

Comadre

"The Best Snakes Bite Back"

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I'm lining the inside of my stomach with gasoline to
keep
me awake,
but with a mouth full of snakes.
And your tin can heart is begging for dents,
is begging for dents.
Just thinking just thinks it's got no regrets.
These pieces of thesis,
a script full of holes,
reminding me how this scripture's gone cold.
My summer's ending today,
between every breath lies a basket of lies,
so stop breathing,
it's what keeps you alive,
no no, it's what keeps me gun shy
and if you haven't guessed it by now
the best sleep that I've ever gotten
was stolen while you blinked,
so goodbye, good luck, farewell,
your beliefs have gone to...

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