

Chris Connelly "July"

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It was raining down love from a thin
My room and the walls began to warp
The colors in my face were all washed out wrong
And the lights began to short
I heard you call out my name but I couldn't find the way
And the foes were asleep
Then your face in the light began to shadow of fright
Kill good sleep
There was just enough light for me to watch you
Leap through the hole in the wall
Should I build or burn your effigy as the buildings fall?
I refuse to become a martyr no matter what you say
I'll be gone this time tomorrow I only live for the day
Gawd I hate July, I scream into the sky
For what it's worth on the face of this earth I refuse
To be denied...
I left him looking on past in hiding into the street
You were cold and gray again and you couldn't even
speak
I pulled out the singe from the mouth of disease
And I begged for the truth
I was cursed by way of comparison it broke me in two
I spat upon my unmarked grave in the heat of the spite
I screamed my insect bitter needs in the middle of the
night
Bury the martyr to his neck and feed him to the worms
Replace his blood with toxins look at him burn!
Gawd I hate July, I scream into the sky
For what it's worth on the face of this earth I refuse
To be denied...

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