

Killing Myself

Showbread

Murder, seizing my arm,
to puppeteer direction to kiss these sweet sinful lips of my demise
I want to drive nails into the hands of my will,
and trade it in for yours

Falling in love with a fantasy
to watch my life slip slowly out of me
to bathe in the crimson that forgives me for being me
Father teach me to care,
guide your hands over these pale stitches in my heart
the evasions of death impaling me like a bleeding lover that is
calling after dark

Twisting this dagger of shame further into my chest
these tears turn to scarlet,
I haven't given him my best sobbing over scalpels,
invite this slow blood letting for a way to think of what I've
been forgetting,
is goodbye all there ever is to say?
Goodbye

I am tired of picking up the pieces.
and dragging this glass across my throat
will you hold me after I have let you down so much?

They want to peel the spine up from my back
and this is the culture that wants me to forget how to care,
or feel, or bleed, or die
they don't want to believe in love, they're ashamed of the truth
they don't want to believe in hope, they're ashamed of the truth
but I believe, I believe, I believe, I believe
twisting my head around backwards and breaking the vertebrae all apart
I want to take my own life so that you can give yours to me
Father, kill me, rebuild me