

Scrambling for the phone  
Screaming to a dial tone  
Couldn't get 3 digits down  
Before I had you out the door  
I know your shaking  
But the gas pedal is shackled to the floor  
And in the back seat  
Fluttered poems of you imperfected  
With stab wounds inflicted by  
By the malicious intent of therapeutic inkfilled utensils  
Your lips trapped shut by the webs that you've spun  
Don't speak to me as if the blindfold  
Around your head were a halo  
Your apologies are bandaids for a hemophiliac  
Your eye's see not where we venture  
Nor the smile that this brings me  
You're imprisoned in a constant state of tension  
This morning I was as calm as a sheriff in a ghost town  
But that's what happens when you cope with death  
It's not warm enough for your heart to thaw out  
And I don't think it ever will be  
But I swear to god this will all be over soon  
The red light up ahead serves  
As a warning solely to those who wish to live  
Just the fact that I removed all the airbags shows  
That my intentions are strong willed  
And it's strange how tomorrow's diamonds in the street  
Will be this evenings razors across your face  
When they find us they'll see your lipstick smeared  
And rivers of mascara descending down your mangled cheeks  
Did you ever think a windshield  
Would be the last thing that you kissed  
What's the deal with all the airline food?  
I'll rid the world of you  
But to survive and not recall the deed  
I'm about to do would be worse than death itself  
I'd let you finally point the finger at yourself  
If I had kept the keys for the handcuffs  
Good bye  
My life's not worth as  
Much as your death