

Amanda Merdzan

"Weathered"

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When I start drinking the words start to spill,
conversing they twist and they turn right until
something new comes and it's pushing through hard. It
rips at the corners and begins to spark, but the fire
don't light.

So rattling hands well they shake and they clench.
Unlock this lock and then lock it again. Keys rattling
right up to the front of the door. Shine in some
moonlight, get closer than before and I hold you up.

I'm so good at holding myself together.

Where monsters aren't monsters, they're only the sins
that we see shining off our tainted skin, and the
dancers aren't dancers they're just hands of flesh
pushing and moving and turning again. Does this turn
you on?

The music that's bouncing now right off the walls, the
crashing and crowding and sounds of remorse,
punching a song right through ears in this state. Stand
up atone listen and we wait. When we wait it stops.

I'm so good at holding myself together. (Fall and fall
with me)

Holding the morning inside our cold palms, capture the
light between your smile and your charm. Calm as the
wind undressing her storm. Weathered as doors
slamming hard in the cold and blustery nights.

Days and nights gathering up evidence. We're so
beautiful despite our laments. So young and lost, so
clearly in love, so damaged our minds, so patient our
hearts. Fall with me. Fall and fall with me. That's where
we'll stay you see. Fall and fall with me.

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