

Bury Your Dead, Dragged Out And Shot

Now here's a medal for being so fucking perfect,
perfect at making me miserable.

How do you do it?

So let me get some paper to take down these notes,
so that I can take the papers dull edge
and saw away at my tired wrists.

There is something about you.

I can't quite put my finger on it,

I can't quite put my fingers around your neck.

You die.