

Busdriver, Dream Catcher's Mitt

I fall from the dream-catcher's mitt
I'm all thumbs
and not what she's after

My smoldering remains burn over glowing embers
As you ready and position short-term goal tenders
I lay un-kissed at the summer jams
A bag of ruptured glands
Who lacks reasoning to understand
My self-directed hate fits

We mouth the vilest sacrament
And adhere to these tacit skirmishes
All for one day ideal and saffron-drenched
We ate each other's hearts out of serving dishes

This soft science leaves my body underwhelmed
Our ambitious union dissolved out of the color film
And I am just a crude outline
Obscured and pegged and numbered
Dangling from power lines
One of many discarded ex-lovers
Throwing pet food from the red carpet
At de-colored coupling of heart-shapes
And all the panic-stricken flower maidens
Update their who to hate' list
My journal entries are irony-laden
And tirelessly self-loathing

We mouth the vilest sacrament
And adhere to these tacit skirmishes
All for one day ideal and saffron-drenched
We ate each other's hearts out of serving dishes

Falling from the dream-catcher's mitt,
Falling from the dream-catcher's mitt.

We've mouthed the vilest sacrament

I fell from the dream-catchers mitt

With spooky incantations and dead language motifs

Their defected army become my rogue fleet

Sequestering yahoo, superimposes his frail person