

Michale Graves

"Casket"

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empty playground of the living
lonely swingsets of the dead
it must be nice in heaven to have an angel
to heal the subtle silence in your head
so no more crying tonight
"all there is are bad dreams"
and the yelling from the pain
silent stories i have told you
precious moments never spent
you've had another bad day
up here in heaven!
all the silent spaces in your head
so no more crying tonight
"all there is are bad dreams"
and the yelling from the pain
everything is gone!
everything's just fine!
the monkey bars live lightning
and the slide takes me away
from evil looks
and bloodshot eyes
empty playgrounds of the living
lonely swingsets of the dead

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