

Flailing under the auspices of a broken kingdom
Stuttering up the stairs of a broken house
The golden mansion
The hanging boudoir
The flowers, thick and heavy.

Blown away by rusting debris
In the belly of the gutted tower
Rapunzel dies today, Rapunzel dies

Cinched tight by her own hair
Golden self-destruct, miles long,
Neverending, neverending.

Passes over your skin soft as angel's breath

Help me. Help me. Help me.

I found myself choking on golden stardust
Coming up from my gut
My innermost nucleus
But then I realized
I was choking on the ashes of a dead sun.

Help me. Help me. Help me.