

The Salt Wound Routine

Thirteen Senses

Red letters on the dashboard, oh what a gift
They pursue us to the deep end and then depart
Watch as the cracks in the wall feel pain
For only patterns on a snake's back give us genuine fear

And I cannot lie, faces drop into the fire
I get by all the time on a shelf above the door
And it shouldn't be clear but it's not for me to decide
It's a delicate degree
It's a number I can see

Could prison cells be in my brain
For they're safe inside the cover of a dirty face
And everybody finds a college graduate with joy
While I'm happy just sipping tonic water with lemon and lime

And I cannot lie, faces drop into the fire
I get by all the time on a shelf above the door
And it shouldn't be clear but it's not for me to decide
It's a delicate degree
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You sit at home up late at night
When it's beginning to arrive
And honestly
I don't see the need for any routines
I'm all out of sink, I cover my cuts
And hope they are fixed before I get hurt again

And all this ground beneath my feet
Has decided not to crumble into the sea
I walked in a house, it smelt of paint
And the ceiling it has no trouble with me