

Kind Of Like Spitting, Bubble Congress

Faith in traffic
Faith in healthy horses
Faith in the salts of flesh,
Faith in F sharp
That quick flavor turning in a hardcore kid's eye,
As if upwards to heaven

As if faithfully by your side,
I smell catalog numbers stacking,
One yellow line racing one untouched spine.

Let it relax
All the muscles, tendons slack.
It's not the worst that you've seen.
Ports and docks, water and money
Simple little guitar things

All the worker bees
Storm up the trees
Do you need to reinstall?
I can make the call.

And the end becomes the trailer when,
What's put down in penice reacts again,
The end becomes the trailer when it's gone

The end becomes the trailer when
What's set down in fiction feeds back again,
The end becomes the trailer when it's gone.

Then our lives won't be based on facts,
Just what we heard
So we fold each other over like falling birds

Zeros after Zeroes cloud our sight.