

Every Time I Die, Morphine Season

looking forward to a flatlined love affair the comfort of a dire
lovesickness I've come to cherish bed sores and the salt in my own tears my
beautiful affliction your kiss festers like a boil I find myself ugly in
your eyes of asylum scenery have you come to take me away take me away
darling you are a disease that spreads like sunshine the vultures make a
halo while they wait for me to die your fingers crawl like flies on peeling
flesh paralyzed you warm me in a cold sweat deadened but moving in seizures
loving in fits of disillusional blurs don't you come near me buried above
ground and rotting you can't take the corpse from his cold this is not a
sickness if I beg it's an addiction throw your flowers to the fever I'm an
abscess with a heartbeat an armspan of dirty needles and a rusted peices
flowers mask the decomposing passion is watching how fast I can deteriorate
desperation is a clotting incision