

Hot Water Music, Remedy

I need a remedy of diesel and dust
something I can taste with the things I can trust
another high, more potent than lust
eating and repeating
like the working of rust and time

I woke to the sound and the rhythm of rain
dancing down on the window pane
comatose. Eyes half closed
Arms wrapped up with the wounds all sewn
I'm froze from head to toe
clenched the jaw,
then felt my body
roll over slow

I must live to know
healing takes some time

so no, no regrets, no looking back on sinking ships
so, I'll strip the gauze for a rational self-analysis
I'm down, cut and bound
counting scars, counting blessings loud
so loud

I must live to know that time alone is always
healing as long as there's a bleeding
no regrets or falling fits
I'll strip the gauze and bleed it

Theres no worry
Its only simple therapy