

this is only a test (the tornado)

The pAper chAse

Hara-kiri kids come kill yourselves
Slice your throats and spurt the blood
Paint a wall cloud weather cell
A vortex of self
Put your tongue in the mouth of the old funnel cloud, adel

I have become pregnant with myself
Bloated bellies distended out like corpses sweat and swell
We f**ked ourselves
We let our thighs fall to each side of the cyclone they sell

And there will be no pie graphs or charts to speak of
No slogans for the repeating
No silver bullet was shot
No hand over heart, no X marks the spot
No catchphrase for stars a feignin'
No big letter writing campaign
No fanfare fills up the room
No interviews, no big kaboom

The fruit is falling 'cause the tree is rotting, my dear
You were a good mare for the state
But you're no longer needed here
Go back to your coup
So I can chop off my head as an act of contrition for you

I sleep in my clothes, 'cause nobody knows
When the shit goes down, we're gonna turn this thing around
I'll keep tying my shoes, 'cause there's no telling when you...
everybody now! We're gonna turn this thing around

I sleep in my clothes, 'cause nobody knows
If it will touch down, we're gonna turn this thing around
I'll keep tying my shoes, 'cause there's no telling when you...
everybody now!!! Everybody now!!!

The whistling, winding trees, the boiling of the seas
We know what you are
The hum of coming trains, the connection we can't maintain
We know what you are, we know what you are