

Be Your Own Pet, Thresher's Flail

Still cornfields roasting yellow in the sun
I've never had this much fun
I've never had my own gun
Bring in the choir, give the kids a Goddamn sign

Look us in the centre of our eyes
And tell me when I'm going to die

Put on your snowboots
You left behind the biggest trick
...? broken limbs
And you'll make us be better people

Today we'll harvest corn
And every three seconds when a baby is born
We'll imagine their faces
Ande the faces that they have won

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