

# The Audition, If You Took My Advice, You'd Already Be Dead

you guard your laughter  
just like the president and  
your weeks are numbered  
just like an element and  
it's not so much what you say  
it's mostly how your saying it  
you make me melt like kerosene on candle wax  
in flames and on your porch  
she's knocking on your door  
and she won't leave until your ash is on the floor  
and all your pictures  
couldn't keep me warm  
if I burned them  
I'm bleeding bloody coughs  
from the fire in my lungs  
I left you in my memories  
so if the train comes  
lay down on the tracks  
and forget me  
and how we used to kiss  
I can't stand the person that you've grown to be  
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(so this is me, testing you. staring through the colors of the cornea. concentrating until no color remains  
(the bathroom mirror and lipstick, the syllables run down without meaning, and you have the guts to  
after this you will be in more pain than you could ever imagine  
just the two of us left bleeding sadly after  
and to think you said we had nothing in common