



NOVEMBER AND

EVERYTHING

AFTER

VINTAGE RANGE

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# BABY HANDS

HE WAS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A BOY AND A MAN  
BUT I KNOW I WAS A CHILD  
EYES SO WIDE AND INNOCENT  
TRYING TO BE BOTH MORE AND LESS THAN THEY WERE  
TRYING TO KNOW MORE AND LESS THAN THEY DID  
KNOWLEDGE IN ALL OF THE WRONG PLACES  
SIGHT IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES  
HANDS IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

HANDS  
HANDS  
HANDS

HANDS  
ALL OVER ME  
IN ALL OF THE WRONG PLACES

ASHES TO ASHES  
DUST TO DUST  
CUTTING OUT WRISTS  
ON BLADES OF RUST

WHO WILL FALL DOWN?

RINGS OF SCARLET  
LACE OUR ARMS  
IN FIELDS OF FLOWERS  
WE WEIGH THE HARMS

WE ALL FALL DOWN



# WING-RIDDEN ANGEL

I AM WEAK  
BROKEN WITHOUT MY PURITY  
AN ANGEL  
WITHOUT ITS WINGS  
AN ANGEL  
WHO CANNOT SING

THEY ALL SAY  
THAT I HAVE GONE FAR ASTRAY  
BUT MY HEART HAS NOT MOVED  
SINCE THE BLOOD POURED FROM MY WOMB  
AND WASHED YOU AWAY  
IS THAT WHY YOU COULDN'T STAY?

WITH MY BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS  
I SIT AND WATCH YOU MASTURBATE  
MY INNOCENCE  
USED TO PLEASURE YOU AS I DECAY

AND I WILL ROT  
WITHOUT MY INSIDES, I AM NOT  
AN ANGEL WHO IS MADE OF GRACE  
IS THAT WHY NO ONE WILL EVER STAY?



# WORDS POUR FROM THE WOUND

WILL IT HURT YOU WHEN I HURT MYSELF?

WATCH ME AS I BREAK MYSELF OPEN

AND LET WHAT I HAVE WANTED TO LET GO OF FOR SO LONG OUT

EVERY SCREAM AND CURSE AND PLEAD

THEY'LL FALL OUT AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO PUT THEM BACK

YOU CAN'T FORCE BLOOD BACK INTO AN OPEN WOUND

AND YOU CAN'T FORCE WORDS BACK INTO AN OPEN MOUTH

NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU SHOVE YOUR DICK IN IT

from  
the wound



# SUNSETS OVER THIS HAYFEILD

I THINK YOU KILLED ME IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING

SITTING IN A HAYFIELD

THE COMBINES TURNED AND SPAT MY BLOOD BACK AT YOU

STILL WARM WITH HATE

IT STAINED YOUR PURE WHITE SKIN

I COULD NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME

BECAUSE I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET IT

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SAY GOODBYE

BECAUSE PART OF ME IS STILL IN THAT HAYFIELD

I WILL NEVER STOP SEARCHING

FOR THE PART YOU RIPPED OUT OF ME

AND BURIED UNDER THE DRY STALKS AND EARTH

I CAN'T FORGET HOW YOUR HANDS CLASPED AROUND THAT PART

AS YOU LAID IT IN THE GROUND


SO I KEEP SEARCHING

EVERY HOUR I WALK THROUGH THESE FIELDS

EACH SO FILLED WITH EMPTINESS

AND I WONDER HOW YOU EVER EXPECTED MY BODY TO FILL THE SPACE






TEAR ME OPEN  
BLEED ME OUT  
MAKE ME WATCH AS YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S CROWNED  
MY HEART'S BEEN TORN OUT  
IT'S ON DISPLAY  
YOU PULL IT APART BUT WON'T HEAR WHAT I SAY  
I'M IN THE BATHROOM I TRY TO DELAY  
YOUR FINGERS INSIDE ME AND THE PAIN THAT WON'T GO AWAY

AND NOW I VOMIT ABUSE  
MY LIPS SEWN SHUT BUT I STILL LOSE  
YOU ARE THE GOD AND I AM THE USED  
BUT IN THE END IT'S YOU I WILL ACCUSE

