

California, Gracefully

Every Time I Die

Two sets of taillights burn dim
And divide stretch for miles
Making track marks across
What veins fail to carry

You should have taken my keys
While my hands were shaking
You could have kept the dead gone
Entombed in the soil of arms
Raise the breathing abrasion
With a turn of the key

Lost motor skills and a set cruise control
Mangled insect screams
Through the puddles of drool
Mainline the highway, baby

Tie off the concrete veins
And set the radio to FM love songs
Clocked relapse defined by the rpm's of a static heart
Reanimated by the rush of eyes and horizon

Nothing warms like a road flare when caution sets
Anodyne seeps like dashed yellow lines
Through the withdrawn rear view addict
Drenched to the drawn teeth in seething foam

You want me dead, you should have called me home
Rumble strip as pulse prevents retreating eyes, dilate and close
I can feel the dry heaves moisten, I can feel the blood withdrawn
You are my failed twelve step program

Red light could kick this habit, needle full of junkies fuel
Drops of blood on her fingertips
Your arms are a deprivation chamber
Sterile to sixty in forever flat
Dissolve into the coast like John Wayne
A hero and his heroine, damn