

# Honeydogs, Into Thin Air

Behind shaky worship heaves a bitter moon  
Motherwit and street smarts bloom  
Things fall apart the center cannot hold  
Women on rockets and the men all follow

There might not a file but they're keeping tabs on you  
oil on water and a turd in the Louvre  
Turncoats smile and then they grieve  
They dig your grave shallow so you can breathe  
Into Thin Air

The yellow sun will someday smolder red  
Cords and cables, steel and concrete lie useless and dead  
No worms and blood, bones and hair  
A pasteless shell powders into thin air  
Into Thin Air