

Cripples Can't Shiver

Pianos Become the Teeth

I'm looking more like you everyday old man,
in every way I'm feeling phantom pains from the fire you've dropped on your legs
I'm storing my uplifting-look backs for my time in that seat
alone in your world, alone in your world just a wall away, angry at the stages of the day
Your speech has gotten slow and you've lost so much weight
The family knees have gotten weak
The family skin has gotten languid
If you put your gums in, and I let mine recede, if you keep your pride I'll be your eyes
I'll save my temper, save my rage for the hot on your hands because cripples can't shiver
6 hours 6 hours 6 hours
Of telling fields our health deserves more,
Please don't disappear with the room, please don't give up on going out
Spending time at a split foyer choosing up or down
I've waited, he never came, I'm assuming life fair
The mold promises these sheets stay damp so my lungs won't last
But I swear I'd at least break the fingers of the hand that dealt this to you