

Make You Cry

Title Fight

Can't fight the feeling of death
when it wraps its hands around your neck.
Like the pill that's underneath your tongue,
swallow it with a soft regret.

And all the things that make you cry-
remembering you'll watch your parents die.
And all the people that you love in your life
find their way above the Irem Shrine.

Skipping tombstones, heavy and slow.

Still fall asleep with open eyes,
with bad dreams to occupy my time.
We're on a strict death schedule-
it keeps us all in line.
There's things I'm avoiding now-
dreams about all of my teeth falling out,
and any floral/green color scheme.
Try but you can't make a sound.

And the clock keeps spinning around.

Skipping tombstones, heavy and slow.

Hope that they float.
No one knows how deep the bottom goes.