

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