

# At The Drive-In, Transatlantic Foe

pet sounds filling pet peeve void's  
black and white tv with the sound turned down  
is it mono or stereo?  
lending aneurysm satisfaction in the  
fruitless gaze of your mona lisa lazy smile  
trick ourselves in portable stanzas  
black russian throated on this  
guillotine cancer  
how steep we are  
but there's just no telling  
just no telling  
savion is under heel clicking  
morse code through movie stills again  
the sky had blackened with carrion birds  
pinstriped suits and cigarettes tapped danced  
through the tepid burlesque  
their mouths were parched with excess thirst  
bridge and chorus candy curse  
still they snag through the strepthroat verse  
pet sounds filling pet peeve voids  
black and white tv with the sound turned down  
like breathing blood through lungs of czar's child  
if i had a dollar for every plot that you made  
in this bed of nails you make  
how steep  
how steep we are