

Every Time I Die, Home Is Where You Hang You

sign my farewell with the chimes of clock radios 7a.m. sun reveals a failed
cherubim dangling from the rafters like a sentimental ghost floating midway
between the curse of the sky and you this noose carries what atrophied wings
can't don't you want me disenchanted a deader shade of sorry buried from the
neck up in a slipknot dragging my feet through the dead air suspended a
fallen chair length from the ground when you found me when they finally
found me this halo fit my throat I am your contorted angel writhing at a
loss for wings swelled tongues tell of brighter eyes a severed spine of
better days like the deafened clicks of a blue lipped off the beat pendulum
I just wanted to be something more than enough of my God I don't think I'm
breathing Jesus Christ when did I stop breathing oh my God I can't hear
myself breathing this is all I know of flying my eyes set on you like stains
in memory of romance