

Off The Hinge

The Rocket Summer

Will you fight within an inch
'Cause between the millimeters there is the hinge
Of the door you know that you
Were inconveniently born to walk through
Your back's against the sturdy frame
Cursive carved into the door spells out your name
But the knob is stuck
You're out of luck
Slowly sliding down to the floor
Pick yourself back up

A slow headbutt
Not getting much
But the sting across your brow starts to burn you up
Your shoulder hits
Then you use your fists
You hear the hinge rattle and you start to kick

You start to kick
And you scream at it
Let me in
Let me in
Let me in
Let me in
Let me in
Let me in

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Between the millimeters there is the hinge