

Chrome

Katatonía

the walls are painted
different every second
my eyes are of chrome
it is television

can't let go of my leg
it's itching and bleeding
layer by layer
I'm peeling away

burn down my house
and make something happen
stab me in the heart

and make something stop
'cause I am so distracted
I am slightly shocked
by how things can keep going
like a dead man's clock

a mirror is hanging
kinda loose on my wall
I'm passing it sideways
I'm saying hello

my brother is halfway
through a book I've left him
called me today
to see what I'd say