

The Taste of Blood

"I've Stolen From Posters And Drawings"

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Lick your lips for me one last time.
So I can see the reflection of horror on your face.
The dying whim and other words deemed poetic.
Everyone has their own path to follow.
But their tracks are on my back.
I've been crying sunscreen for so long.
So then when you bring the sunshine you can't see my
tears.
How can you say that you will let this fly forever?
When you don't know how long that is.
Trying to understand what's incoherent will only bring
more pain than it's worth.
And I don't know how long to go on like this.
Seeing through an insomniac's perspective.
Brings a bunch of new points of view.
Today I watched the sun rise on grey and clouded
skies.
I've been crying these tears for so long.

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