

## Idy "Diocese To Exist"

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Her wrists bleed, for the attention  
I sit back and watch with discretion  
At this old film that I shot in widescreen  
And, in Hi-Def, but just for the love scenes  
So go through this door and hit the lights, sweet  
Will I genuflect to the front of the diocese  
Smile big, then slowly turn frantic  
As this ocean takes us both captive

And, there she stands  
A purse full of razorblades  
Her cell phone, and some dirty bandages  
She's calling in her last chance on this boy  
Whose drinking his way to a smile  
Because it could take Jesus to save us both  
Since my innocence has been lost in you

Bare shoulder blades up against the glass  
I'm sorry doll, but I gotta leave for class  
Just pray hard for the return of us  
And those suggestive words fueled by lust  
But she bled all over this scripture  
In my bed, and on my demeanor  
I'm steps ahead of her in conscience  
Thanks in part to this crucifix on my neck

But some day our sun might just rise again

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