

Touch Yourself

Every Time I Die

The stand in will suffice, I suppose.
A tunnel painted on a brick wall.
When the crowd arrives in droves,
They won't question the depth at all.

I got a weak heart, so I've heard.
I wouldn't know because it hasn't said a word.
All these winters, not a sound.
It probably never had a chance to thaw out.
You don't touch what you want to survive.
So this distance is keeping me alive
Until the ones that have loved me are dead,
I will hold my breath and pray that my aim is true.

The meat sits in my blind spot.
The maze around it is the meal I want.
The meat sits in my blind spot.
Hallelujah, got a trophy kill.
[X2]

Maybe the flesh will have it's day.
Maybe the meaning will not get in the way.
God saves every third person, God saves every third person
God saves every third person,
But he won't help us if we help ourselves.
I only marvel at existence in the language existence permits.
Most hearts make terrible sounds, so I laugh, laugh, laugh
An army of images stalks the land in search of ideas
I am struck only when I think to step back, back, back

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