

Every Other Fate

"White Light Tunnel"

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There was a time I was waiting in line
and it sat, My courage was just like a
scraping around on its scabby knees, licking
away at my skin, but I cannot follow you down.

I was pursued in chase
and she sat, the old woman with dead
rotten eyes, she's gnashing of teeth and scratching
of nails, ripping away at my skin but, I cannot follow
you down.

These time clock ticking lines
stealing these hours, again I find myself
crossing off another day.
Burn these little lines hidden in these wires.
I'm stained again but it's something I'll get used to.

And I could find a way to make it hurt
and I would tear this body down, in tiny little pieces.
And I could find a way to make it hurt
and I will tear these eyes out, with every scratching
dignity crashing down.

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