

# Once Upon a Blood Moon

Sage Francis

He offered her the world, but came up short  
The nastiest of storms made him settle on a city with a port  
He watched ships sail by in the middle of July  
He wrote notes on paper boats, sat and waited for replies  
Hope floats, even when it's on fire  
Especially when it's on fire, but the smoke makes him tired  
Took a blade to the chest like he was opening a body bag  
"Sir he's still alive in there" well Christ then, remove the tag  
What's it say? It says "Fold along the lines  
And set me free," not on fire, cause oftentimes  
When I set myself free, this empty  
Bag of a body tends to get burned in effigy  
I've lost the energy to fight off the flames  
I blow it off like it's all just a game, all the same  
Wish he wouldn't write himself out of the picture  
It's a beautiful lotion that you got  
When there's someone there to share it with you  
This is why she can't have nice things  
He was too caught up in work to sign for the nice deliveries that life brings  
Now he can't tell if he's dead or not  
He said, "I bet I am, and I can prove it." She said "you better not"  
This is why she can't have nice things  
Because talk is cheap and it was poor communication

All he wanted to say, on the dock that day  
Was "I love you, and I'm sorry," but instead, he just waved  
Good bye, and he cried, love  
So much he watched the waters rise up  
It must have been a changing of the tides, but I've come to assume  
It was the changing of a mind, once upon a blood moon

They skimmed rocks for the whole day  
He imagined he was throwin' rotten parts of himself that broke away  
So he couldn't stop, fascinated by the way they skip up top  
Give up and then drop, he sank with them  
They convened on the rock bottom and made a decision  
They could never raise children, not like this  
Not like people who make babies on purpose  
That's when he came to the surface, fully intending  
To be so strong in his resolve, 'til all of it dissolves  
Slippin' through his pruny fingers like this could've been ours  
But this is to the offers that can't be followed through with  
The water works, the leaky faucet still lost fluids  
To the current of the stream that'll always push you from me  
To the reoccurring dream that makes reality less ugly  
In a picturesque setting, where the world looks airbrushed  
Needless to say, words failed us

On the dock that day, all I wanted to say  
Was "I love you, and I'm sorry," but instead, I just waved  
Good bye, and I cried, love  
So much I watched the waters rise up  
It must have been a changing of the tides, that was breaking up our lives  
It was a water raged wrinkling time

Yessir, minds are made for the changing, but mine's been deterioratin'

Like the bluffs in the shoreline, where I've been waitin' too exhale  
Since the summer when we watched every last one of our friends set sail  
And I was the only livin' boy left in Providence  
Collecting death certificates from the rest of my documents  
Just for origami purposes, I gave 'em to the ocean  
But hey, look at me, I'm great at foldin'  
Guess I'll just do this the rest of my life  
It's got to do with lots of lovin', and it ain't nothin' nice

This is why she can't have nice things  
He was too caught up in work to sign for the nice deliveries that life brings  
This is why she can't have nice things  
Because talk is cheap and it was poor communication  
This is why she can't have nice things  
He set fire to the paper boat sonatas he's been writin'  
And this is why, I assume the moon's bleeding  
And why there wasn't any blood left in the rock he was squeezing