

That's a Good Looking Machine

Nora

You look cold and you look tired
You look cold and beaten
You look cold, spent, and broken
With these eyes that won't stay closed?
You look cold, you look like me
Ever wonder what keeps us alive?
Isn't it hard to look outside
Ever wonder why they gave us eyes?
Heal the wounds and make the best of it
Why can't this be good enough?
I never learned how to fly
Maybe we could stop the blood
Manufactured hope and postcards?
I can't find the instructions
Woke up today with a hole in my soul
Pretty pictures of a better place (or is this it?)
I never learned how to die
Can we make the best of it?