

Damage

eleventyseven

You nail your crosses to your prom queens
Youth grown in a closet full of bones
Left over from your sad nights at 19
Slice toes just to fit glass slippers on your next step-
sister with a rap sheet
All toast to the last man standing on your graveyard planet
Yeah we might be
All cut from the same broken glass
The same broken past yeah

All I can do
Make this promise to you
That my damage
Could be your damage too
Can you manage the mood
When the panic ensues
Yeah my damage
Could be your damage too
Could be your damage

Sharp words from the soft life
Hard dreams woke you up soaking wet
Black magic in your sweat for the next life
Have you come under threat from the home militia in your mind's eye?
First kiss under moonlight
Hot tears from a sad song
Maybe that's what the flood's like
Cool water on your brimstone

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