

When hands meet here, skin forms. from tube through skin
and from my mouth. you're all painted and dressed up for
confusion this in all ends. meet complications to devices
I bow my head, just to pretend to know a thing or two
about a prayer. in horrible deaths we lay, just to lay
for peace, and just to say goodnight, and then we finally
sleep. but how can I sleep with the sound of hooves
coming up the stairs.