Brand New, Remedy

i need a rememdy of diesel and dust something i taste with the things i can trust another high, more potent than lust eating and repeating like the working of rust and time i woke to the sound and the rhythm of rain dancing down on the window pane comtose. Eyes half closed Arms wrapped up with the wounds all sewn i'm froze from head to toe clenched the jaw, then felt my body roll over slow i must live to know healing takes some time so no, no regrets, no looking back on shinking ships so, i'll strip the gauze for a rational self-analysis i'm down, cut and bound counting scars, counting blessings loud so loud i must live to kow that time alone is always healing as long as there's a bleeding no regrets or falling fits i'll strip the gauze and bleed it there's no worry its only simple therapy

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