

If This Is It

Vega 4

Something broke, my elastic snapped.
I'm splitting from the rigging of my ribs.

Nice shirt, nice eyes,
They match perfectly,
But nothing should be perfect today.

I'm kicking up the dirt, Baby if I burst,
Then bury me and write my epitaph.
If this is it.

A warm safe place today, won't fix a thing.
I huffed and puffed and blew the whole
place down.

I'm underneath this temporary disease.
There is no patron saint of days like these.

I'm kicking up the dirt, Baby if I burst,
Then bury me and write my epitaph.
If this is it.

Bury me and write my epitaph.