

# Sponge, Miles

two brothers  
the walking dead  
pray for silence the  
said  
one shot to the sky  
the other held down  
by disguise

sex for an angry man  
to whores they can count  
on him  
One made of paper  
the other glass  
one will tear  
the other crashed

oh god, was i that man up  
on a cross  
made of steel  
stuck on my wall cold and  
thin  
who watched me die  
and did not care

miles to go before i sleep

the inside marched on  
parade to the outside  
where no one came  
what was there,  
it scorched the vround  
the other made no sound