

Hollywood "The Funeral Pace"

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These calloused hands feel like gold when I work them
to their bones, and every path i've strolled I know that
she will always take me home. But for what it's worth I
feel cursed every time the sun wakes up the earth.
She's abandoned everything but me. My dreams are
the fears of the rest of the middle of nowhere. Some
day my charms will fade like fires in rain, like heat in
the shade, like black hearts turning grey. She's afraid
to look me in the eyes, or treat me like just another
fucking one of the flies. We're a matter of time. I
fucking love her, but she'll never love me back

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