

Time

"Thanks Dad Sorry Mom"

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If pain is a mind state then I'm trapped in Texas
With an empty bottle of Percocet
And a wrinkled brow folded with regret
Shadow displaying a slouched silhouette
With curse words behind me and a casted off taken for
granted sunset
Teeth chattering, from amnesia
Living a moment my memory with dilute
Atrophied tongue, with a swollen ankle and a pair of
crutches
For a pair of feet touching a yellow brick substitute
Floating from the numbness while the moths keep
hitting near my light bulb
I got an IV of life and more tape on me than a broken
window
Bladder paralyzed, the sunshine peels my fermented
skin
Bolts in my kneecap, wrench in the trash
Tyler Dirten's laughing
Eggs for breakfast and lost time for dessert
But these children keep hatching
My eyes look like raccoons, flesh under my nails
And blood on my pillow from the scratching

This is life, this is life, it's so fun
This is life, this is life, I have none
This is life, this is life, it's so fun
This is life, this is life, I have none

I took a leap of faith and they found me on the rocks
My clock doesn't tick it's just a bunch of tocks
I'm going here and there, but I'm standing still
The people walk on by just looking for a thrill
They're looking here and there to rise above the dim
They don't even realize they have to look within
To ride your highs and endure your lows
As long as coasting nothing will change that's just the
way it goes

Now, forewarned is forearmed but I only have two

Ones usually in a cast and deflated lungs got me
feeling blue
Pliers on molars, assistant holding my tongue back
Teeth falling out but I'll never get a gum graph
Hospital rooms echo with silence
And to make a living I slave in the basement
Yawning in doctors' offices, painting myself with
patience
Let my retinas constrict to the glow
Slit me ear to ear and watch my smile grow
There's paper cranes in the sky and metal birds
making clouds
Almost had my life paid for
Now I'm wrapped in a blanket of shame but my parents
are still proud
Everyone else is a landmine for heartbreak
But I keep stepping on backs with a bloody knee
And my ears ringing from the explosions
And I keep a brace around my Achilles
Cause I don't like babies and never trusted a Trojan
And when my voice gets hoarse from the yelling
I strap a saddle on until laryngitis takes full effect
Gallop off the cliff and ride into the ocean until my
scalp is wet

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