

LYRICS:

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LEAVING NEW YORK

6:05, Brooklyn Bridge:

failed and tongue-tied

body aching, hands shaking, bloody inside

still alive.

Sunrise like a pillar of fire,

still running like the static on a blank channel

sunken to the bottom of the barrel of a gun.

braced against the railing looking straight into the sun

like I was waiting for someone to burn a picture in my mind...

like i could recite scripture off the lids of my eyes...

fishing in the East River for a reason to die

voices whispered in my mind, I believe they were mine.

another pilgrim come to find that the bridge is a lie, and

there's nothing on the other side...

I was told to pick my battles. This isn't my war.

My fight is with myself. I'm leaving New York

Leaving my prayer rug in the apartment off Van Cortlandt

caught in constant paranoia coughing someone's jagged hallelujah

buildings like a burning cross, withdrawal,

the drive north, all five burroughs fall,

lizards listen through the walls, born into this funeral,

news of war from city hall, subway station, FDR,

tanks and guards, riot squad, movement of the violent mob

I dissolve

fall apart

dusted in the dark, watching the war start...

They're going to send us to the deserts of Mars,

where we'll die or go crazy with our legs blown off

don't want to suffocate in space

while God and the State face off

flags waving in the grey dawn,

better to break north.

I was told to pick my battles. This isn't my war.

My fight is with myself. I'm leaving New York

I never found solid ground
but slept in a burning bed
there's a couple landlords
with a bounty on my head
never learned to bend my neck
or to worship the dead.
metro card expired; hop a turnstile and then jet.
was I a coward to abandon,
the broken down mechanics
that crowned Biggie Smalls as the King of Atlantis?
"Like trees to branches, cliffs to avalanches"
the sea in which she vanished...
Lost Kingdom of Jay-Z and Def Jam Cannibals
beating a dead break on the decks of the Titanic
I am it but I can't fit.
so when the sky fell
I felt like one of the guilty
with the populace in lockstep,
ready to come and kill me.
Did Providence demolish the buildings
that rust and rot beneath the Hudson?
all of it came to nothing
and the devil's still running...

and the devil's still running...

I was told to pick my battles. This isn't my war.
My fight is with myself. I'm leaving.

FIFTY WAYS TO BLEED YOUR CUSTOMER

Feed 'em all their meds til they forget what the drugs cost
People never question what you're selling them guns for
Beat em in the head with the message, with the blunt force
Lead em to the edge, tell 'em this is the JUMP OFF
The run off you dump off in skulls that are soft
Let em suck on your exhaust til the fuckin sun's gone.
Make em bleed from it while they dream of it
Make em yearn to get it while they're burning in it.
Treat the side effects with side effects
Supply the next disorder
Poison the well, bottle the water

When all else fails, start a war up
Sell him what he needs to knock it down and build it up
Feed her junk she eats it up
Pumped full of refined additives
Sell em tummy tucks and a plus sized caskets
If it ain't dead,
How do you know it's empty?
Bleed your customer get yourself free.

Bleed your customer get yourself free. (x4)

You sell Brand-X seatbelts
Planned obsolescence
Clinical trial cover-ups, Never crash tested
Offshore accounts for when you bounce with a pension
Keep a gun in their mouth; treat em for bouts of depression
Tell him to buy a pet, Help him to buy a house
Chain him to a fence and get your pound of flesh out
Sell nicotine, caffeine, energy drinks
They'll work til they forget to breathe dream or think
Or worship celebrity selling the ego trip
Or buy up a bunch of product from the Jesus pimps
You carry pills and prayer beads,
Razor blades and used condoms
Rap cds, magazines
and novelty items.
Cause if it ain't dead,
How do you know it's empty?

Bleed your customer get yourself free. (x2)

I get bloody. (x4)

Believe the hype!
There's a killing to be made in the mind
You'll either be a slave to the grind or a blade in the backside
Days don't rewind; it's a matter of time
I suggest you view death as a ladder to climb
I'm getting mine until it's gone then I'm coming for yours
Strip mine the resevoir because I'm hungry for more
Privatize resource by the pen or the sword
Respect the jungle law, terrorism or war
Make sure you've got a seat when the ships lift off
Stop me if you heard this one before
Gotta pimp this--

Handle the pack animals, conditioned and taught
Hunt gather and hoarde
Get the deeds to the seeds
And security force
Get a seat on the board, and keep the keys to the vault
if the kids got a problem they can put up a peace sign
let em call you anything but late for a mealtime
Viruses multiply; rust never sleeps
You're either getting eaten or you eat
Stay on your feet
Gotta bleed your customer to get yourself free;
Bleed your customer get yourself free.