BREAK MY KNEE CAPS  
YOU KNOW I'LL ALWAYS LOVE THE BRUISES YOU LEAVE  
IT'S THE ONLY THING TO REMEMBER YOU BY IN THE MORNING



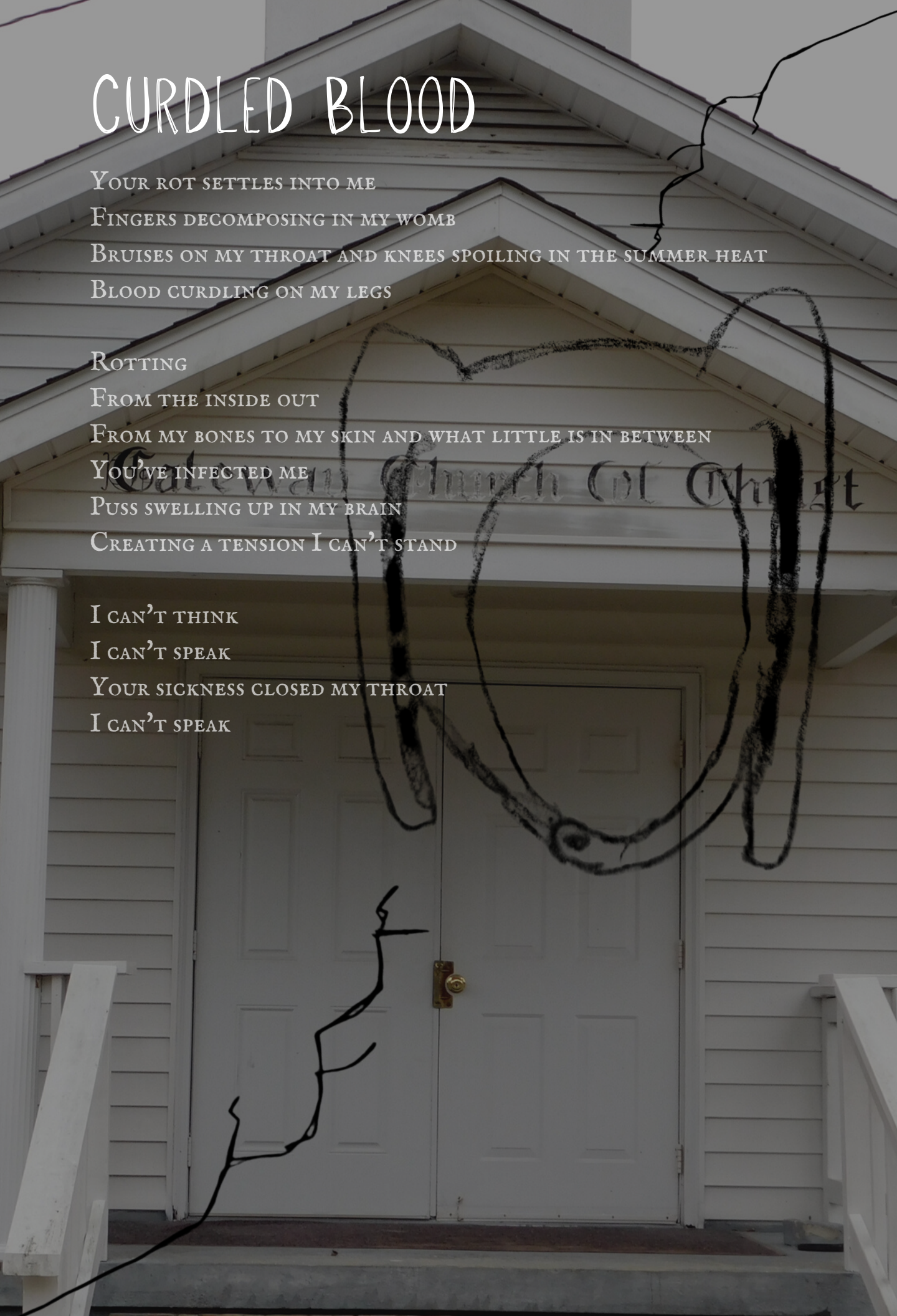


# CURDLED BLOOD

YOUR ROT SETTLES INTO ME  
FINGERS DECOMPOSING IN MY WOMB  
BRUISES ON MY THROAT AND KNEES SPOILING IN THE SUMMER HEAT  
BLOOD CURDLING ON MY LEGS

