

## Twelve Tribes "Strings"

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Stitch me from the inside out tell me you love me i am  
what you  
Want and i am what you need sew your face onto mine  
in red split  
Tongues let pins seal my lips wheeling in vines  
stitching over again  
And spools becoming untied winding needles  
dysphoria sets in drag  
Knots at the corners of my eyes as i wander into low  
fields testing  
My wings i am a boy under grey skies and still i pretend  
but i am  
Caught in a closed room with flickering lights and i  
can't see  
Anything i can feel only insects of a gift called grace  
and venus  
Palms release their clinch letting go of foolishness  
spinning in  
Circles staring at the sun laughing and floating and  
dancing in love  
My arms outstretched catching stars in the day a blue  
stem with  
Green eyes i say hello to her smile painting flowers  
pink clovers  
And giving water to them the drops burst into fairies  
caterpillars in  
Disguise leaving worms with no passion barely able to  
fly i lay  
Coiled in strings spun into my everything twisting until  
finally it  
Became all that i've ever wanted and she rings a blue  
bell for the  
Day from the will o' the wisp i touch her belly to say  
things will be  
Okay baby girl i can fly i can fly i can't remember if i  
choked i'm  
Sure that i have flown better winds i am a man  
designed to break to  
Fail yet to impress and venus palms released to their  
finger blades  
Ripping me to fuck frayed ropes bent strings

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