

Friday Night Binge

Faderhead

It's a huge shit sandwich
And we're all gonna have to take a bite

If I could mix your tears with burnt herb
I'd inhale your pain
If I could erase these years of misspent words
I'd write again
A love letter to ceaseless stormy weather
To the knot around arms that's doomed to sever
And the glue that holds these pages together
Sucked from the soles of empty milk containers
With my senses detained I feel saner
Fuel the cursive from the pen to paper

Overdosed on a sigh
And I'm saying goodbye
Where do drugs go to die?

When there's no rights to wrong
When your friends have gone
A needle playing the same song
Bled you too long
And now every one light I see - is sunset orange
And the exit door is stuck with a rusted hinge
Looking for a soul contained within a syringe
Eyelids awake
With that friday night binge