

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