

The Mascara Story

"Salty Eyes"

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Do you belong to a song?
Does it drag you along by the tongue at the top of your
lungs?
Are you drunk?
Have you been drinking?
Do you below the overpass go with a fifth in your fist
Reminiscing the kiss of a love that just didn't love as
much as you did?

But please don't give up, dear walls.
Don't let the ceiling fall.
When you belong to a song, Salty Eyes.
You belong.

Shrill notes begin the grim violin.
Then from the silence of violence the sirens
orchestrate the score.
To which one more corpse is left quiet.
How we've become the hollows of drums.
The rest between notes and the hollers that never
reach throats.
"Friends" in quotes, they're not calling.

But please don't give up dear you.
I'm but the sliver moon sliding through
When you belong to a song, salty eyes.
You belong.

Do please believe, however naive.
Let it drag you along by the tongue at the top of your
lungs.
And belong salty eyes.

When you belong to a song, salty eyes.
You belong.

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