Thresher's Flail

Be Your Own Pet

Still cornfields resting you in the sun
I've never had this much fun
I've never had my own gun
Bring in the choir, give the kids a Goddamn son

Look us in the centre of our eyes
And tell me when I'm going to die

Put on your snowboots
You left behind the biggest trick
...? broken limbs
And you're making these better people (?)

Today we'll harvest corn
And every three seconds when a baby is born
We'll imagine their faces
In the face that they have won

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written by JAMIN ORRALL, JEMIMA PEARL ABEGG, NATHAN VASQUEZ, JONAS STEIN
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