The Hexx

Pavement

Capistrano swallow, answer to your inner voice
and please return,
God installed that radar in your pointy little beak
so you'd return.Epileptic surgeons with their eyes x'ed out
attend to the torn up kid.
salivate and reckon with all the sick things
that you did.The secondary stumbles cause the cadence of the count
has lead them astray,
Pray their intuition leads them crashing into bodies
in a perfect way.But I, I saw you reeling in a parking lot,
I, I saw you rallying round a parking lot,
Line up for the comfort and kick it on the bumper,
Know (no?) there is no leeway
you're standing on the freeway in love,
Motion, you were destined for the paupers grave.Architecture students are like virgins
with an itch they cannot scratch,
Never build a building till you're 50
what kind of life is that?Stalled out on an escalator
wishing which way to return up or down,
My Palestinian nephew got his face blown off
in a dusty crowd.

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