

# Hot Cross, Better a Corpse Than a Nun

Spread ourselves thin and wipe away the sweat of working though a thick skin  
The easiest way to dodge is to ignore  
Spit back and wait for more  
Turn the pages of history yellowed, underlined and torn  
No chance of tracing exactly how these terms were born  
Rewrite plan of attack  
Find a number with a bullet  
Fellate the right minds so a suit won't pull it  
Label the lie  
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Though it may be better than sitting above your higher horse  
running backwards through ten years of the same course  
I'm done asking why we look ahead when we face the wrong way  
Better to swallow my intentions and watch the past slip away