

Death Wish

Bowerbirds

Now I know your light.
I know myself.
I still don't know much else.
You race toward the future.
I'm slow as a kettle.

And we waltz on a tilted world,
torn socks and all those frills.
Your gait like a mares is,
and mine like a drunk sailor
fumbling towards a dark future.
And what are we doing now in a world, a world half broken?
going through half, just half of the motions?

nd what makes a man, you ask?
Strong limbs or his featured cap?
Well, I just say none of that.
Surely it's you because I had a death wish
A call card to a dark abyss.

I choked in a gasp of it,
and then I found you, such a brave swimmer.
And you pulled me with you.
And where are we going now in a world, a world half broken?
Back to the ocean, back to the open ocean.