I'm a..I'm a bloodsucker,
You a... You a customer.
I get bloody.

ECONOMY OF WORDS (BAIL ME OUT)

This is my account of my account.
I've become withdrawn,
I've borrowed a large amount.
I'm hanging in the balance,
feeling like a toxic asset.
Everything I make I give to God and Taxes.
Bail me out.

My fingers strain
to make the symbols of my name
as they were trained
on dotted lines and touch screens
I relate to worthless real estate
Jamming up the circuit
Break the back of plastic currency
Digits slip from my fingertips and
Go on a murdering spree...
I can't afford to be sick.
I'm cashing checks against the national debt
I can't afford to live,
Fraudulent slips of paper whisper tales about the missing reserves
Smug assurances circulate
Smudging ink on my shirt...
It's all on my hands

Something must be coming off on me
It feels like a brand
I'm not solvent
Deep sea diving for the sunken dollar
Out of options, Out of air
Get your hands out of my pocket
I'm heart-sick with the Fear
Locked into the deal with little interest
Paying down the principle
Ripping lottery tickets.

So bail me out. (We've sprung a leak baby, we've sprung a leak!)
Bail me out. (We're going down sucka, we're going down!)

When the profit margin drops to the factory floor
the Employees of the Year
won't work no more.
The gold standard's abandoned,
They circulate disease
My father used to ask me if I thought it grew on trees.

On top of the world with a worm in my gut,
and a blow out sale on inflated objects
Everything I do is done to make a profit
Everyone I love is a potential hostage
Owed to the factory
Sold to the market
Full set of teeth and a workhorse body
No money down, Own it for less
Run like a dream, Run in the red
Bulging vein in a straining neck;
The second you're dead everyone gets a cut
Keep treading that water
Hold your head up but
Living conditions deteriorate daily
It could be worse in defense of slavery
Take it from me, rates increase
We went from late feeds to 'fuck you, pay me'
Say what they mean when you're upside down
But a brick through the window of your house like
"Bail me out!"

So bail me out. (We've sprung a leak baby, we've sprung a leak!)
Bail me out. (We're going down sucka, we're going down!)

EARTH MOVERS

The earthmovers:

Building cities in the desert. Cities in Antarctica Cities on the moon.

Bulldozer. Back-hoe. Hard-hat. Harvester.

Rough gets smoothed, everything can move.

They got just the tool, everything can move.

Got a foreman and a crew, everything can move

Got a union too, everything can move.

The earthmovers:

They rule.

Development.

Settlement.

Sharp eyes

Dissect space and time

With a measurement of lines

Divide lots and plats

Plot the map plant the flag

Drop the marker like that.

Got plenty

Property

Proper

Documents

Safety

Goggles

Privilege

Hard hats

Thick skin

Dig in

We are the architects

Few view the blueprints

Never stop to rest.

Never mind the mess, we're going to mars next

Father of the projects

God complex

"Let there be light"

How large is your obelisk?

It's a contest.

Watch this:

Mountain from a molehill mountaintop removal
Terra-form irrigate excavate level grade
Dam (it's hydro-electric)
It's your boy Pipelaya
Bobsledding through the desert
Fuckin up the sandbox since I was seven
Tonka toy permanent permit for demolition
Flatten every surface, de-stroy difference
Grease the commission just to keep the wheels spinnin but
Listen:

We were born with permission.
They see the vision in our clear blue eyes
Air conditioning the ice cubes, chillin poolside
Come to Jamaica,
Come to Dubai
Got a new mayor
Cleaning up the crime
Got a snow machine
You can ski anytime
Not a cloud to be seen
In the dome of the sky

Reshape Harlem into North Manhattan
Wake up on the reservation like
"What happened?"
Sleep to the sound of a chainsaw massacre
Wake to the sound of a dumptruck backing up

(Back that thing up.)

The earthmovers:
Building cities in the desert. Cities in Antarctica Cities on the moon.
Bulldozer. Back-hoe. Hard-hat. Harvester.
Rough gets smoothed, everything can move.
They got just the tool, everything can move.
Got a foreman and a crew, everything can move
Got a union too, everything can move.
The earthmovers:

They rule.

