

## **Every Time I Die "Morphine Season"**

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Looking forward to a flat lined love affair  
The comfort of a dire love sickness  
I've come to cherish bed sores and the salt in my own  
tears  
My beautiful affliction your kiss festers like a boil

I find myself ugly in your eyes of asylum scenery  
Have you come to take me away take me away  
Darling you are a disease that spreads like sunshine  
The vultures make a halo while they wait for me to die

Your fingers crawl like flies on peeling flesh  
Paralyzed you warm me in a cold sweat deadened  
But moving in seizures loving in fits of disillusional  
blurs  
Don't you come near me buried above ground and  
rotting  
You can't take the corpse from his cold

This is not a sickness if I beg it's an addiction  
Throw your flowers to the fever  
I'm an abscess with a heartbeat

An arm span of dirty needles and a rusted pieces  
Flowers mask the decomposing  
Passion is watching how fast I can deteriorate  
The desperation is a clotting incision

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