

Malice In Leatherland, Grovel

And by the throat,
you shoved your pride,
this forced disdain,
writhes inside my mind,

All dreams will creep their petty pace,
your wings are singed; your feathers frayed,
The asphalt calls so don't delay,
to rev your engines, and cruise away...

I'd scrape these nerves,
out of my tired eyes,
please spare this gaze,
of your wretched guise...