

Flattered that you think I warrant ugliness.
Gutters drain west, mud made a mess of us.
It's time to leave this place.
I'd saw through your wrist to find a better trap that fits.
I'd saw through your traps to find a better you.
A part of you that lasts.
I saw through your trap and into my own wrists.
Saw we were through, red ribbons spill to blue:
A sight to sore your eyes.
I got this dress.
I'm hiking it around this waste of laughter.
Slow dance alone with no one to the sound of four hands clapping.
Congratulations to you both, I hope you're somewhere happy.
If there's a moral to this story then I wish you'd show me.
Hair in the blood, fly in the disappointment.
Rubber, I'm glue.
I'll write the book on you.
It's sticking to my face.
You need a little less than what you take for granted.
This is the sip that's drinking back from you,
Blacking out your eyes.
You need a little more suppression of you appetites.
This is your honeymoon, in separate rooms,
It's neither sweet nor bright.
I made a word to give this state a name, this game a guess.
I call it "sluttering."
It means as little as your little test.
You are your worst revenge.
Your very means, they have no ends.
This is a story you won't tell the kids we'll never have.
If you hear this song a hundred times it still won't be enough.