

# Forgive Durden, A Dead Person Breathed On Me

I've got shovels for my hands  
Anchors for my legs  
Wings jut out of my shoulder blades  
I can go anywhere

I can't go anywhere  
I'm trapped in a mirror  
And you're certainly no hammer

Like the fiery sun  
Whose touch nothing outruns  
But the craters of the arctic moon  
My burning eyes are after you

So add another notch  
In your painted town I'll rot  
As another nameless block  
What's learned won't quickly be forgot