Down, Beneath The Tides

setting sail
from a crushed rooftop
fathoms deep
shallow as a raindrop
attempt to feel
20/20 now
react like gasoline
cornered by a house fire

you can't come clean beneath the tides of the washout

cut from the filthy cloth
a sucking wound left in our chests
being burned around the heart
the boil under your flesh
hidden at home
chasing a tucked tail now
acting on the instinct
of self haphazard yet

you can't come clean beneath the tides of the washout

THE SHAVING DOWN
IN MILLIGRAMS
WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND
DIRECTIONLESS
MEMORIES
OF COMBAT ON YOUR HEAD
RAIN CAN'T SOAK WHAT IS NOT HERE...
the first thrill
demands another
consequence
the trigger of the
operative playing russain roulette with a full chamber
miserable outcome
one and the same

you can't come clean beneath the tides of the washout