

Exit Wounds

Paint It Black

I kiss the ground and you embrace the sky.
I dig myself into a fucking hole while
You unfold and learn to fly.
That's the way it went.
I watched you descent.

You got your wings clipped and your halo bent.
Scratching our initials into wet cement is
As close as we get to something permanent.
And I want it back,
Don't give it back.