

Cave In, Magnified

ill show you a trick with ants when
the suns high in the sky we can
burn them up to crisy black shells
see them crunched by old slow slick snails
light the fuse inside the dead bird
feather flurries rain on our heads
empty nests with three small brown eggs
well think of something before the night ends
dont hurt a fly the all say
dont rape a girl in bright may
dont kill anyone ever
lay still extend this fever
the suns just
a big glass
we're all ants
i love you