

# Dntel, Natural Resources

The other night, a firefight  
Bursts of sewing machine gun fire  
From your position  
Barricaded behind the piano

I return with small arms  
Stuttered shots from typewriter keys

And yet in the silence  
Between the volley  
The hearts of weary camps  
Sing to each other:

"However faintly  
As we each seek to claim  
Disputed territory"

The us beneath the other (x4)

The us beneath the other  
Which is rich  
In natural resources (x4)