

## Killing The Me In Me

### Embodiment

give a word of fragile optimism that this will be okay  
bore down on gluttonous hands, regurgitated thoughts from my heart  
art  
this can only be the going under  
this can only be killing the me in me  
push and pull like the machines  
the humans anthems are dying in me  
i don't think a soul knows compromise like a soul mate  
it sleeps with me  
in my flesh i ask for a personal bleeding  
the holy ghost has word with me  
it comes in love, it comes with gentle hands that disinfect the  
sting for me  
a whole is filled without the ring  
instead a kiss, a kiss from the sun to try again