

At The Drive-In, Rascuache

of fences with switches
turn them on
the moats of your homes
poured salt
on these slugs
mugshot fatigue
shimmering

pacemaker pace yourself
you were slowly clawing
your way out

tourniquet of gossip
on a board of checkered
chess
salt ring probing
in case of emergency
stampede is coming
mastodon infantry
radiate this frequency
and show me just what
the hell you mean

pacemaker pace yourself
you were slowly clawing
your way out

here comes the bride
here comes the bride
lavender and smothered
in black turpentine

pacemaker pace yourself
you were slowly clawing
your way out