

Adelleda, Double Base

Products of lust through incidental reproduction
A group of kids stuffed, primed and fated for self-destruction
Four or five years will get the job done
Sometimes advancement comes with two or even none
But let me tell you
With buzzcuts looking horrible and Tom needing de-lousing
With the finest olive snowsuits on
And goggles for reflected sun
We sing old-fashioned songs
And trudge through low-income housing
We press on, we press on
I'm guessing that we're close
I see some Eskimos
Lost 6 or 7 toes
And I can finally say that we'll never make it home
It's all we know
And snowshoeing is fucking tough within
This arctic circle pit, but I've danced worse than this
The northern lights try to reflect the path
At 30 centigrade below the zero mark
The top of the world is calling
With sensors reading low on oxygen
We ask ourselves some simple questions
If not us, who? If not now, when?