

Daan, Bridge Burner

Cold rod
You're a little god
Fine plot
but a little odd
scapegoat
with no time
and no bridges left to burn
sweet rhymes
never stop
sisters
of a melting top
in the year of
running after
the shape of things
that are gone
slices
of a new frontier
calling
for the engineer
drowning
in a pool of beer
with no bridges left to burn
I feel like a streetcar
without parking space
broker
with a poker face
can you still smile
at a lost trial
with no bridges left to burn ?