

The Ataris "Eight of Nine"

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these hospital walls
are the palest of white
here in this desert
reciting my last rites

the smell of these halls
brings temporary comfort
as the oxygen flows through my blood
el corazon was poisoned tonite

shes on her 8 of 9

when half of all your prayers are insincere
the other half are lies.
here is this watermark under this bridge
the point where it crested,
rolled back, and drifted into the sea

i climb from this wreckage
as the smoke begins to clear from my lungs
the closest of close calls has happened tonite

its time that i made things right
for the first time since the last time
let this moment of clarity
lift this curse that has been cast upon me.

so appreciate the good times
but dont take the worst for granted
cause you only get so many second chances.

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