

Love Lost But Not Forgotten, Nobody's Watching

A dead glare. This very hard landscape. Everybody's sitting around in cold, metal rooms, waiting for that phone call. You only know me when my head is full of talk, but then minutes after I leave you, my head is surely gone. She hears me blinking. Leave the machine alone, they're working overtime. A brutal test pattern. At the thought of a horrible cancer in my mind, she sleeps. I wanna wash my brain. If it comes, don't call 911. The power lines is falling. He had nothing left to say. No guests, please. No people, please. Don't wanna go outside. I've got a feeling you don't wanna know a Carbon 14 brain test. She dyed my pants. I tried to tell her. I think she understood. I feel like blood combing my brain.