

*runner*

## **Three Sisters of Mercy**

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### **Hot garage**

In the hot garage I suck down my last squares  
learnin how to miss you  
im on do it anyway im tryna do it right

when u come back can we walk  
magic circles over the river til we get tired?  
make up for the time we missed?

I got some shit on me doesn't feel as heavy  
when you're always in my hair  
thought you might be first I lay it on  
scared somehow I can carry it now

I know you aint made a glass baby  
I know you won't break  
I know my heart's beatin in the pocket  
when your ear's up against my chest  
to tell me if something don't sound right  
please come back and listen  
please come back I'll tell you  
what was wrong the whole time I promise

Til then ima sit here  
heavy in the hot garage with my last squares

**it means somethin**

my hands along her  
a sudden warning do not go any further  
I, she explained, had touched a serpent's  
nest of a supernova of a black hole of a  
quick sand of a chasm of a gash of a  
reflective pool in which, I, she explained  
would lose my identity

well babe, that's why I'm here after all  
my name and its corresponding face is  
a transitional house which the more  
comfortable I become in it the closer  
I am to the door, so can I live in your box?

if I lose my ten digit code in the snake pit  
then I cannot die by virtue of not being born  
so you see darling it's on the other end of the  
limit experience that we can be a liquid encased  
in a magic bullet expanding and contracting  
gas taking the shape of broad and multifarious  
containers, I wanna end because I don't wanna be

not in a cry for help way though

more like the inside of my shell is truly  
the outside of my shell and it's ok on the  
other side of my coming apart

ready when u are  
til then I take my hand away

**cameras**

christmas money we cut it with midol  
call back to hollywood  
florida tell em textbooks high this term  
I need those retro 12s  
spent that passive income on pelle leathers  
waste products they need  
me a fuck of a lot more than you  
shoot it in your vein trick sniff it up your nose  
dope man slammin them cadillac doze (rich boy)

camera camera I look  
I stare they yell cut behind the camera

how many of you must I kiss in your casket  
So as not to curse your memory  
how many of you must I dream to  
the next phase because our road together is done  
how many of you must I lie awake  
waiting for you to die so I can love your ghost

he had a lot of pain I hope he figured  
it out but while he was here I kept my distance  
plotting coordinates to another world you can  
live the life you were meant to live without me  
I'll send you the directions cause this world is a tight space  
waking up shivers and blood cold in my intestines  
pressed nails on my chest shuddering bear what's the matter

I won't tell her what I saw in my dream because I know you're behind the camera camera waiting to  
step into the room this world is a tight space

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