

## Salt

## Little Comets

Pick up on my nuanced groans  
Rip apart my soiled interior walls  
Given I'm a sack of bones  
Maybe you should have excoriated home  
The system that I need to cope  
Shatters me with every idiom  
Suffering a cut to hope  
Sullen at the time I needed you the most

Let them bleed me  
Feed me salt under the table

So I  
Miss a bit, miss a bit out  
Miss a bit, miss a bit out  
Miss a bit, miss a bit, miss a bit

Treat me as a prescient ghost  
Watching over the familial  
Speak of me in loud, clear notes  
I'm the boy who was invisible to all

Let them bleed me  
Feed me salt under the table

So I  
Miss a bit, miss a bit out  
Miss a bit, miss a bit out  
Miss a bit, miss a bit, miss a bit

And if grief can't reach us  
How lamentable it is to your hope  
And if grief won't teach us  
Then I'm powerless to move you along  
From these walls

So I  
Miss a bit, miss a bit out  
Miss a bit, miss a bit out  
Miss a bit, miss a bit, miss a bit