

# Nine Horses, Atom And Cell

Her skin was darker than ashes  
And she had something to say  
Bout being naked to the elements  
At the end of yet another day  
And the rain on her back that continued to fall  
From the bruise of her lips  
Swollen, fragile, and small

And the bills that you paid with were worth nothing at all  
A lost foreign currency  
Multi-coloured, barely reputable  
Like the grasses that blew in the warm summer breeze  
Well she offered you this to do as you pleased

And where is the poetry?  
Didn't she promise us poetry?

The redwoods, the deserts, the tropical ease  
The swamps and the prairie dogs, the Joshua trees  
The long straight highways from dirt road to tar  
Hitching your wheels to truck, bus, or car

And the lives that you hold in the palm of your hand  
You toss them aside small and damn near unbreakable  
You drank all the water and you pissed yourself dry  
Then you fell to your knees and proceeded to cry

And who could feel sorry for a drunkard like this  
In a democracy of dunces with a parasites kiss?

And where are the stars?  
Didn't she promise us stars?

Nothing will ever be as it was  
The price has been paid with a thousand loose shoes  
Pictures are pasted on shop windows and walls  
Like a poor mans Boltanski  
Lost one and all.

Sell, sell  
Bid your farewell  
Come, come  
Save yourself  
Give yourself over  
Pushing your consciousness  
Deep into every atom and cell,  
Sell,  
Bid your farewell  
Come, come  
Save yourself  
Give yourself over  
Pushing your consciousness  
Deep into every atom and cell,  
Sell,  
Bid your farewell  
Come, come  
Save yourself  
Give yourself over  
Pushing your consciousness  
Deep into every atom and cell