

You crawled into my bed like some sort of giant insect
And I found myself spellbound that night at the sight of you there,
Beautiful and grotesque and all the rest of that bug stuff
Fluttering your way into my mouth,
Behind my teeth, reaching for my scars.
That night we got kicked out of two bars and laughed our way home.
That night you leaned over and threw up into your hair.
And I held you there thinking I would offer you my pulse
If I thought it would be useful.
I would give you my breath except the problem with death
Is you have some hundred years and then they can build
Buildings on our only bones.
A hundred years and then your
Grave is not your own.
We lie in our beds and in our graves unable to save
Ourselves from the quaint tragedies we invent,
And then undo from the stupid circumstances we slalom through.
And I realized that night that the hall light which seemed so
Bright when you turned it on is nothing compared to the dawn,
Which is nothing compared to the light which seeps from me
While you're sleeping beautiful and grotesque,
Resting cocooned in my room beautiful and grotesque,
Resting.
That night we got kicked out of two bars and laughed our way
Home and I held you there thinkin' I would offer you my pulse.
I would give you my breath.
I would offer you my pulse.