

Reverend Horton Heat

"Blood & Brine"

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Without the bond of thinking,
Finding myself parked in the last place I want to be.
Under the illusion, under the influence,
I'd hoped I'd soon piss away.
I could stay behind, failing that I could stay
Lost in this hope all day.
Letting at memories, letting at wrists, fill my hands
Till they fade.

It was my understanding,
That I could've parted this tide in two.
But I just reddened the beech
Now I flow myself empty of all, but you
And I bleed down to the sea.

Brine and blood let me be.

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