

A Faith Called Chaos, The Pugilist

I drink your arms like wine
Not mine cause I'm not looking
You judge life by pills on your bedside

(If there is a way)
I'm unsung, I'm undone
Is this what you want?
When evenings bridge and beat behind my eyes
I can't even see,
I can't escape, what you place only arms away
The covers bruise and pull perfect nights out from my eyes

Past your eyes I'm not for patterns
I drank my self to this
I drank myself through this

These skies look so familiar
These stars they bleed vermillion
These scars look so familiar
Kiss me with some teeth so I will know

This is too much kitsch for me
Living life in shades of fluorescent pink
Your pills, your pens your bottles of ink
Your azure was green by 6:30
God bless the black and blue eyes,
I gave to the prose of sleepless nights
Love's first waste is loves last kiss
My addict.

Ten years hence they will know me as
The one who came, and never found himself.

We kept the charade going as long as we could (We favor the brave)
I don't want to look back in ten years and say we could have.
We favor the brave.