

Cheap Ludes

Every Time I Die

Under layers of solid rock,
Far removed from the shifting tides,
And having weathered all acts of God:
The artifacts of the glory vibe.

The holy "unrecognizable"
Lighting up real cigarettes,
Cursed by ex lives;
Drinking only to free themselves
From the hands of cruel women in another man's home,
From the graves of good friends on the side of the road.
No posture, no proof of the one night stand,
Just shadows and stories and the blood on their hands.

The time-worn Juvenihilists
Struck fear until the bones collapsed.
The afterlife is eternal after hours.
We saw the light and we all turned back.

Haunted by the teen spirits dragging wallet chains;
Painting a telephone number on the wall of the cave;
Spill your guts to the stranger with the free cocaine;
Everybody's petrified, so nobody gets to change.

Entombed
In youth

Embalmed
With awe

We all discover the fire
We all discover the fire
We all discover the fire

The prehistoric post-modernist's
Lost art of eye contact.
These skeletons are a fucking riot,
Dig them up and bring them back.

We had trained the kind of demons that would rip you apart;
We only knew it was love once it broke our hearts;
"Our best friends float in the bottom of a glass;"
Don't hold anybody close that would hold you back.

Draw breath. but are you alive?
Draw breath, but are you alive?
Draw breath, but are you alive?
Draw breath, but are you really alive?