

Comadre

"Suicide May Have Been Pact"

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I got this new way to hate, a razorblade and some tapes, here's the ones who love to lose. Now that I've swallowed mistakes some sailor's luck in the way. I am stomaching what I can't chew. I want some blood in the back of my throat, flatline, flatline and "today is a good day to die." Guess where he's staying today, down with the worms and his gin, I am viva hating all my friends, so call in dead just not sick a couple crates full of grins, I'll staple them to your last meal. No guts no story right? Here's everything you've ever worked for and everyone who's ever lost at war. Buried and burned, this ocean you've earned. I've got my way out, a better home, a different kind of throne, where you favorite word is alone and breathing in just tastes like old bones.

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