THE REPTILIAN AGENDA

The camera's eye dilates, focus escapes
A sweeping brush coats the face
Petroleum based cover up
Concealer and blush
to make the cheeks look flush
At least real enough
Every night I watch the filter bend the light
Through the tube, in the vacuum
Broadcast into detached rooms
The suicide cure; the miracle fix.
In my guts I know it's them or us
I've tried to resist
Sinister drugs from the Ministers of Love
Subtle quickness in their motion,
Flash of a split tongue when the mask slips up
Subliminal images; quick cuts
Cobra commander and other covert propaganda
Listerine and lipstick, people completely miss it
Label me a misfit, settle for the spectacle
Surrender the Vendetta but remember,
remember,
remember:

The reptilian agenda.

When the sun climbs the pyramid and opens its eye
to shine a cold light down on the capital steps
the enemy slithers by in slick business attire
Grand Imperial Lizards
take regimented steps down
streets paved with bone
from a bed of cement
I heard the steady drone build into a deafening tone;
RFID chip, fingerprint, cellular phone
Satellites light up the globe
Your positions are known
What was written in stone will be built into silicone
Total synthesis, centralized control
Secret Oaths; Bohemian Grove
The ritual
The code
The pyramid

The pinnacle
The privileged few
use these symbols to communicate
beware and be careful who you choose to illuminate
you never know who's the snake until it's too late to
take shelter (remember)
take shelter (remember)

The reptilian agenda.

By the time they find this song I'll already be gone
They have corrupted me
They have hunted me down
Closing in now...
Links in a chain of unexplained encounters
The evidence of a presence, trace of the shapeshifter
Wait and remain vigilant.
6012, year of light revealed in the sky
As oxygen turns to carbon and the sea-levels rise
The earth will become a desert as the temperature climbs
The only creatures left alive will be the cold blooded kind
Almost like reptiles were in control the whole time
Know your history; know the signs:
Chinese dynasties descended from Dragon Kings
They flooded New Orleans from a castle in Beijing
Remember Eve's deceiver from the book of Genesis
the snake in a double helix the Greek symbol for medicine
Great deceivers and ancient leaders illuminate:
Bodies like snakes, heads like humans
Depicted in Indian scriptures and hieroglyphics written in Aztec ruins.
Past Present and Future
the master class of mutant rulers are the true predators.
Keep the shades down
and a blade around brother
and remember,
remember,
remember:

The reptilian agenda.

THE HUNTER

Sitting up in bed when the sun sets
The room is such a mess
Keep it darker than the crypt
Rumble in my stomach
Wreak of garlic and incense
Stumble from the bed
I dreamed of monsters again
Sharpen my instruments
as part of my dilligence
Polishing springs and pins
Hardens the killer instinct
Darkness slips in.
I stalk them in the mist.
And walk the empty city
looking for my nemesis

I'm a vampire hunter. A bounty killer
I know my way around and I'm bound to deliver
I've lived among the parasites for more than half my life
Studied their evil patterns, habits and appetites
I'm a Hunter.

Land in the city with a caravan of gypsies
Who hand me crucifixes and whisper their superstition
I keep it moving in tune with the moon's position
Setup with a smooth precision,
Every night's a new mission.
I lift the lids of these stale boxes of dirt
because I put stake in heart
and faith in hard work
Now watch their snake eyes
Awake in surprise as they die
Cut out the heart and burn it at the graveside
Say goodbye.
I'm saving lives and the pay is fine, besides
The truth is I get a thrill
When it comes to the killing time

I'm a vampire hunter. A bounty killer
I know my way around and I'm bound to deliver
I've lived among the parasites for more than half my life
Studied their evil patterns, habits and appetites
I'm a Hunter.

They're not human
Not the people you remember
They are the cannibal, The beast, The undead, The predator
They are disease, They feed off death
But there's a sacred mutilation
that will lay them to rest
You need a vampire hunter, a bounty killer
who knows his way around and is bound to deliver
who's lived among the parasites for more than half his life
studied their evil habits, patterns and appetites.

"I wear my sunglasses at night,"
I don't know why
I'm just sensitive to the light
When I was young I had
such a strong sense of wrong and right
Them days are gone
Life is long, not forever
right? (right.)
These silver bullets pack a helluva bite
But I ain't never been the sucka type
(still i get bloody like)
The incident that happened down in Exeter town
Where the daughter of George Brown
wouldn't rest in the ground.
We had a posse of men,
Even the Providence Press
dug up the body
and cut out the black heart from her chest.
Less than a month later
her older brother was dead
and I was wanted by the court
to explain what I did.
So,
I ran away and hid in the next city
but something of the strange events must've stayed with me
Made me face the mirror for a moment to question
Imagine my surprise when I saw
no reflection.

