

Falling star dew drops on the rearview mirror
Disconnect from the self
Suffocating slowly in subconscious dilation
Peeling scabs with my teeth

I read the verdict in my palms
Certain futures lost in present tense
Another lump in my throat
Another fortune lost to wishing wells

My heart is a desolate peak
Life is a lonely disease
Embedding splinters in me
Life is a lonely disease

Wound tight like tourniquets
Splinters embedded in consciousness
Spiders shedding webs from their spinnerets
Sinking their fangs, this brittle husk just isn't permanent