

# With Honor, Bottoms Up

Call me the song beating in your heart,  
The needles mark, scrape, and pry,  
Damage is done, when all these cuts bleed dry,  
I'll have your glory carved on my chest and arms,  
Broken dreams spelled out in scars.  
Call me the hope built up just to let you down,  
Crippled like fractured legs,  
With my knees scraping on the ground,  
I will,  
I'll wear these bruises like a blanket,  
This lesson like a hat,  
Tip the brim and turn it back,  
To minds that won't relent,  
Building hearts on things we said and meant.  
This is how it feels to come undone.