

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