

# Winterpills, Broken Arm

I think I finally understand  
the way a broken arm can hate the hand  
the way a farmer hates his crop  
the way a lawyer hates the honest cop  
the smell of chamomile  
beneath my sickle blade  
will not comfort the cancer-stricken  
or provide some common shade

I finally woke up at the drop  
and told the driver that he had to stop  
and then he got down on his knees  
you know these actors always die in threes  
the sound of dialog  
translated by a hack  
it gives me chills when she pays the bills and  
still has time to surprise attack

Come out come out come out and say it  
why can't you come out and say it  
come out come out come out and say it  
why can't you come out and say it

The look of camouflage  
on the ones who beg  
the decider says I'm a fighter  
but I can't feel my fucking legs

lalalalala

Come out come out come out and say it  
why can't you come out and say it  
come out come out come out and say it  
why can't you come out and say it  
come out come out come out.