

Damage Me Deeply

Michael Malarkey

Halfway between New York and the Wasteland
A statue of glass
Burnin' with sand
His hourglass physique
Saw days turn into weeks
Powerless to raise his head or his hands
Yet, still, they kiss his feet
And count their blessings

Halfway between empty and drowning
The cylinder shattered
And out tumbled a man
The rain came in sheets
And the days turned into weeks
And those weeks to years, he said, "Hold me"
It's so lonely in the city
The lights, they make me sick

Sing songs of forever
Then songs of departure
The pennants of joy in abandoned harbors
Waitin' for something

We damage me deeply, my dear, we do
And we damage you, we damage you too
As we damage me
We damage me deeply

Sing songs of forever
Then songs of departure
The pennants of joy in abandoned harbors
Waiting for something

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