

What Didn't Kill Me Just Got Stronger

A Lot Like Birds

This is my body at war!
No hesitation, this is entrapment entangling me.
Where's my attorney to defend or keep my mind from indulging?
I've failed! And my nerves have lost their touch.
My eyes can't see so much and if my heart is the next to go,
How my brain will scream and let my body know!
My tongue is drafting treaties that my stomach can't hold.
My throat's been fed lies that it's finding too hard to swallow
.
And my liver? Oh god, how it knows that I'm poisoning it,
So it grows and exposes it's fangs. And it's good friends,
The veins, feel exactly the same;
Abandoned, lost, clogged with smoke and ashamed.
But as for the blame? No, the blame's not with me.
It's with you. Is it true you're less girl than disease?
If this is it, let's make it a big one!
Let's just seize until our blood starts dancing with fire and o
ur bones explode.
The marrow will drip slowly through whichever wounds are open,
Taking my skin by surprise. Oh, you're wrong!
You think your body is so fucking strong.
It's not! You're just a flesh-wrapped present for a graveyard
With intestines ribboning around you as knots.
Can't you see I'm spitting out my taste? You did the very same.
And when we are through, will the worms even want us
Or will they take bites of our skin and decide we'd make terrib
le dirt?
To tell you the truth and be crushingly honest:
I know I've heard that bodies are temples but when temples sink
into the ground,
They lose all their worth. Life's a dance? Well, death takes ou
t the grace.