

Lay Down

John Vanderslice

I haven't seen you around
Since security had your face in the ground
Oh how I admire your endless fight
Vengeance as pure as the silvery light

Lay down
Your days are over unless you lay down

As a friend from the old selenium days
If you don't settle this by May
You'll disappear in a cardboard box
They'll feed you pickled greens and radish tops