

## Kid Frost

### "Suicide Solves Everything"

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5am Sunday morning. Clothes reek of indecency  
squatting on the rooftop waiting for Jesus. He never  
came. Searching for something in a town full of  
nothing. Foreign mouths. What a beautiful voice.  
There's always someone in the backseat. There's  
always someone approaching the window. There's  
always someone calling. Turn off that telephone. The  
receiver is off the hook but no one is talking. No one is  
listening. Nothing can be done. I know that you're there  
I can hear you breathing. We make promises. Hearts  
literally broken. What a beautiful voice. I know that you  
need me. Let's talk business. What a way to love me.  
She said, "you mother fucker." You smell like  
cigarettes. It's so cold n an Indiana telephone  
somehow. Everything slips away within me. This means  
nothing. I kept hitting the floor because the ceiling was  
too low. I told you so I'd fuck Elvis.

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