

Dudley Saunders, Love In Crystal

so full of crystal meth
I could shoot my load into the stars
smell of plastic's on my sweat
and my heart beats on my ribs like bars

but my finger's feeling more
than a finger's meant to feel
there are fingers on my pores
feeling electricity
on this shortwave in my skull
radioactivity
every station playing in my face
it's not me in here
it's everybody everywhere
everywhere

I watch the things my body does
they have gone beyond belief
I can feel them bend my mind
I think they might leave a crease

but my tongue is tasting more
than my throat can swallow down
I am licking up the store
I am choking I am drowned
on this shortwave in my skull
radioactivity
every station playing in my face
it's not me in here
it's everybody everywhere

everywhere
across my skin
is the sin
of men
like cinnamon
and tangerines
it's a cardamon
religion in him
I'm beginning to see
all the things
his body knows
his body knows
in the hungry place
my body goes

he says, Americans is just like kids
they think trouble's some movie that's in their heads
that fades away beneath the credits
and they think coulda stood an edit

but my eyes are seeing more
than a light will let inside
TV stations in my soul
broadcast color out of night
on this shortwave in my skull
radioactivity
every station playing in my face
it's not me in here
it's everybody everywhere
everywhere