

Everything's Burned

Michael Malarkey

Burned

Easily crushed up, kind of callow
Shoot the shutterbugs in Time's Square
Peanut brittle in Candy Land
Archetypal brunette with hawks eye's
A lion's man and pale horse heart
Bit in mouth and ring in nose
Led by red, mistrusted instead
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Burned

Crumpled and burned
When the rain crashes like a wildebeest herd
We follow will 'o the wisp's through the rats and hogs
We span the velocity on bald eagle's wings
Colour-blind schemes, motifs and themes
Faint scent of plaster, cracked alabaster
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Faint scent of plaster, cracked alabaster

Turn your back on the stigmas
Let them walk their own stilts
Knock them out from under the walkers
But don't spoil the family circus fun
There is a safety net
We'll fall fine
There is a safety net
We'll fall fine

Burned

And burning still, shredded and holy
Still, calm and withdrawn
Pulling in to push out
Whip and crack to taste from the purple panther
Dizzy as Plumb Street
The saxophone player on Fifth Avenue he got a band now
Running wild through The Pound from the bloodhounds
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But it's not my turn to challenge the fire queen
Aerial map of the skin
The delicate sounds of downtown
Even the asphalt and silicone have voices, gothic panes
Lined skin, serenades
Crystal ball eyes, cold lights, warm colours
If you bounce to the rhythm, you will never get numb
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