Preservation

Wintersleep

That night he hurt you bad
In that green, pastel
Summer dress
You'd die alone with the land
A hollow head in its hands
But everybody does that
But with particular scorn
In polyurethane form
Freeze dried, stuff to the brim

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Hide in our hideous masks
Your daddy's shitty
Shake grass
I told you I couldn't see it
A monument of pills
Grocery lists, telephone bills
Pamphlets & dollar store trinkets

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But if that was how you put
It, and if you ever willed it
I would embroider you
In disaffected kisses, in
Bleach reticent sunsets
Soldered animal glue

A hand too heavy to hold
Lips that won't
Do what they're told
How do we ever begin it?

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Preservation
(How do we grow old? How do we grow old?)

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!