

What left you blank could leave you restless
out of breath young princes slave
the day away your pennies save and often spent
what has been lost has been received and lost in ceremony

She was a dancer for children
She has a chance for an exit
She was a builder of cities
He had the lips of a cobra

They carved your portrait into woods
our swords still under the sheets on T.V. screens and V.C.R.'s

Calling all jungle boys the party's over
poaching won't get you nothing but death
on the roof of my mouth to the bodies on the desert floor
grab handfuls of hair pull to belly splits
splitting on a system that made you rich

Words from your lips onto the ground all the novels that you read
all the useless information words we throw them at each other and mix them all together
to formulate an opinion without a second thought
my thoughts are yours
your thoughts are mine
just divided by.

WORDS

I know why I'm talking will you leave the light on