

With all my desperate symmetry,  
With all my white lights, and straight lines  
My skin will still sag  
Death pirouettes through the flicker of the wick  
And makes you sick

Once interred, in turn to turn to bone  
Fate unseen, kiss the stone  
You hope that where you are, that you're not alone

Then I awoke  
To coil and shiver  
Like eel out of river  
Like the grave was my own

Oh frailty  
What worse fates could you possibly show me