

Basement Royalty

Broadway Calls

I'm dragging my pen in a line on the page.
Snow covered rooftops, and broken down stages are filling my head.

Can I please fill your heart with last summer's breakdown,
and this winter's false start?

Closing my eyes and dragging my feet.

I'm praying for rainstorms and earthquakes nightly.

What little remains? Three years I have changed.

How boring would life be if we all stayed the same?

Give me a touch! Give me sensation of anything!

Hail to the Kings and the Queens of basement royalty!

Let's roll our sleeves and taunt our defeat.

Something to battle, and sink in our teeth.

When victory is yours, you will feel the heat.

Like that last night in August, when we ditched the party.

Water won't work on nights like this.

We need celebration liquids. Sweat, and wine, and toxic fluids.

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