

Dead Man In Reno

"She's Tugging On My Heartstrings"

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So charity lay your head down beneath the dogwood
tree and summer sun.

I hope your eye's serve their purpose, by god I'll swear
to that.

Forever penned in blood an incision, carved across my
back with ink driving through my skin by needles
design all for you.

She came with tattered wings so vile vomit poured
from my mouth.

My heart still moves inside a glass apart from my chest
resting amongst other jars lies the lungs that are
absent from breathing.

Oh how I cared for her.

Fists full of contempt, eyes wild and searching for a
reason or simply the ghost of my soul.

And if this were a dream I'll remit and dream of you
and I in suffering.

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