trip