

Casket Lottery "Jealousy On Tap"

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switch on the pilot flame. and pretend to sleep, until
you wake up...a trillion questions come from your
closed eyes. i know you remember a promise we once
made when the walls were 6 hours thick. dont you
remember? but i dont dare speak. the pilot flame to my
thinking cap is still red hot, jealousy is on tap...i should
hide the couch, i should i hide the couch tonight. at
your expense or at your request, i get no rest. i lay
awake all night. my lungs are feeling heavy, too much
is on my mind.

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