

I Stare at Floors

Protomartyr

The day comes
Same as before
Goes out again
Television a concave window
Lawyers and murderers
The law is confusing the order makes no sense

Scratching the skin
Staring at walls
Staring at floors

The plan today is not to die
The cure-all is always over ice
Toasting the globe
Cursing those who live on it
Drinking it down and drinking it down
Keeping it down and keeping it down

People and their faces
Like a beautiful thing
Falling down the stairs
So-called friends
Between them and I
May be there be a poison ocean

Scratching the skin
Staring at walls
Staring at floors

And not at eyes
That's where the soul lies
New memories are strangers I will never meet
Rheumy old thoughts are constant companions

Nipping at me
Nipping and barking at me
Nipping and barking at me

All them
Why do they come?
Why don't they die?
Why don't they die?

I stare at floors
Until my eyes bleed
It's just a social disease
And now I'm free