

Number Twelve Looks Like You, Grandfather

There has never ever been a dull moment - we can kiss the highest clouds and name them after m
Your fingers, they're flower pots.
And as the cuticles crack the stem comes through, you'll never know a poet's eyes unless you see
Hear me now.
After the truth is found there will be a suicide.
Hear me now and grant my wishes as sins, not ignorance.
Endangered now, with pockets full of oil.
All I have left is a face fucking, homicidal waste of time.
Take these roads and take them fast.
My legs collapse in harmony with the music and I plummet down forever.
I can write the dialogue to a script about your death.
I'm walking across 2nd Avenue... I'm tripping across Lexington... I'm falling down Park Avenue... an
We can wish amongst wish, hope against hope.
You have become a new bloody valentine.
Over and over again, I've watched you killing yourself.
Hold my hand, let's start the decay.
One shot in the mouth.
You'll never know a poet's eyes unless you see them for yourself