

# After The Sirens, Hemlock Is The New Mistletoe

When I wake up on fire  
and get caught in the sheets,  
my dreams of safety hit the floor.  
I've heard the air raid too many times before  
to be bothered by the bombs.

And you ask me why I'm holding on  
to what you're holding over my head.

Well I am lost in the space you left between good and bye.  
And the butterflies  
get caught in my throat  
when they try to follow you away from me.

I believe in healing  
but there is just no prize  
for whose head gets stuck the deepest in the sand.

I believe in healing!

Then Christ,  
just heal me!

Don't even try to fix this with that face you make.  
I know just how you pout  
like a rainy day without a parade.