

Critical Condition

Owen

I'm not the man on that stage
I was born when my eyes closed, he dies when I wake
So composed, so what if I can't sing?
He drinks gasoline, and he spits fire
Pour me on broken glass for tea
A cow's tongue, two bricks for lips
Each attempt to speak is a bloody crime scene
Will someone call an ambulance?
It's critical condition, can you keep a secret?
I'm not okay, I hate my friends and I hate my face
And now the rats know, who do you think they'll tell?
What is this I'm feeling, is it permanent or fleeting?
Can I beat it with a stick, or will I die like this?
And if I do, does he die too?