

Casey Stratton

"Blood"

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i'll bet you're wishing
you could turn back
but this is all you are now
not even as much as a grain of sand
you're finally nothing

heat-seeking bomb in my hand
bring me my asylum band
you put the knife to my throat
now it's your turn to float

and you remind me of my sanity doctor
teleport me out of your design
this is fear- welcome to my little flood
and now-give me a little of your blood

i can remember the pain
my river of red that would eventually stain me
now it's your turn to swim
open your latitude line- let me in

yes it's time to go
time to drain you down
time to let those fears come to the surface

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