

Starve an Artist, Cover Your Trash

Every Time I Die

Still balancing the bar, stiff-necked. Withstanding
change like a tragic
play or holy war between the sects. The carnival stands
but the cities will
tend to move. Like planets around a star, or water
circling the drain? Sould
less potboilers. Avant guardian angels on the wrong page
of the map. Avant
guardian angel I am heartache, let me pass. Still holding
up the wall. Still
life. A landmark placed for the photo op. He's got no
teeth, he doesn't bite an
empire falls but the cockroaches stay to breed. Is it
superior genes, or won't
death collect such awful things? Yes it's garbage, but
does that mean that it's
art? Gourmet carnage, a pulse without a heart. If you
leave it hanging long
enough, someone will be amazed and just because it's
personal doesn't mean it's
not cliché. If it doesn't look like something now, steal
it before it does.
Avant guardian angel on the wrong page of the map. Avant
guardian angel I am
heartache, let me pass I will be there to help straighten
out the frame that so
proudly displays my own death certificate.