

Fin

Pavement

Open call for prison architects, send me your blueprints ASAP
Stack the walls such that I cannot breathe
Man is breeding forever, because of the weather
I hope soon to leave from the east

No more absolutes
No more absolutes
Stick your penitentiary clothes inside the vent
And run along, Leigh

Amateur sea salt gatherers colonized
They're good enough for Conrad Hilton, not good enough for my eyes
I trust you will tell me if I am making a fool of myself
Man is breeding forever, breeding forever
They come out and blister the sea