

So Many Dynamos, Bed Of Nails

I feel this heat rise inside of me
I'm not sure how much I can take
Before my seams split entirely
Before the vessels in me break

When I explode please make an outline
Where my feet once stood strong
And spread my ashes
In this plastic ashtray where my kind belongs

I've g-g-got a bed of nails
Waiting for me when I get home