

# Opiates

## Throwing Muses

In spite of everything, like redoubled efforts to glide backward,

To go in both directions, this dumb boat still doesn't fly

And that's no way to let a body down

I believe in balancing after a month of midnights in hot water

Scalded under holy water, punctuated with the punch of opiates

And that's no way to bring a body down

Standing with a bulging fist of nickles for the parking meter

That's the art and science part of your eccentric sleight of hand

And that's no way to cool a body down

I believe in violencing after a feast of fasting on hot water

Scalded within by holy sin, punctuated with the punch of opiates

And that's no way to bring a body down

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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