

Caustic Acrostic

Fugazi

Lights out for the cynical sharps
For their wide-eyed foils and all attendant props
Supporters of flash and pan-fried fucks
Who grease like cops throwing round their weight
And I feel dangerous and vexed
Swinging two ton second guess
And every motion just cuts too cruel too cruel
And the implication is that you're implicated
Like a caustic acrostic spelling out your name
Lights out cos I can see in the dark
Sidewind my way to the mark of fuse lines
Gas-wet for a spark
I crash I burn I've fully lost it anyway
And you're nowhere
Lights out loser

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