

# At The Drive-In, Shaking Hand Incision

Nothing ever changes.  
Except your scenery arrangements.  
In the affectionate hands of horsepowered assault.  
You best keep your pants on, boy.  
Behind the armor of fault.

Homeless makeshift triggers.  
You'll never walk again.  
You'll never walk again.

In the choked mouths of rivers.  
Parted like a sea of loaded infertility.  
Best keep your stitched lips starched in a giggle.

Homeless makeshift triggers.  
You'll never walk again.  
You'll never walk again.

In piles of clothing sleep the...  
In piles of clothing sleep the...  
In piles of clothing sleep the...

Stitched lips starched in a giggle.  
In piles of clothing sleep the dead.  
No wire coat hangers.  
Never again.  
Never again.  
Never again.

[Whispered:]  
(Nothing ever changes.  
Except your scenery arrangements.  
In the affectionate hands of horsepowered assault.  
You best keep your pants on, boy.  
Behind the armor of fault.  
Stitched lips starched in a giggle.  
No wire coat hangers.)

Stitched lips starched in a giggle.  
Stitched lips, starched, starched, starched.  
Stitched lips starched in a giggle.  
Never again.  
Never again.  
Never again.

In piles of clothing sleep the...  
In piles of clothing sleep the...