

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