

THE CUT DEPICTS THE CUT

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

Patterns repeating and nothing left to eat inside the kitchen
Degreaser, what's found under the sink is for the taking

Taking
Submi-
Taking

Submission, the meaning is the object
Not the thing it's been laced with
And hunger makes a menace of us all
And hunger makes a

Beat us out with the play
Fuck what the meters say, the red says it all
Needlessly forget to, accept when the matter bleeds
The cut depicts the cut

I don't need vindication
Nor apologies from a thousand miles of dust...

Education is my problem
Every instance of your trust
All I need is your old sparkle
To achieve my dreams as such