

Hands Like Houses, Starving To Death In The Be

There's no injection for this, the aching in your lungs.
So bite down, but even vipers mind the venom lacing their tongues.

Puncture wounds and almost no colour in our skin.
And we smashed every vial of the cure.
Aren't we vicious when we're backed against the wall?

I wish you'd just passed me by and we went about our ways,
Instead of this bitter exchange of poisonous words.

If the sting would tear you inside out,
Wouldn't it be worth just holding it inside?

Revenge should be honey on our tongues,
But it's turned to ash in our mouths.
Empty out the hives of our honeycomb lungs.

Don't we all want to be left alone?