

Between The Buried And Me, Informal Gluttony

Rebuild
Cannot close our eyes

Construction paper traffic...corner of destruction
The cityspace burns brighter by the hour
Clock tower: bring us all down
Marching like ants to the foundation of a higher form
Trash, Capped and smothered. Trash bag, trash hat
Wrinkle-free clients of doom

Feed me fear (informal gluttony)

Construction paper lawns...force-fed attention grabber...
when will you learn
First come first serve
They all can eat trumpet...playing the tunes of our death
Breathe...now blow. Now blow.

Let it be heard

The preacher's talen is going through the airwaves
(I need to be led in the right direction. Set up the bumpers...running in the gutter)
The little kids taught me well...
but I wonder why they don't listen anymore
(It's a television nightmare)
Eat and watch, eat eat eat...what they feed
Corner office tavles, give me the best view in the hut

Feed me fear (informal gluttony)