

Awful Fall

Stolen Babies

Seal the door (of which only one lock works)
What is expected of me now&who knows
With tacks stuck in toes
Debating on what's likable
But certainly this isn't home
Certainly not

It's not so funny
Skipping breath, inhaling rope
It's always just when I need to see
That the lights flicker and short out on me

Rootless over-thinkers in the mirror
One after the other after one after the other
Taking turns in my behavior
Taking their turns in my behavior

It's not so funny
Skipping breath, exhaling rope
It's always just when I need to see
That the lights flicker and short out on me

I am the best at seeing things
When the captive worms in the tin are freed
But begin to lose sight one again
When the dust is finished settling
And my friends in this room are weakening
With their penchant for conditioning
And their dispositions on a swing
From the toxins and distracting means

Just when I need to see, the lights flicker
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flicker

It's not so funny, skipping breath
Inhaling and exhaling rope
Just when I need to see
The lights flicker and short out on me
It's not so funny, it really is such an awful fall