

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Grandfather"

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There has never ever been a dull moment - we can kiss
the highest clouds and name them after movie stars.
Your fingers, they're flower pots.
And as the cuticles crack the stem comes through,
you'll never know a poet's eyes unless you see them for
yourself.
Hear me now.
After the truth is found there will be a suicide.
Hear me now and grant my wishes as sins, not
ignorance.
Endangered now, with pockets full of oil.
All I have left is a face fucking, homicidal waste of
time.
Take these roads and take them fast.
My legs collap in harmony with the music and I
plummet down forever.
I can write the dialogue to a script about your death.
I'm walking across 2nd Avenue... I'm tripping across
Lexington... I'm falling down Park Avenue... and dying
on Broadway.
We can wish amongst wish, hope against hope.
You have become a new bloody valentine.
Over and over again, I've watched you killing yourself.
Hold my hand, let's start the decay.
One shot in the mouth.
You'll never know a poet's eyes unless you see them
for yourself

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