

Beanbag, Bite The Hand

10. Bite the Hand

stripped down and the ground is so damp
and the trees look around for the sunlight they mention.
Tears fall from the mildew of morning
so dust cannot live when it's placed in its hands by the ocean
it can dream of becoming glass like the sand.
Flames dance on the wall in the house that is dead
scared of what it's becoming
as water laughs at the heat that's emitted
now a flame cannot burn when it's starved of the air
that a human must breath in order to hear it's own lies.

See the place where I'm bound
We'll take these comforts so I may drown.
dig out all my shame leave the dirt for the world to gain.

Rain falls like a bullet that's fired from a gun that is wet
'cause it's unprotected now
rust forms in the barrel now.
You've had the chance but your mind is gone
and the rust erodes away under your skin.
Well I am on my hands and knees!