

Pianos Become The Teeth

"Cripples Can't Shiver"

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I'm looking more like you everyday old man,
In every way I'm feeling phantom pains from the fire
you've dropped on your legs
I'm storing my uplifting-look backs for my time in that
seat
Alone in your world, alone in your world just a wall
away, angry at the stages of the day
Your speech has gotten slow and you've lost so much
weight
The family knees have gotten weak
The family skin has gotten languid
If you put your gums in, and I let mine recede, if you
keep your pride I'll be your eyes
I'll save my temper, save my rage for the hot on your
hands because cripples can't shiver
6 hours 6 hours 6 hours
Of telling fields our health deserves more,
Please don't disappear with the room, please don't give
up on going out
Spending time at a split foyer choosing up or down
I've waited, he never came, I'm assuming life fair
The mold promises these sheets stay damp so my
lungs wont last
But I swear I'd at least break the fingers of the hand
that dealt this to you

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