

## **Curl Up And Die**

# **"You'd Be Cuter If I Shot You In The Face"**

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Drawing this box for you to recreate me into something i can never be. disease turned these clouds a infinite light and the winds a translucent glow. it seemed so easy to quit everything to remember. transmitted recordings of robot tracks to forget how everyone sounds. tightly formed mechanical wings, dwelling on how to save us all. never in control, never really having a chance. we're all useless with our eyeliner dripping in red. we let it fester always knowing that it was coming and i'm hearing things in my head. i'm hearing things all wrong. these arms failed to lift when my eyes forgot to open. everything left offsetting through the dried paint that creates these butterfly wings, twitching and teasing now. standing here one year later with signs of red shining through a decade more. among the morning light of bedroom walls defeated to know the danger in this. it's so easy to forget everything we swore we'd remember. we're all useless. if only i could keep the eyeliner from running i'd drive these roads to kill my own kind.

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