Winslow

Rishloo

Raven found herself a skinny skin stiletto
in the middle of a crowd she needs a number
fabricating passion for her painted fellows
in the middle of a crowd she needs a lover
I want to know...
why are we breaking bottles when this well is running dry?
drunk on Aerosol Shithole Paradise
keep them guessing
make them sweat it out all at once
we've always been
I think I'm better than them
spirits thick as thieves the building speaks in riddles
in the middle of a crowd it needs a number
sharpening its teeth the spirits weeping widows
in the middle of a crowd there are no others
I want to know...
why are we breaking bottles when this well is running dry?
it's The Great Subliminal Entertainment Device
With Teeth, Building Living Ghosts
be calm, be calm, you Riders on The Storm
see it for the shadowbox cannibal dance distraction
see it for the tired smoke-and-mirror display
see it for the crimson neon stained glass refraction
see it for what it is, not what you want it to be
leave a little leather-
bound miranda in the doorway so she won't say a thing
make a little miserable scene out of her
I thought we were
I thought we had gone
oh - spare the din your chloroform refrain
pack away those old Euphoria Grenades
look at all of them reaching, look at all those hands
pulling, grabbing, pushing in the interest of an understanding
wasteland
Winslow! Oh, Winslow...
don't look away now!

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