

(writing a) LOVE SONG

If I slam my mind (punk rock
bottom) against this fucking wall,
can I strike metal chords of you
from my eyes (water)
into electric voices that
Scream!?! Raw nerves are
needled (spinal anesthetic),
turning pain inside out of control...

I'm going to punch (drunk) through
the whine and sonic waves Goodbye
baby. Bye, bye, love (ha-pi-ness).
Lorn. Forsaken. Why hast thou...
mea culpa is quaking in my skull.
If I tip crossbones to the sky,
can I...

(Refrain)