

Drowning

Christian Death

Up for three days
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Down under ground for six more
Incisions cannot penetrate my feet
Tripping, gliding, falling numbly
Hands held together with unwanted skin
Ripping, hiding calling dumbly

You, in houses of mud
You, in gutter sleep-love
You, born to slaughter-swathed gloves
You, dressing daughters and sons
Like you - I am broken and fragile
Like you - I am tasting my heart for the first time
Like you - I am feeding on slumber
Like you - I've left my eyes far behind me
Down for the count I'm still drowning
I'm still drowning

The eighth day
Sleep, the eighth day
Clawed my way back to the first
No gentle fingers collapse on my eyes
Weeping, prying, struggling blindly
There's no sanity standing me back on my feet

I'm in an empty room
I'm burning books from you
I'm lost in bed with you
Breaking these mirrors to end all I've seen

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I'm still drowning