

Annotations of an Autopsy

"Confessor"

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Pack up and leave everyday
I plant the seed to rip the roots away
And I believe every word you say calls the thunder
And spooks off the pain

And through the windows in the chapel
Is laying in the morning light
Every wick and every candle
Is laying in the morning

I'm here with your dress at night
I confess
At the hem of your dress
I confess
To spook off the pain
Is when I always catch you laughing
At the cusp of everyday
Is when I always catch you grinning
It suits you well

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