

## Guard Your Gates

Kevin Devine

You were savaged and shook by the cretinous crooks in your crib  
On the 5th of July, all that grease from the night on your lids  
From the crypt of your room, drilled a hole in the moon, where  
you hid

'Til your power supply shorted dusty & dry. That was it

Sometimes I'd like to be the fierce competition  
Although I'm better off marooned in the priest caste  
No death by decimal score, no dean of admissions  
Just supporting actors, understudying the leading man

It's a cold light  
In your spent heat

Go guard your gates, Powder Keg  
Let the lightning in your lineage lay  
Down for days, Powder Keg  
Leave the lightening to the rest of us  
Your borderline protectorate  
Of "fingers crossed" & pixie dust  
You never know until it's too late