

## Idy "I Got A Fever"

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Rose petals, rose petals, are falling, are falling,  
crimson and cinnamon in color and texture.  
These veins aren't so skilled at holding their water,  
arteries pumping dust into hopeless vessels.  
It's a change that you made to my friendly demeanor,  
I'm the same, no I'm not, but what is the difference?  
My nerves just like steel, except inside a tornado.  
I'm shielding my eyes, who knows how hard she'll  
blow?

And I've ached for days to craft you this pop song.  
I'd swallow razor blades if you didn't dance along.  
I'll perfect this cadence to be the force that drives you.  
You can't see through yourself, but I scribble words  
because I dig you.

With cares further than you'll ever know,  
like intestines stretching down the road,  
I can't seem to sleep at night  
when you're molesting my mind.

Please hold my hand while I walk through this,  
my friends are hanging from tree limbs,  
every day with you is a new torment,  
I can't keep track, can't keep track.

I'd swallow nails to get away from you,  
I'd chase a beer with super glue;  
you don't even understand the demented things you  
could make me do.

I'll utter, nay whisper, a sorry I don't mean,  
and lie on your couch and contemplate everything.  
The tattoos, the piercings that you think will define you.  
'Some day I swear a math problem on my ankle.'  
I'll toss around words like 'love' while in containment,  
but these walls could attest to the things we don't  
mention.

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