

Thought I had it all
Thought I'd live forever
Thought the world was small
Thought my words could turn to gold
I knew what I was searching for
I thought that I was thoughtless
Thoughts of mine were arsenic
Our hollow parts are toxic
How'd our heart to hearts get arctic?
Thought I told you I'm a beast
All I do is die repeat
I piece together puzzle pieces
Of my youth to find release
You see these single-celled amoebas
Sing to self defeatists
Speak and sell their secrets
Sink in seas of hell
I think I see how Caesar felt
These seasons seldom change
I'm rearranging with the furniture
She always sees the best in me
I focus on the worst in her
Trapped inside a labyrinth
These hallways seem so circular
One day I told my gods
I dug a grave that they'd be perfect for
The more I see the morbid scenes
The more I seem like Morrissey
I'm moored at sea & mortified
With these boulders tied to dormant feet
We're born inside a storm that breathes
A swarm of bees protects me
I feel empty yet I force my teeth
And now all I taste is chlorine
Everything is boring
Insects singing for me
Morphing from the morphine
All their words are foreign
More free than I've ever been
My portrait keeps on warping

Until the earth is swallowed hollering
How low can I get today?
Dark so it's like Halloween
Dark Souls with the hollowing
So hallowed be thy name
Halos are just hollow rings
Salo-ing, soaring up above LA on borrowed wings
Exhausted blue skies tasting like exhaust again
She always sees the best in me
I told her that I'm not a friend
All my poems posthumous
These people's quotes are plagiarized
Monochromic side effects, a state of mine
Maybe I'm just starting to fishtail
Heart is two fish hooks
That mirror each other

I'm uttering, all of my entrails
Are chumming the water
I'm under the weather
Been running forever
Becoming a martyr
For nothing my garden's still covered in mud
From the dahlias plucked in abundance
Apartment's a bucket of blood
I'm partly to blame when I'm placing the blame
On the ones that I love
Look at em go
Hook in my throat
Rigor mortis chiseled in stone
To keep you alive I would give up my own
Every living thing I'll ever know is temporary
I can never give up being left alone until I'm buried