

# The Contortionist

Lagwagon

In a chalk dotted line  
Draw a kid, left behind  
Severed limbs in harmony  
Strumming from a few good deeds

Carry it to survive  
To a bed half alive  
Held before a dozen times  
Deep inside a funeral for a friend

Runs in portions like film clips  
Run, run  
Rundown the list  
The memoirist  
Like kindling  
Burn, burn, burn, burn down

I will stay inside  
The saved  
It's a good mourning  
They will ignite you  
The doomed  
I will write for you

Of a boy, damaged goods  
Of a bench, understood  
For a spell, the soul resides  
In a yellow chalk outline

Carry on the camel's back  
Have another heart attack  
To the cure I would drive  
Played that scene a hundred times to date

Today's ambition, to relate  
In a sustaining saccharine state  
Impart the burden and get well  
It's what everyone's trying to sell

Anything you want to be  
Weigh the screenplay and revise  
Warp, warp, warp with the contortionist  
So hopelessly ill-fated everyday

He will stay inside  
The doomed  
It's a good mourning to loom  
They will inspire him  
The saved Innocently filling graves