

These Black Claws

VOLA

I've been approaching the surface for a year
I've seen emotions derail and disappear
Go feed the colorful snakes outside, she said to me
Go break your colorful bones in a fight, she begged of me

We are returning to the ominous
We are a lost cause
We are committing to the dominance
Of these black claws

I try to smile when I get bad news
Figure if there is any good left, I'll get that too
The blood is red but the veins are blue
And my bones are every color on the spectrum between the two
I squeeze through the cells that we've been locked in
Kinda high from the loss of the oxygen
Headrush, flushed, dropping dead weight
My canine scrapes the last crumbs off my bread plate
Just head straight
No maps or no atlas
No matter how the road curves don't end up backwards
Black birds circle brown dirt for the big worms
My bad dream catcher hangs high as it twist turns
Cities burn a bad smoke
It makes my eyes itch
But front row seats to apocalypse are priceless
Life is hanging here in these black claws
Staring at a white sky full of black stars

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One straw in the drain
One word that you failed to sustain
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Someone stranded empty handed

One straw in the drain
One word that you failed to sustain
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