

Favorite Lullaby

Save Face

Three knives upright, and upside down poised on her fingertips
Three nights in a row, and each time draws blood like an artisan

A red thread turns into a faucet
And It collects like a connoisseur
This is not a threat it's a promise
Honest, modest in back of the morgue

Does the
Sound of
Your voice
Hurt you
Does it make you
Want to
Taste the blood (of everyone)

One more time
Hold me til it hurts and say goodnight
(She said, she said, she said)
I feel the knife
The silence is your favorite lullaby

Bye-bye on a fine-lined notepad
Stuck back on her bedroom door
A far cry from a cry for help, but
All the signs still go ignored

Try to cover up the cuts and bruises on the back of your neck
Like you've done this before
Tallies on her wrist countdown til her blood drips, and
Bleeds out on the bathroom floor

One more time
Hold me til it hurts and say goodnight
(She said, she said, she said)
I feel the knife
The silence is your favorite lullaby

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Your voice
Hurt you
Does it make you
Want to
Taste the blood
The blood
The blood

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