

My Heart Is Yours

Showbread

She's driving these nails of restless anti-
submission into a head
full of the naive light of day
and then bury this ax with my name into the belly of the never
ending stay
the torment refuses to lift off the ground
and the contradictions don't make a sound
until they're all just screaming at her

So take my heart and make it yours
this is the last thing I have left to give to you
So take my heart
I'm not doing anything with it, and I'm tired of being alive

It won't go on separated by a chasm of denial
someone is only one to us and maybe she will finally come to me
invitations written in violet over pale thin wrists

So we pretend we're so far apart when we're really arm in arm
she won't look at me
she feels my heartbeat the lips, the arms, the embrace
and the things she whispers in my ear
the letters mailed across the ocean

So take my heart and make it yours
this is the last thing I will ever give to you
So take my heart
I'm not doing anything with it and I'm tired of being alive

Then the eyes roll back
cast out by the gleaming lights
she was playing make believe
she was putting these scars on our hearts scars,
hearts, putting scars on our hearts

Shimmering sweat for the swollen shame that squeezes my lack of
a stomach
I wish I was everything that you wanted when the plane took off
she didn't realize there was an absolute selfishness
wrapping strangling hands around her pale neck
to choke an adolescent out of her
and I started to weep as the glass just broke into so many shar
ds around her
and I cried and walked in a circle behind her a million miles a
way my love,
my heart, where are the words to say?
because I am so tired, I am so tired today my love,
my heart where are the words to say?

Because I am exhausted, I am so tired today