Woolen Heirs

These Arms Are Snakes

He, he sinks in the ground,
On these streets of 11th and Howell.
May he run down blocks and city halls,
To be drank by city folks and shivering crows, to make this right.
All the way down to the Sound!You'll be a sound mite, and I'll be your roe.
And all of those blood types, become the sow.He said he sold one leg,
To a mite on the corner of 11th and Howell.
So he could run down the throats,
Of any folks that he cared to choke,
In shivering clothes, to make this right.You'll be a sound mite, and I'll be your roe.
And all of those blood types, become the sow.Teeth jangling lie like lights supporting the whole thing.
They spit, drool slowly falls. Gelatin rain!
(For the second embrace!)
(Opening eyes erases all sound.)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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