# Survival

## Shudder to Think

I put up a song
sad
to grease the temple
start in the middle
with no hands, no fans to hit me like you do
I would rather be wrong than to burn forever, mired in achy blueThe flames they love you but my lips catch fireI put up a sign said, "Grease the temple." Startled Tomatoes.
It sounds like nothing so hip me to the till.
We would rather belong than to spend our lives cold obfuscate by will
I feel some lectric bass is up to Hill.Survival. We fight over who comes along.
We let the dew drops beat us black and blue,
balloons write the songs. Mistreat me like the the boy you knew
who sings his life along, and
spins you like a fool top.
How longwaitSTOPI put up a song
sad
to grease the temple, start in the middle with no hands
no hands to hit me like I like
You can hammer these long words
and sentences into obscenes you like
I feel I'm missing;
bait, just off the mikeSurvival. We Fight over who comes along. We let the dew drops beat us black and blue,
balloons light the lawns. Treat me like the the boy you knew
who swings his life along, and sings you like a fool song.
How longwaitSTOPFeet don't want to drag. You lucky Jew,
you're spot on. Let's see those fingers, hon.
Spit out your gum and sing along.
Ooooyour luck is through. They all still speak of your sweet decisions, son.
About a suitcase junky bum.

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