

## 36 Crazy Fists

### "Felt through a phone line"

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So we went after the crash, we step out alone.  
An undivided healing that swallows us whole.  
The air cuts like glass and you taste like winter.  
And how long will you last, forever...  
And congratulations you've become what you wanted.  
Stepping out of this car with that look in your eyes and  
knowing that you've never looked so beautiful.  
Telephone lines away, death on the end and I'm  
screaming.  
226 on the door, asking to make out while watching the  
war.  
And nothing's like this exit, pale white skin on memory.  
And I've got the proof to frame the way.  
As we danced, we bled across the floor.  
And that never-ending supply that we wished for.  
It took me 14 hours to get this sore and knowing that  
you've never looked so beautiful.  
25 days and I still can't get this right.  
Telephone lines away, felt through a phone line

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