

None More Black, Everyday Balloons

It's more than fists and phases.
It goes beyond life's little changes.
It's not enough.
Banks, bombs, coffee shops and everything I own.
I can't even think a second without my thoughts coming down to wreck it.
Spirits been gone for months.
When is it coming home?
These hangups alone are cutting me down,
hurting my ears,
chomp at the bit and bite at the masses.
Forgot whose in control.
I'm killing what kills.
Healing what hurts.
Smile at the world.
Destroying these feelings.
Everyday I miss it.
I practise petty fucking myths to fix it...
Just for a while.
Shelve it with the rest of me.
Next to the faith I've loaned.
I sore my throat to get it.
I tune it in and turn it up to forget it.
That's how it happens.
Stage fright therapy is the only help I own.