## Seventeen

See I have no place to go Broken head has made me whole Yellow stone below me, yellow stone above Dying in the middle when pushing comes to shove Biting on the backbone with an angel on the tongue Waiting on a vision Waiting on a vision with seventeen seconds until I go down to m y grave You can't ask a question, you have no voice Want to go on living But you have no choice Broken and cut with a second to think, "It's all a lie" It's all a lie The moment you cut was a lie See you and I don't see eye to eye, But I will skip the pleasantries and bring you down upon your k nees And keep you there below me With an eye on the sun above Filling up the middle pushing comes to shove Biting on a backbone with an angel on the tongue Waiting on a vision Waiting on a vision with seventeen seconds until I do down to m y grave They prop you up drunken, those clean little boys The one they defend is the one they destroy Break you and cut you and leave you to think, "It's all a lie" It's all a lie The thing that you need is a lie I will not wish this away I will not wish for another day Waiting and questioning Waiting and questioning Waiting and questioning...

## Floater