

Every Time I Die, Punch-Drunk Punk Rock Roma

pressed the seven sequenced silver panic buttons,
the distress calls that fall on a distracted short-wave signal.
a metronome timed to my panic stricken breathing
and a pulse conducted by our dying lines.
you said my heart sounded like a payphone in the rain.
distorted, distant, scrambled and desperate.
baby, i swear to god tonight i am sober.
it's the reception between us that's failing.
everything's coming out all frenzied and confused.
she's got what it takes to make collapsing a habit
and a dance out of a tantrum fit (it's tragic but i am sobering up).
pick up the phone.
tonight i feel like the hero of a rusting war.
my touch has the timing and precision of a car wreck.
no use translating the trembles.
they're symptoms of repetitive testing for fluctuation.
if i come back home, i am bringing back the bends.
so give me a kiss. let me taste the reptilian appeal.
say it again baby. does it turn you on? does it get you hot?
i get a little hysterical sometimes.
the panic you shouldn't have been so sentimental.
all that kicking and screaming.
everything i touch starts peeling.
we malfunction like machines.
get up off the floor and answer the phone.
i want to be a big star.
didn't want to touch so hard.
open the door.
i am your deviant satellite, an orbit defected by the ballast of words.
you're the reason for collisions.
i am face down like a sailor washed up under your window.
tonight is a shipwreck.
navigating through disorder.
now every electric star hums like a telecaster.
how punk rock is that?
you're so oblivious.
baby, you're my oblivion.