

## All In One Stroke

### Farewell

Battled it out  
Dropped anchors like sailors too  
tried to hang on  
To be continued in the morning  
Such an invitation to sleep  
I swear the sunlight hits like steak  
knives on glazy eyes

What you've got are - two starving  
wrist carving for attention  
What you've got are - sent from sharpened blades

So what's left are two open wounds  
bound with electrical tape  
and it's too bad you can't hide  
yourself from reductant monotony  
burn scars can't be covered up with smiles  
and choking is like sleeping in  
only this way you don't have  
to wake up so disappointed

What you've got are - two starving  
wrist carving for attention  
What you've got are - sent from sharpened blades

You'd be so fucking beautiful  
with your throat slit  
cut off oxygen  
release blood flow  
split lips go well with alcohol