

# 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