it's a story about
 a street named "Decision*?
 lays open the skin
 with its painful incision

erasure
it's time to rest
erase your
complicated mess

a sharp dressed narcotic that drips dark red keeps you smiling when you say it's ok

it's breaking me
with breathtaking ease
erasure
rub me out
erase your
panic anxiety

truth be told
I never liked her around
but she kept coming around between us

I can hear you pioneer you whisper near you fire and virtue got to keep a light burning all day

whatever
happened to
old-fashioned
face value
straight talking
went out with
June brides and fashion queens

it's a story about a street named "Decision*? lays open the skin with its painful incision your words are guns and they are loaded