

## Halos "Equilibrium"

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The paint on your nails is chipped  
A screw in your head is stripped and loose,  
But I'm sure I have a bit that could fix you up right quick  
I will suck the poison out  
Then I'll hold that demon down  
I will take my saw and draw it on the base of his black  
tongue

The skin on your arm is torn  
Old habits die hard  
I can't say I wasn't warned  
"It's my release.  
I can ease away from time and freefall."

So I'll pray  
I will lay hands on the pain  
I will stay  
And I'll love away the hate that makes you rage

"You're the stand-by  
You're my little blessing  
I'm a wound and you're the dressing  
You're the braces on my crippled legs  
You're the rudder, the mast, and the heading:  
'Onward to smiling suns'  
Pull the anchor  
Set the ballast  
Now then, teach me how to run."

"Our communication lacks.  
I get so sick of staring at your back."  
I heard you, now relax  
Its how I deal, you'll learn with time  
When you walk away, I've lost,  
and we talk the way we talk in the bitter throes of  
jagged prose  
and cons  
of seeing this thing through  
"I'm trapped here,  
No salts, no tears,  
Just an empty hollow in my head,  
And a cold, wide space on the bed that I can't fill."

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