

## End Of The World Show

Senser

String a man along like a life form waiting to be touched by a  
higher hand, origin beyond your control out of your command  
What is it to be a man? Skin tone? Silkworm? Cortisone?  
I don't hear alarm bells, those aren't alarm bells  
We recede inside ourselves, inside our shells, what you might call  
hells  
Inside as well, it shares your cell  
You never spent more than a couple of breaths just with yourself  
(without your props)  
Hmmm, how to tell you what you are... a clue is left in the soles  
of your feet!  
"I love your outfit, is it real meat?" But I've seen you walking  
around without it

If they cry a little longer, if they die a little harder inside  
, anyway, same things just keep happening

Hit the ground a little harder, live the lie a little longer, a  
nytime, in a way same things just keep happening

The end of the world show is a re-run

Grave challenge of mind, no balance inspired, words that violate  
rhyme, poison nations switching stations, digesting this time  
after time, line to line.  
Sine waves stymie the bored tick of the brain, dissolve away, drain  
the multi circuit vein by vein.  
Souls spraying open holes in the crossfire

Cowgirls riding on a string of pearls; Orpheus into the underworld  
Into the valley of living dead with the night vision, ghosts bathed  
in the infrared  
Sight specific, monolithic bathed in the glow that melts the permafrost,  
were you hurt? Were you lost? Trampled in the race to the trough?

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Brute force. par for the course, territory brought us nothing but  
wars, race hate took us to the Holocaust and now we're out of  
time, out of breath, pluck a little tune on the lyre to death

With a chorus that glows like embers or  
Emeralds, diamonds, paraphernalia, generals in four-  
star regalia  
Every little inch we paid in blood, paid in full, now you want  
to change the rules?  
Skyline sunset, pink like Crylon, too many positive ions, you l  
ook pretty high and nigh-on perfect in your nylons

Hit the ground a little harder, live the lie a little longer, a  
nytime, in a way same things just keep happening

If you get what's happening, dolls and lazy mannequins, I don't  
hear alarm bells, that's the children singing

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