

# Brand New, Remedy

i need a remedy 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 sinking 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 know 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  
theres no worry  
its only simple therapy

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