

The Banner

"An Allergy To Silver"

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I'm begging you to kill, to free, to be, to be my angel,
angle of mercy.
Because I've tried and failed to fall upon my silver
sword redemption.
But it's the nature of the beast to slay, the boney hand
that reaps.
I beg you now on bloody broken knee slay it while it
sleeps,
Each breath haunted by dreams of horrors committed
by hands oddly familiar yet twisted and curved.
The mental imagery pours out upon the table like so
much evidence, like photos of a scene.
Of memories I couldn't burn from my mind with burning
knives.
Traces of crimson cross the door frame and my dirty
jeans,
But I simply can't recall how I got home again or how I
got back into bed.
And I'm tasting iron, I should be tasting silver.
I've run it through my mind, this isn't suicide, this is
self defense.
So please remember me for the boy I used to be, for
the smiles,
For the miles we stalked back in Jersey.
And she said "this song reads like your saying
goodbye."
And I'm saying goodbye.
Scared to sleep perchance to dream, to wake sweaty
and shaking from the screams.
No more nights with their eyes. No more nights.

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