

Shoot the Genie!

I let the genie out of the bottle, again!
I find my adrenaline at full throttle, again!
Heart racing at full, hard, heavy, metal speed,
Shots ring out as the shots go down,
Slamming around my head as shot glasses slam down.

I'll be mourning it all in the morning...
But until then...

A dirty smile slides across my face, again!
A dark naked shadow makes my pulse race, again!
And as life's blood flows down me,
It cools, pools, unspools my string of sanity,
And I know... I know... it all ends in horrific calamity.

I see and know the lifeline to secure,
So easy to reach, so clean and pure,
But I turn my back and start to run,
All along praying for the scars to come,
So I can feel your healing, soothing touch,
Open wounds healed, knowing how much,
Your lifeline can mean, if I can turn around,
I can hear it calling, I can hear the sound,

Can I stop my downward momentum?
Do I have it in me?
Give me a gun.
I'll shoot the genie!