

Baxter 3rd Is Under Fucking Siege

Penelope Scott

Some songs sound the way it feels to have a rib out of place

But I ran all of my errands
And all of my ribs are quite in
The animals are quiet
And all the things are in the bin
I put them in there with you here
When I remove them you'll be gone
I guess there's nothing to be scared of
I guess there's really nothing wrong

And there's no shame in sleeping later
There's no shame in sleeping more
No shame at all in being such a filthy frigid Lysol-huffing whore

When the clock strikes three nineteen
My words will sink into the sea
And I will know for a split second that
My whole life's ceased to be

The morning I woke up to leave there
As soon as I opened my eyes
It hurt so bad that I could taste it
So cold it burned all my insides

I've never felt anything like it
Heard my lungs scream like that before
Felt such a tear in my aorta
That it spilled all of the light I ever saw
Across the floor

I couldn't wrap my head around it
How such a nightmare could be real
And despite all of my bullshit
Nothing could stop it
Not God
Not sex
Not white hot fear

And there's no shame in sleeping later
No shame at all in sleeping more
None at all in being such a goddamn filthy Clorax-huffing whore
And there's no shame in sleeping later
There's no shame in sleeping more
No shame at all in being such a filthy frigid Lysol-huffing whore

When the clock strikes five nineteen
I'll watch you sink into the sea
And I will feel for a split second that
Life has ceased to be