Beck, Midnite Vultures

Botox injections Chemical solvents Making midnight movies Contaminated actors Living on a farm Harnessed to a life of protein and equipment

Gristling in grain Soft nights Everyday a reaction to the affection

Manholes and light towers walking down imitation streets Little girls with plastic cameras
And shops full of cold cuts and candy
Feeding the trains and bisecting the night
Hand grenades in the trash
Medics running from the sun

She borrowed cartilage wire Tracing my face With broken hands