

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.