

It starts in the unbearable dark.
throw your body on the bad days
I made an art of moving on
it sparks the age of quarrel in your heart
throw your body on the bad days,
on all the midnights of tomorrow
wait. no one hears us.
enjoy the soft science of your voice
on a day no one can catch us
I made a life of making noise
I've sung the age of octeen in your lungs
throw your body on the panic
feed the sadness on your tongue
wait. no one hears us.
throw your body
on the panic
on the tragic chemistry
on the sadness
in the spaces in between
throw your body on the bad days