

Ego Likeness, The Explanation At The Center Of

My muscles break when I split in two because I can't stay here with you
my bad dreams my loss of sleep my loss of hair my loss of trust the way
She tells me to be still and that I know better the rushing in of ghosts and shards of disbelief
rammed into my head the way I break the mirrors now your paintings in the trash my songs
in THE MEMORIES OF WHORES our photographs that I can't look at the same our photographs th
steel trap snapped between my legs the way my tongue has gone sour the way I wake up shaking
the way I sense your caustic lies the way my stomach catches fire the way I'VE LEFT it all BEHIND