

Back Pack

Andrew Jackson Jihad

You were dead by the time that I had found you.
Your blood was spilled on the couch where we had first kissed.
So I carried you west to the sea so I could wash you.
Your body felt just like a back pack.
And I don't know what they did to your face.
And I don't like it.
You lived large till the day they finally caught you.
They cut out your tongue so you would not scream when you came to.
And you pissed blood and they chained you up when you turned blue.
Your body felt just like a t-shirt.
And I wanna build a tower to all the nicer things you could have been but I don't like it.
You were dead by the time that I had found you.