MARVIN

Because his father was a man of the cross,

Who said his son was a slave to the flesh
When the spectacle ended, The charges were dropped.
Marvin was left with a hole in his chest.

He could've brought down a mountain
when he pounded on a table
or made the world collapse
for a lapse in behavior.
The pastor never spared the rod
but taught the wrath and fear of God
to stop this, godless
passion from burning
Barking from the throne while the castle falls...
He had a hand to smash the balance,
A voice like a vortex,
A temper like a terror threat,
A head like a hornet's nest
Every day the levee breaks
The flood gates, the bloody face
The black eye, baptized in shame
He brought home the battlefield
Sealed off the exits
Crawling up the walls
Absorbing the aggression
The source of his depression
The hurricane raging,
The awful tension sent his hands to the piano
forged a heaven in his heart,
but dragged him back to hell
when the arguments would start.

Because his father was a man of the cross,
Who said his son was a slave to the flesh
When the spectacle ended, The charges were dropped.
Marvin was left with a hole in his chest.

He mapped the length of his son's back
with a leather belt
Sapped his strength with tongue lashings
and heavy guilt
Attacked his legs with such savage
and deadly skill
The cracks left in the punched plaster
were never filled

Patched together from fragments
a sense of himself
Advocate for compassion
and the sensual
As parents sent the young packing
to the depths of hell
The tattoo of guns clapping;
the end of the world
A marriage bed unraveling
& a wedding bell
cracked. He fell into drug habits
the empty shell
The tragic end of love's passion
a temple that fell
The collapse of such a fragile
and sensitive will
Relapsed to ugly patterns
of kill or be killed.
To combat the drunken shadow
and wrestle the swell.
Came back to the blood he battled
Where the devil dwelled
To smash the glass;
and shatter himself.
After the sudden blast
A heavy quiet fell
He asked his father "Why?"
The silence wouldn't tell.
After the gun blast
A heavy quiet fell
He asked his father "Why?"

Because his father was a man of the cross,
Who said his son was a slave to the flesh
When the spectacle ended, The charges were dropped.
Marvin was left with a hole in his chest.

KITCHEN SINK

Moving photos of ghosts
Projected against the chemical smoke
It closes all around me

A taste bitter as paint thinner
Switch the sound off, breathe heavily,
They haven't found me--
Slouched over my desk,
with my head pressing the keys or
Sitting up in bed, scene reflected by the screen
Blood pounding in my temple,
Remote controlled by the feed
Fingers slip between the blinds
This is what I see outside:
vampires. pedophiles. secret police.
Threat levels elevated for weeks.
Feel my blood pressure peak
Before I snap the blinds shut
Heart beating in the darkness,
Eating from the box
Half-conscious, half-life
Full of sad nights spent
Re-running my favorite programs over again
Light glowing on my skin
My face shows no emotion
I sink into the sofa like a city sinking into the ocean.

Is the kitchen in the house? Is the closet in the house?
Is the bedroom in the house? Is the living room in the house?

Alright then check me out:
Lead paint peeling spreading stains in the ceiling
Revealing rust, dust, roaches and rats,
they make a killing. The smell of death is filling
What remains of the building
53 sq. feet makes my cypher
complete
Whether drooling on my pillow
Or laid out on my sheets
I keep falling, the TV keeps me falling asleep.
The world is mine in my dreams.
I see myself selling myself to myself
I feel like hell and cry for help til I'm held
Until I'm safe in the arms of my home-body
Shut in. Nobody knocks on my door no more
Nobody comes in
Though I'm sure my existance is a topic of discussion
They must wonder what the fuck will be left of the mess uncovered

When they finally take a wrecking ball to my bedroom wall
I will show them all
something.

Is the kitchen in the house? Is the closet in the house?
Is the bedroom in the house? Is the living room in the house?

I don't go out.
I just wander the halls
Fingers run along the crumbling walls
Sick and deformed like the dip in the floor
The drip in the kitchen's on a mission
to kill me off, I should've died in a crib fire
And will before long. Smoke rising from the old wiring
Ring the alarm
Wish I could decorate the place with the smell of napalm.
Barricade to save face, never answer the phone
Stay away from the shades, try to vanish in the smoke
I no longer know If I'm the cancer or the host
Can't manage to cope without damaging my throat
Used to make plans to go but they cancelled my show
Now I watch Channel Zero for a pattern in the snow
From the clock to the mirror to the carpet full of holes
Things have gone well beyond a job
for pest control...

