

## Idy "Brace Yourself"

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You better brace yourself cause the word is "action."  
Just know you've inspired this vernacular.  
A broken record is spinning in circles,  
adding dramatics to her razor blade dances.  
Thinking to herself "he's coming back soon,"  
but she can cut her wrists with vinyl for all I care.  
It doesn't matter; she can bleed all over newspapers.

As I watch this sunrise cascade  
over top this desperate valley,  
it filters through my windowpane  
and sets ignition to my disdain.

Falling through a broken doorway,  
shattered vinyl covers the floors.  
A silhouette on her cell phone,  
darkness makes her feel so alone.  
Forging forward through this city,  
as these towers shriek above me.  
For the walls inside are bleeding,  
and my demeanor is fleeting.

So you'd better brace yourself cause the word is  
"action." The cameras are rolling, the film is set to  
speed, but everything is still in slow motion.

She was the starlet,  
now she's the harlot,  
and she is the victim of this murder scene  
in a pile of her own blood,  
and I am smiling,

but I can't stop thinking about her.  
I know she's an infection in my veins.  
It doesn't matter if she bled all over the pages of my  
notebook,  
because they were about her.

I fucking loved her.

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