

## Straight Lines

VOLA

On the edge, on the loose  
They are here to tie the noose  
But they won't catch me  
Barking noise, searchlight rays  
Breaking news for broken days  
Another entry  
The undisputable hole inside of you  
Wasn't my pursuit, I am sure you knew  
You're a trustee  
I am weak, I am sore  
I attest to countless flaws  
But I'm not guilty

You're running low on straight lines  
You're running low on good signs  
You're running low, they say, the salt will flow

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Into waste, into voids  
Into shades on Polaroids  
Leave a whisper?  
Pine tree hill, hold me tight  
Cover up and choke the light  
But save the blister

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