

## Dead Arms & Dead Legs

Eliot Sumner

I occupy these feet with these dead arms and these dead legs  
The brambles catch and tighten and they pull me into bed  
This is no retaliation, this is the universe  
I imagine myself walking here 5 million years before  
I'm so intrigued by this one, it's sharp around the sides  
There's a danger to your loving, and my loves been compromised

I have been out walking with these Dead Arms and Dead Legs  
And the mysteries of the universe are patterned in my head  
The terrain becomes unbearable, too steep to stick your heel  
I imagine myself here again in 50 million years

I run to the left I run to the right, and all my fears become a  
live  
And what is left, and who are you in the end?

I demonstrate my options in the grace of your defeat  
And all things that were left unsaid internally repeat  
And the pain becomes tyrannical 400 tons of shame  
As I walk into a perfect storm again  
I take the burden on myself

I run to the left I run to the right, and all my fears become a  
live  
And what is left, and who are you in the end?

I've entertained their feeling  
Maybe once, but never twice  
And you feel the world is ending  
Nothing else can suffice  
If it fills that void you bear  
If that something wasn't free  
How can I begin to blame you?  
You are the prisoner in me

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