

Morphine Season

Every Time I Die

Looking forward to a flatlined love affair, the comfort of a di
re lovesickness
I've come to cherish bed sores, and the salt in my own tears
My beautiful affliction, your kiss festers like a boil
I find myself ugly in your eyes of asylum scenery
Have you come to take me away?
Take me away.
Darling, you are a disease that spreads like sunshine
The vultures make a halo while they wait for me to die
Your fingers crawl like flies on peeling flesh
Paralyzed, you warm me in a cold sweat
Deadened, but moving in seizures
Loving in fits of disillusional blurs
Don't you come near me,
buried above ground and rotting
You can't take the corpse from his cold
This is not a sickness, if I beg, it's an addiction
Throw your flowers to the fever
I'm an abscess with a heartbeat,
an armspan of dirty needles and rusted peices
Flowers mask the decomposing
Passion is watching how fast I can deteriorate,
desperation is a clotting incision