Is the kitchen in the house? Is the closet in the house?
Is the bedroom in the house? Is the living room in the house?

THE FALL OF T.R.O.Y.

P.O.S.:
As I perspire through my pigment
Fire a cigarette, sire some newness
Dire corners stay dim lit
Dim wits stickin to rugers,
Slim kids sticking to coolness
Brollic youth'll get ruthless
Foolish will end up toothless

I slide through
Die when I'm lied to

(lie back)

Lay down, been dead, no salutes
No crowns, right?
They yellin 'hurry up and buy,
open your mouth and shut your eyes'
and no one even acts surprised no more...
Knowmore.org
So sore no pores enough to support
what i need to flush
All we need is a rush
All we need is a dutch
All we need is some weed (wrong)
All we need is a push
All we need is a boost
Who can't handle the truth?
All I need is these big black motherfuckin boots.

Who are you?

(On the move... on the move... Get a grip... Get a move on...)

Cadence Weapon:

Young man is a gargoye, get thrown off the building
And for a while, they all used to talk about building
But then the star, he got fired from the building
Then he went from song billings to bomb building
I made my drop
Cause you really used to get it, how you'd push it to the limit and
the kids vibe with it
But you stopped
Paralysis averages made on the charts have waned in the days
Since you stopped
Like a Wilson brother, you would fill song covers in the bin
'Til you get dropped
The well is dry, head is high for once until you drop
But you had nobody tell you, "buddy, you should stop"
Cautionary tale, auctions, every sale, so they can shop
Your remains still remain even when you're in a box
Wait to see him at wax museums for photo ops
No mas, no more, you were a whore for the props
The lock's not off, it's still on, you sing songs, but the light in
your mind's turned off
Deferred trust, rust never sleeps, why won't you just move off?

(On the move... on the move... Get a grip... Get a move on...)

B. Dolan:

Don't we love the static?

Fall back reset default automatic

Pause that,

Borders intact, cemented, all stagnant

Struck dumb, stuck to the floor

Raw arrogance

Collectible kicks, the broad spectrum is sick

We need more medicine

less cough suppressant.

Settled on a coffin fetish

and worship of solid objects

It's good to be hard but it's harder to be honest

It's nice to be smart but can you move an audience,

draw a crowd or paint a picture?

The temple sinks under the weight of scripture

The false idols and fake honors

I admit I lost faith when they chained us to the monument;

saw the waves raise to erase our accomplishment.

We're not healthy, we're just heavy.

You're not a Souljah Boy you're a mercenary

in a cryogenic sleep

Fighting windmills, locked up in a deep freeze

Froze in a still pose and sold to the museum

Acquired some new pieces but

You don't need 'em

Hand over the jewels.

This is a robbery.

Nobody moves.

BORDER CROSSING

Fade up on the scene

As he wakes up from the dream

In the between place

Not awake, not asleep

Such a waste. His sunken face

Frozen in a scream

Hypnotized by the *click click click*

of poker chips on the TV.

Falling

All-In

The dealer reveals a card
Reach for the remote but he's so far gone.
Just give up and leave it on,
Voices speak to him in tongues,
Noises bleeding into one, rain beating like a drum.
Can't shake the awful feeling;
They're feeding on his blood!
Can't get up, can't get out
Too much doubt to overcome
Too much lost, shut the door, cut em off.
No cure but to batten down the hatches,
But when the night falls
There's a storm in the mattress
The ship gets tossed in the wind and the water
No map, no captain, no course, no order,
No path towards morning
Or witness to the end,
Another victim of life, a prisoner in this bed
Caught up at the border of the living and the dead!

Caught up at the border of the living and the dead!
Can't get to sleep so the dream never ends!
Caught up at the border of the living and the dead!

That's deep. How deep? It's deeper than Atlantis

The tide drops before the surge
Bonded in his words
Everything is terrible, unsettled
The earth trembles
Splinters into fragments, missing and imbalanced
Secrets of the deep
Make him rage against the sheets
Used to think it would be beautiful to never rest in
(Peace!)
But God is an insomniac who never gets to
(Sleep!)
Another victim of addiction to scripted
(Reality!)
There's no Survivors in the Real World,
just Greed and Jeopardy
Re-occurring dreams of murder scenes and skirting the police
He did the dirty deed, surely destined to be

Hung by the Jury the verdict is reached
The sentence is set
No mercy, no pardon, no appeal, no rest
No escape from the collection of his unforgiven debt
No stay of execution from the judges in his head
Keeps looking at the time but the night never ends
When you're caught up at the border of the living and the dead.

