

Scrambling for the phone
Screaming to a dial tone
Couldn't get 3 digits down
Before I had you out the door
I know your shaking
But the gas pedal is shackled to the floor
And in the back seat
Fluttered poems of you imperfected
With stab wounds inflicted by
By the malicious intent of therapeutic inkfilled utensils
Your lips trapped shut by the webs that you've spun
Don't speak to me as if the blindfold
Around your head were a halo
Your apologies are bandaids for a hemophiliac
Your eye's see not where we venture
Nor the smile that this brings me
You're imprisoned in a constant state of tension
This morning I was as calm as a sheriff in a ghost town
But that's what happens when you cope with death
It's not warm enough for your heart to thaw out
And I don't think it ever will be
But I swear to god this will all be over soon
The red light up ahead serves
As a warning solely to those who wish to live
Just the fact that I removed all the airbags shows
That my intentions are strong willed
And it's strange how tomorrow's diamonds in the street
Will be this evenings razors across your face
When they find us they'll see your lipstick smeared
And rivers of mascara descending down your mangled cheeks
Did you ever think a windshield
Would be the last thing that you kissed
What's the deal with all the airline food?
I'll rid the world of you
But to survive and not recall the deed
I'm about to do would be worse than death itself
I'd let you finally point the finger at yourself
If I had kept the keys for the handcuffs
Good bye
My life's not worth as
Much as your death