

Thursday, I Am The Killer

Tuesday wakes up silent
And there aren't enough pills to sleep
And then it cuts out like miswired shortwave radio
It's over
But nothing can change to ever make it right
When you live in a nightmare
It's written all over your face.

And in a short time
You're never the same again
The distance is streamlined
Between decision and defense:

Distorient the senses
Loss of identity
No one to trust

Life runs through this trade
I am no killer
But I still hide my face
In the coming days

I wake up every morning
From the same dream
And then I kill it
But you can't change the letters when the ink dries

I woke up on the sidewalk and everything just changed
Now the lights are blinking but I can't see anything

Everything is falling apart:
Crumpled paper
Crushed tin cans
Broken bottles
Paper scraps
We all look the same
We all look the same
But I am the killer