

Morphine Season

Every Time I Die

Looking forward to a flatlined love affair, the comfort of a dire 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