

## 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