

Brazil, Erasure

its a story about
a street named Decision
lays open the skin
with its painful incision

erasure
its time to rest
erase your
complicated mess

a sharp dressed narcotic
that drips dark red
keeps you smiling
when you say its ok

its breaking me
with breathtaking ease
erasure
rub me out
erase your
panic anxiety

truth be told
I never liked her around
but she kept coming around between us

I can hear you
pioneer you
whisper near you
fire and virtue
got to keep a light burning all day

whatever
happened to
old-fashioned
face value
straight talking
went out with
June brides and fashion queens

its a story about a street named Decision
lays open the skin with its painful incision
your words are guns
and they are loaded