

Audrey Horne

"Jaws"

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A tender moment, a sudden case of
fear, arms against the ceiling, now
rip the walls apart
We sleep with daggers, and 911 on
hold, grinning at each other, we
tread the water where, ships are
sinking and sharks smell blood,
somebody's about to get more than
their share

This is our last offering, we still kill
the old school way, broken hearts
and dirty lies, this is love
Last one to the bridge is out, lick
your wounds and count your dead,
arm up for this civil war, this is
love

Like broken records, rewind and
start again, heads against the brick
wall, I cried so hard for you
Release the drama, and all the
hounds of hell, fuck this institution,
we tread the water

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