ROTTING  
FROM THE INSIDE OUT  
FROM MY BONES TO MY SKIN AND WHAT LITTLE IS IN BETWEEN  
YOU'VE INFECTED ME  
PUSS SWELLING UP IN MY BRAIN  
CREATING A TENSION I CAN'T STAND

I CAN'T THINK  
I CAN'T SPEAK  
YOUR SICKNESS CLOSED MY THROAT  
I CAN'T SPEAK





# HOLES

I CLOSED MY EYES AS IT REACHED INTO ME SO DEEPLY I COULDN'T FEEL ITS  
FINGERS ANYMORE

AND THE HOLE WAS MORE THAN A HOLE

IT WAS AN ORIFICE OF LOVE

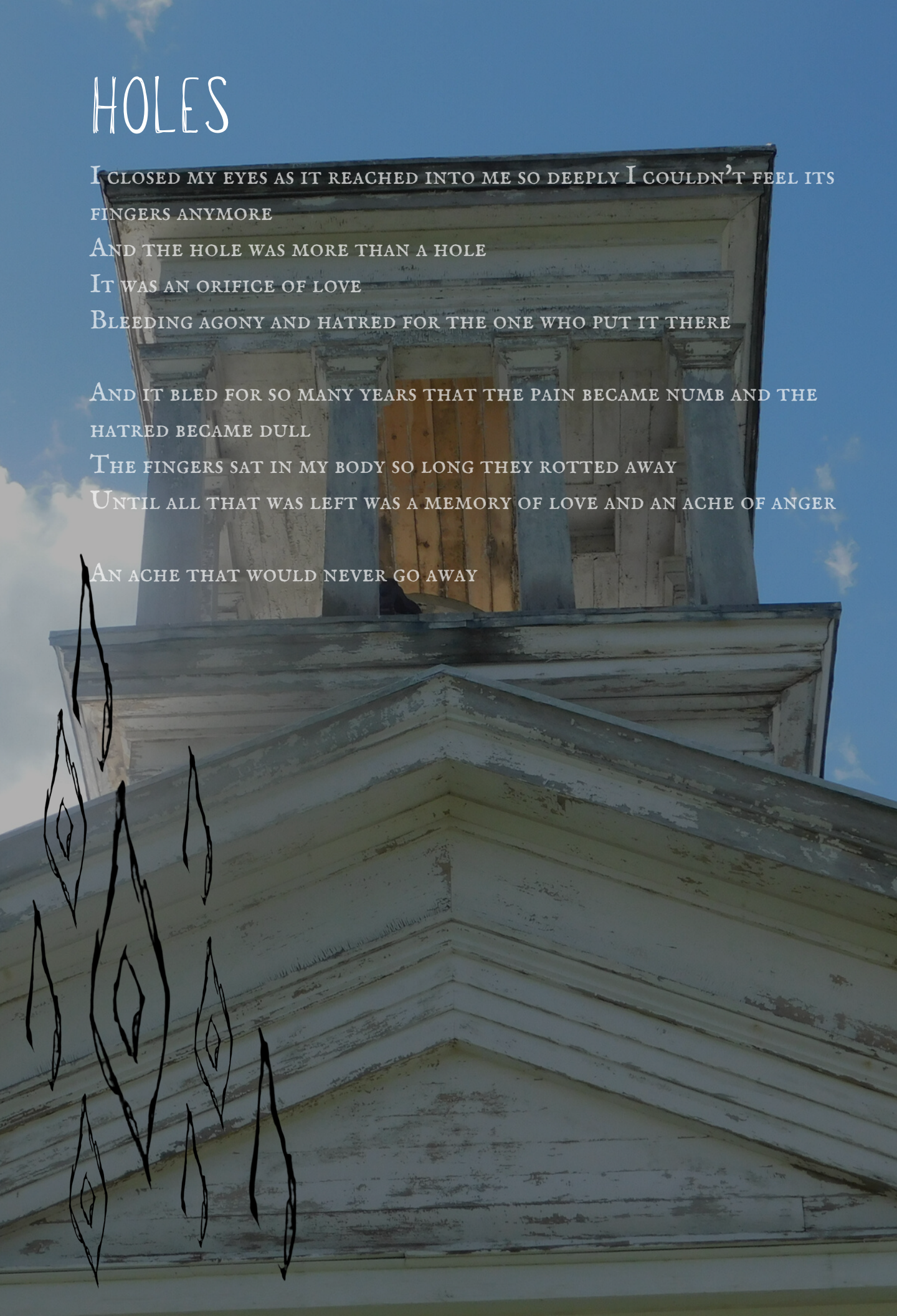
BLEEDING AGONY AND HATRED FOR THE ONE WHO PUT IT THERE

AND IT BLED FOR SO MANY YEARS THAT THE PAIN BECAME NUMB AND THE  
HATRED BECAME DULL

THE FINGERS SAT IN MY BODY SO LONG THEY ROTTED AWAY

UNTIL ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS A MEMORY OF LOVE AND AN ACHE OF ANGER

AN ACHE THAT WOULD NEVER GO AWAY





# EYESHOLESFINGERSTEETH

EYES HOLES FINGERS TEETH EYES HOLES FINGERS TEETH EYES HOLES  
FINGERS TEETH

THERE'S DIRT IN MY MOUTH  
THERE'S DIRT ON MY KNEES  
THERE'S DIRT IN MY BODY  
INSIDE WHERE YOU MADE ME BLEED  
INSIDE THE WOMB THAT WAS NEVER MEANT TO HOLD ANYTHING

THERE'S A PAIN IN MY HEART  
THERE'S A PAIN IN MY CHEST  
THERE'S A PAIN IN MY STOMACH  
WHERE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT  
NOTHING LEFT INSIDE A HEART NEVER MEANT TO FEEL ANYTHING

FINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERS  
RSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERSFINGERS

INSIDE ME  
DEEP INSIDE ME

GET OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT

GET OUT OF ME

IT HURTS





