

Red

Mission of Burma

There's a window in my head.
There's a window in my heart.
I look out of them when I'm sleepy
And then I fall apart.
Things are crumbling outside of me
And they're crashing at my door.
There's a crest that keeps arriving.
I strip my face off of the mirror
And then I take another breath.
The animals are still screaming, dreaming
Screaming for a human's death.