Caught up at the border of the living and the dead!
Can't get to sleep so the dream never ends!
Caught up at the border of the living and the dead!

That's deep. How deep? It's deeper than Atlantis

MISTER BUDDY BUDDY

Say hell to Mister Buddy Buddy
The charlatan; the confidence man,
Half man half mannequin
Living in the closet where the objects are inanimate
Jingling his pockets, Talking money in his sleep
Talking funny like a president, Buddy is a creep.
He studied to be a priest
Now he preaches to the lost toys
Speaking in a soft voice
Sneaky with the altar boys
Ask him what his name is.
He'll tell ya "Buddy Buddy, heh heh,
no relation."
The living go to die in the hole where his face is
At the beginning of time
he showed Satan how to shapeshift
Body image issues--
Never seen himself naked
Making money is a hobby but he wants to be famous
He goes antique shopping for Nazi paraphernalia
but Buddy's not a racist
He just loves a good sales pitch
Whichever way the scales tip
You can't knock the hustle
of reaching in your chest
and squeezing that weak muscle...

Mister Buddy Buddy.
Doin the Buddy Buddy.
(x4)

Say hello to Buddy Buddy
at the scene of the accident.
Master of the fast-pitch bumper sticker magnet
Pump it to the masses
Who snatch it up like addicts
Unsnap the brass latches of alligator suitcase
And pedal pleasant fragments
With new and improved taste
Six million ways to flavor the Kool Aid.
A ripple through his face when the room gets played
Never let a little thing like Truth get in the way...
The music he makes is loop-based
Blooms like a stain
Grows on ya like a rash or a tumor on the brain
Cyanide and toothpaste, the tools of his trade
Pass the laughing gas cuz Buddy is onstage!
A master of the craft
A study in blackface
A series of site gags in utterly bad taste
With a clearance price tag on everything he displays
He gets the fuck outta Dodge ahead of the hurricane...
Nothing remains but destruction in his wake
and bunch of no-buddies
praying for more rain....

Mister Buddy Buddy.
Doin the Buddy Buddy.
(x4)

BODY OF WORK

Her story is getting old
In a night with no company
Stood up by the door
so uncomfortably
Gnawing at her thumb til it bleeds
She's in the way

Bent out of shape
the money makes her wait
The waitress looks her way and makes a face
Staring at the empty plate
Drift away...
Shifty and agitated
Frustration and despair
Silent phone and lonely rage
Why isn't he here
We had a date...
For chrissake...

The corner's colder than the tomb
The city air is empty
I live in god's country
I let the devil tempt me
Drowning in the wishing well
Surrounded in this living hell
These people think they're better than me
But I've got bellies to feed
That dress is too expensive
and that movie's been made
I do for you
you do for me
it's a mutual exchange
it fills a desperate need
3 hours late he finally texted me
Lost his nerve, maybe next week
Another deadbeat.

Another drop of poison on my tongue
Another cloud of smoke filling my lungs
Rough kisses smudge the paint on my lips
Hungry stomachs and tight fists
Broken bones and bruised nerves
Sounding the alert
In a body of work.
in a body of work.
They promise her to the dirt
in her body.

The city is a blister
Splitting open wide
The rotted shell of an insect

Laid out on its side
A little death
The hot white spotlight
Paints the darkness
With our silhouettes
I haven't met the numbers in my head
and can't go home yet
Instead I'm slouched against a post on a fence
Posing for them that pose a threat and hold me by the neck
Approaching next the slack jaws and fat rolls
Who get what they ask for
The dashboard glows
I tug at my clothes
Try to act casual
Tell them what it costs to rob me
They look me up and down and then we
bargain over parts of my
body and mind... separate
The hour is getting late
The lost time
Dividing dollar signs before my eyes
I should've sized them up better
but it's a long drive at the end of an off-night
and they seemed alright
I never ask too many questions
Get in at the intersection to slip from the city's memory
and what do you get...

Another drop of poison on my tongue
Another cloud of smoke filling my lungs
Rough kisses smudge the paint on my lips
Hungry stomachs and tight fists
Broken bones and bruised nerves
Sounding the alert
In a body of work.
in a body of work.
They promise her to the dirt
in her body.