

## my heart is a church

my heart is a church  
I've pissed in the pews  
the roof is bombed out  
the candles are broken.

the windows are dirty  
the doors are locked tight  
the altars are built  
of barbed wire and bones.

the wind blows through  
the rain pours in  
the bells don't ring  
the dead don't die.

the child in the corner  
looks for his shadow  
his eyes are frozen  
he cannot cry.