

Made Out Of Babies, Silverback

Drying Stains Spell things in words uneasily

In crowded pens

A drying mouth's final

Hiss of growing limbs

Faster than the skin

The arrows pointing to the thunder of the tanks in vacant lots

Down dark pathways

Special paintings line the wall

The ghastly glow of broken saints

The cheeks of working flames burn blue

And spit out words see what we've done we stayed up all this life for you and now you owe this mu

Here on your shoulders till we're

When at first it's all in fun once

White's misshapen eyes glued shut then

In Words

In Pens

In Limbs faster than the skin

Sick limp of Tin on Tongue shoulders pushing through

Cut line In Waves of Blue hiss of growing limbs live ice

In reams of tin

All in Crowded Pens