

# Sage Francis, Pitchers Of Silence

i never held a funeral for that big part of me that died.  
i need to put these thoughts to rest. i need to find a peace of mind.  
i need to piece my mind, find a piece of mind to rest in.  
need to find someone to confide in, and with the rest i need to start restin'.  
needless to say, i couldn't hide.  
fifteen grown men shouldn't cry.

had i known then what i know now.  
had i thought now what i knew then...  
i might still be human  
with all the little stupid fix-ins.  
as i fix sins and vixens vick souls,  
stitch clothes for the characters they play then switch roles.  
nail me to the cross dress.  
the holy cloth costs less.  
i'd toss less  
if i still had your soft breasts to rest my head on.  
since you've been gone,  
i recalled my issues with problems and hate  
but i can't exactly remember the model or make.  
now glass bottles break in my death grip.  
i'm about to take the next quick exit and end this head trip.  
my bed's stripped of its blankets, comforters, pillows and sheets,  
but i might have to peel off all my skin to remove your scent in order to sleep.

i had my highs and lows.  
when on top, i let you peek out over my nose.  
sitting on my shoulders and i suppose if i had a backbone,  
you might still be here.  
my skin is filthy...  
from my lows when you weren't there. but to keep from feeling guilty,  
i collected the dirt (collected the dirt)...kept it piling up.  
now mr. feel nothing saves his tears inside of a cup  
and he drinks (and he drinks). and he forgets that he's an asshole.  
jealous of his ghosts and doubts he even has a soul.

my secret pleasures have my inner demons gossiping.  
i'm a ghost writer for the horrorcore lyrics my personal monsters sing.

i'm sitting in a stranger's tub...  
with all my clothes on...shivering...considering the dangers of love.

they get half of what i have to give...if that.  
it's all about the packaging. they're distracted by the gift rap.

predictable. easy to manipulate.  
they're foreshadow puppets and i'm waiting for their strings to break.

the pillars that once held up my halfway house have been taken out.  
i'm in my last days now.  
there's a change coming soon.  
i just want to crawl back into my mother's womb.  
i need a comfort zone,  
but obviously i need to find another home  
to call my own...and always return to  
and i want it to be you (i want it to be you).

i sit and stare, zone out, think a lot and never sleep,  
creating memories to remember and then i forget to eat.  
went to the street you used to live on, staring at the bedroom window of your old home  
with puppy eyes...waiting for god to throw me a bone.

i'd settle for one more goodbye kiss while i settle for less.  
i'm unsettled at best. sulking while abandoning settlements.

insulting my companions intelligence...conversing with baby talk.  
practicing mind games. rehearsing with playful thought.

it's the way we fought that made my blood bubble then turn cold,  
when you made me walk through rain and mud puddles on a dirt road.  
it left me so messy,  
forget me...not.

i've got more mud to sling...

shot.

&quot;through the heart, and your to blame, you give love a bad name.&quot;