

# Before Braille, Abracadaver

So you see yourself holding the knife  
though it seems you're more terrified than the faces you practice at night,  
so you can watch your tongue sympathize  
We all know it's wrong, but pretend that it's/we're innocent  
Get out of the way  
You say that you can't move  
We'll drag you away to rot in your test tube  
Congratulate me just when you need to  
So captivating that I rot in place  
Innocence fools you  
It cuts you into pieces  
You try to find a way to live or way to die  
The decadence coerces you in zines & books & movies  
I know I'm right this time  
Get out of the way  
You say that you can't move and threaten to stay  
Well, chalk up a new bruise  
Like a thief in the night  
So planned and deliberate  
No use for a knife, if you can't hide it 'right'  
You fall out of photographs and skin up your knees  
Pulled under the undertow I'm so sorry you're sorry  
We all know it's wrong  
(Here we go)  
We'll all get along  
Get out of the way  
It's clear I can't trust you  
You gamble with fate  
A downfall for refuge  
You reciprocate while plotting your next move  
It's not fair to complain from miles away'