

## Coretta Scott

# "Broken Mirror (Seven Years Bad Luck)"

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This time spent broken  
Holding out for sleep  
holding out for something special she says "god, we  
ruined special long ago"  
And there's gotta be something  
perpetuate the most intolerable of dreams thus far  
known  
The couch as the bloody scene  
My God if you hurt her, then you're talking to me

In reverie, the shadows behind the stairs will cloth  
Our frailty like our skin will never have to be exposed  
Excuses why you never got out  
The bruises makeup would never cover  
A single regret, forceps and I guess that's it yeah  
But I was like you once  
never again

The couch as the bloody scene  
and my God in heaven if you ever touch her again  
then you're talking to me

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