

# Small Brown Bike, See You In Hell

I'll take Sunday night with a blanket over this old, dark house.  
An occasional ruffle, but nothing like you or even this memory of you.  
Do you save our pictures like I do?  
Home is where you die.  
We we're like a lullaby.  
You hit like a hammer now.  
You used to lean into me.  
Now you stand away.  
Those wheels just push right by now.  
Just a few feet from my life.  
If I leaned into their mess.  
I'd see you in hell. See you in hell.  
You looked straight at me,  
then laughed and said so honestly,  
"You're so dead now."  
As I thought to myself, "Is that really true?"  
Because I killed you in my head.  
You can too.  
There's no second chance.