# 5 FINGERS, 6 TOES

YOUR FINGERS REACH INSIDE ME  
EVERY PART OF ME IS BLEEDING OUT FOR YOU  
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE LYING  
BUT I GUESS THAT'S ALL WE EVER DO

MY VOICE IS SMALL  
YOUR HEAD IS BIG  
YOUR FINGERS MAKE ME TAKE ALL OF IT  
I'M NOT ALIVE  
I WISH I WAS DEAD  
I CAN'T GET YOUR VOICE OUT OF MY HEAD  
MY BLOOD, YOUR COCK  
YOU'RE JERKING OFF IN THE DARK  
MY BLOOD MIXING WITH YOUR CUM  
HOW COULD YOU EVER SAY THIS IS LOVE?

MY BRAIN WON'T THINK  
MY LIPS WON'T SPEAK  
MY BLOOD, YOUR NAILS  
IT'S UNDERNEATH  
YOUR HANDS, MY SHEETS  
YOUR BODY CUMS AND THEN I BLEED  
YOUR EYES ARE BLIND  
YOU CAN'T SEE  
THE VOMIT POURING OUT OF ME

AND YOU KNOW  
YOU KNOW  
YOU KNOW I MEANT IT WHEN I SAID NO



# JACKIE RAZOR HANDS

LEGS SPREAD WIDE

HE CUTS BETWEEN THEM WITH RAZOR BLADE FINGERS

RIPPING UP THROUGH MY BODY UNTIL I'M CUT IN HALF

RED BLOOD SEEPS UP TO THE SKIN

A PHONE'S INK BLEEDING UNDER THE SCREEN

BLOODSHOT EYES AND BRUISES

TRAUMA BENEATH MY SKIN

TRAUMA THAT I KEEP INSIDE ME

IT WELLS UP INTO A SCREAM

INTO A THOUSAND UNKNOWN WORDS

INTO A MILLION UNKNOWN MEN

I FEEL THEM ALL BLEED INTO ONE

COLLAPSE IN ON THEMSELVES

THE WORDS, THE MEN

THEY ARE ALL YOU

YOU ARE ALL OF THEM

SICKER THAN ALL THE SICKNESS COMBINED

MEANER THAN EVERY WICKED MAN

I TAKE YOUR SICKNESS BY THE HAND

BUT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT INSIDE OF YOU FOR ME TO FIND

YOU ARE ROT

FROM SKIN TO BONE TO ORGAN TO BLOOD TO BRAIN TO GUTS TO VOMIT TO  
THOUGHTS TO CORE

