

# Sage Francis, Buckets Of Silence

Had I known then what I know now  
Had I thought now what I knew then..  
I might still be human  
with all the little stupid fix-ins  
As I fix sins and vixens vick souls  
Stitch clothes for the characters they play then switch roles  
Nail me to the cross dress  
The holy cloth costs less  
I'd toss less  
if I still had your soft breasts to rest my head on  
Since you've been gone  
I recalled my issues with problems and hate  
but I can't exactly remember the model or make  
Now glass bottles break in my death grip  
I'm about to take the next quick exit and end this head trip  
My bed is stripped of its blankets, comforters, pillows and sheets,  
but I might have to peel off all my skin to remove your scent in order to sleep

I had my highs and lows  
When on top, I let you peek out over my nose  
Sitting on my shoulders and I suppose if I had a backbone,  
you might still be here  
My skin is filthy..  
from my lows when you weren't there. But to keep from feeling guilty  
I collected the dirt...Kept it piling up  
Now Mr Feel Nothing saves his tears inside of a cup  
and he drinks. And he forgets that he's an asshole  
Jealous of his ghosts and doubts that he even has a soul

My secret pleasures have my inner demons gossiping  
I'm a ghost writer for the horrorcore lyrics my personal mosters sing

I'm sitting in a strangers tub..  
with all my clothes on...shivering...considering the dangers of love.

They get half of what I have to give...IF THAT  
It's all about the packaging. They're distracted by the gift rap.

Predictable. Easy to manipulate  
They're foreshadow puppets and I'm waiting for their strings to break.

The pillars that once held up my halfway house have been taken out.  
I'm in my last days now. There's a change coming soon.  
I just want to crawl back into my mother's womb  
I need a comfort zone,  
But obviously I need to find another home  
To call my own...and always return to  
and I want it to be you

I sit and stare, zone out, think a lot and never sleep,  
creating memories to remember and then I forget to eat.

Went to the street you used to live on, staring at the bedroom window of your old home  
with puppy eyes...waiting for God to throw me a bone.

I'd settle for one more goodbye kiss while I settle for less  
I'm unsettled at best. Sulking while abandoning settlements  
Insulting my companions intelligence...conversing with baby talk  
Playing with mind games. Rehearsing with playful thought.

Its the way we fought that made my blood bubble then turn cold,  
when you made me walk through rain and mud puddles down a dirt road.  
it left me so messy  
forget me..

not

I've got more mud to sling...

Shot.