Bloodlet, Worms

Everyday I reach down into the dirt hoping to find me a little nugget of gold but all I got is some worms everyday I pull green slime down to my heart grab it with both hands and hold until my lungs burn I think tragedy sleeps at the foot of my bed its incessant breathing keeps me awake every time I wake up it takes me at least 10 minutes to remember my name and sometimes I get it wrong every time I reach out into the world hoping to find a kindred soul I get burned burn it down I've been searching for a reason I've been living for the season give me something to believe in burn it down