

# The Receiving End Of Sirens, Bell Book And Can

this town:  
near-demilitarized.  
carrier pigeons  
commit ritual suicide.

pleas for pity  
and blank responses collide.  
tied to their ankles.  
tied like tired anchors.

but i know  
you drink  
like a fish out of water  
and your everywhere, everywhere,  
without a drop for me.

we were land lovers  
together.  
or don't you remember?  
don't you remember?

and between empties and keys  
i know you've fought wars.

but your a regular  
Benedict when you wander, like  
a derelict,  
house to house.  
you're a regular  
traitor.

we stood and shook red-handed,  
burying the hatchet,  
even as our legs cried out  
to run in different directions.

the innest crowd is throwing up last night's party  
on a floor that isn't theirs  
'til even their bodies hate their guts.

we've worked this swords to ploughshares  
and back until our shared secrets were cannon fodder,  
and comforts caused a coup d'etat.

bell, book, and candle.

so are you gonna to drop me like your morals?  
you gonna drop me like you promised?  
you gonna drop me like our ideals?  
gonna drop me like our dreams?  
or are you gonna drop me like your concern  
for others and being honest?  
you gonna drop me like all logic?  
beyond reason, there you are.

(you can't draw the bow back and blame the arrow.)

(we stood and shook red handed,  
burying the hatchet,  
even as our legs cried out to run.)