

You'll Feel Nothing, I Promise

by Corbin Owens

Take another drink, continue the game.
Empty chamber, your life begins once more.
Death is simple if you forgot your name.

Pass it, pull the trigger or feel the shame.
Click, the boy drowns; a man is washed ashore,
Take another drink, continue the game.

A swig, a swear, a bead of sweat, the same
Sound of emptiness just like before.
Death is simple if you forgot your name.

Three turns over, three heartbeats left to tame.
Silence, Stillness settles the young man's core.
Take another drink, continue the game.

Just one coin flip away from earthly fame.
Metal to temple, a click, his poise restored.
Death is simple if you forgot your name.

Too drunk to care, honor on the line, silence.
A shriek, his body lies upon the floor.
Take another drink, continue the game.
Death is simple if you forgot your name.