

Some Just Vanish

The Bled

When you find me pinned beneath the wreckage
Call off your sirens call of your search everything is quiet
On fire everything is warm inside the glow with television static,
With engines purring let me sleep.
One by one will my friends leave my side
Or will my plane just drop out of the sky?
I can't afford to sleep through the virus hard at work.
It's called me out.
This body will collapse.
Useless to the world.
One sudden drop.
One by one as my senses fade away.
Tied to machines that feed signals to my brain.
This is the end.
The doctor draws a blade.
With patient hands.
He writes his name in braille.
I can't slow my breathing down when I'm staring at the floor.
Underneath the threat of giving in, I give it all once more.
Quietly dissolving under lights
That call me home I can hear the voices trailing off.
Someone is shutting me down.
Someone is shoving me underneath waves of lead.
And I wasn't strong enough to swim back up to the surface to find you.
This is how it begins quietly counting backwards from ten, nine,
, eight.
Seven-six-five-four-three.
But I can't concentrate on anything.
No one can save me.
I'm not even here.
I am drifting from consciousness into oblivion.
Someone is shutting me down.