

A Textbook Tragedy "Stay Classy, San Diego"

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Focus on the choir
They can't see you gasping for assistance
Sitting in the back row of a hall
That's free of windows
Blink twice if you hear me
This isn't real
Dreams mark our skin
I call this fiction
You had no reason
I watched you pull three birds out of mid flight
Snap their necks
So we'll all retreat in an attempt to save ourselves
From the massacre of the pirates
I'm blind now
But I can feel you brushing up against my side
With knives in both your hands
There's a reason for all of this
But you know I'm forgetful
Focus on the choir
They can't see you
They can't hear you
Your existence is a question
You're a question
There's no answer

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