

Mary Jane Kelly "Hillcrest"

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This town and all of it's disciples,
Have their talons buried in my neck,
Oh how they perched upon these trees
Like vines constricting, muting our dreams
Tempting us for a one night stand,
With the worst intentions to trap us all over again,
We could have foiled their master plan,
But we're so weak we never gave ourselves the chance.
The scarecrows are acting as shadows transmitting the
memories
To which we're shackled, making it that much harder to
push out tonight.
This towns growing over me, soon enough I won't be
able to see
Deaths pail flag sure as hell advanced here,
It devoured what's left of me,
Leaving a tourist in a city, I once called my home.
Struggling we move, lead footed to the coast, to dose
ourselves,
In sin tonight, to succeed in nothing but to drown,
We where thankful to be safely underground
No matter how many times I leave
I come crawling back to the very same blood covered
poetry.
From here on in miscalculated metronomes
Will form the beats of our broken hearts and homes

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