

Snapcase, Blacktop

Your self control might be a muscle spasm
New direction isn't everlasting though
Grove for straws you've got to plan
This week
Then the crutch dissolves
When she walks too sweet

Ration of blacktop on the slope of
Nowhere
Came out to greet the unresponsive
Stare
Turn green with envy over something
You missed
You didn't know what when you
Fell down in it

Walk on top, you run beneath
The blacktop spreads
The blacktop spreads