

Planes Mistaken For Stars, Pigs

dwarfed by chrome, steel, and iron skies.

hide me in the hills with sniper's eyes.

let it burn.

let us build again.

who needs radar?

we use scent!

let fall the altars on the pigs as they pray.

let us lash out the tongues that have taught us shame.

let us bind the hands that would have us tamed.

reclaim!

who needs radar?

we use scent!