

## Kick the Habit

eleventyseven

My lips like wicks are burning  
Guess now I can't unlearn it  
This tribal fire like an empire of tables turning  
I'm breathing in my question  
Exhaling my direction  
You say you like my discretion  
But you love the little cracks in my display  
The way your finger lingers in my brain  
All the wayward teeth you meet that love to eat  
This tragic magic in my brain

I should know by now when I'm kicking the habit  
The habit kicks back  
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The habit kicks back

Rip this sound out of the static  
Dramatically emphatic  
Was hiding skeletons in closets now I'm filling attics  
Somehow you're still here living

Off of my indecision  
This mis-addiction is mixing fiction  
With simple little facts that you reframe  
The way you make the savage seem so tame  
All the complicated things that breach my dreams  
And make my price and vice the same

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