

it's a story about  
a street named "Decision"?  
lays open the skin  
with its painful incision

erasure  
it's time to rest  
erase your  
complicated mess

a sharp dressed narcotic  
that drips dark red  
keeps you smiling  
when you say it's ok

it's breaking me  
with breathtaking ease  
erasure  
rub me out  
erase your  
panic anxiety

truth be told  
I never liked her around  
but she kept coming around between us

I can hear you  
pioneer you  
whisper near you  
fire and virtue  
got to keep a light burning all day

whatever  
happened to  
old-fashioned  
face value  
straight talking  
went out with  
June brides and fashion queens

it's a story about a street named "Decision"?  
lays open the skin with its painful incision  
your words are guns  
and they are loaded