

Surgical Tools

Vanna

Damager
oh damager
with glass in your eyes
how do you see
how do you feel with your hands so posed
lets talk numbers
lets talk themes
now they've been ruined
see you next week
i missed the meeting
oh no
i've been away
lets be reborn
oh yeah
lets dig out graves and make them deep
oh god its a fashion trend
fortress lock your plague
damager dig your grave
though your pages
are torn and tattered
they still read you like a book
just close your eyes and walk away
we laid her down
opened her with
the sharpest blade we found
hoping inside
we'd find the cure
to our condition
but as graceful as the lady may have been
she still bled the blood that made her human
she shed roses on her bed
and she spoke in a winter wilted language
"i've sold my gold for blood red
she'll never cry another tear again"