

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