

The Fan And The Bellows

The Chameleons

A Beechers Brook is low
A hurdle at which greater men have fallen
She manipulates
Steals my mind and hides it in the garden

But now, only love can bring me down
Somehow, somehow love must bring me down
I become the fan and the bellows

The cupid masturbates
Absent of all thought and of all reason
Shoots me in the back
I think perhaps it must be shooting season
Not me! Not me!