

The Explanation At The Center Of It All

Ego Likeness

My muscles break when i split in two because i can't stay
here with you
my bad dreams my loss of sleep my loss of hair my loss of
trust the way
She tells me to be still and that i know better the
rushing in of ghosts and shards of disbelief
rammed into my head the way i break the mirrors now your
paintings in the trash my songs
in THE MEMORIES OF WHORES our photographs that i can't
look at the same our photographs the
steel trap snapped between my legs the way my tongue has
gone sour the way i wake up shaking
the way i sense your caustic lies the way my stomach
catches fire the way I'VE LEFT it all BEHIND...