

Ambulance Vs. Ambulance

The Blood Brothers

Ambulance X extracts several consultants
from the slow gumming death at the office orifice.
Ambulance Y imprisons the sigh of the recent amputee
and dumps her in the xylophone trees.
Ambulance X scours the tanning complex for repunzels
rotting in their skin cooking coffins.
Ambulance Y drops the body off at the door step.
Ambulance X pulls you out of the party
and rubs your freckles like a DJ to his records
but Ambulance Y teaches you the word goodbye
and cuts your hands to show you where you stand,
under the monolith of what is love and what is scam,
what is sun and what is tan.
The Ambulance Angels pull up to your doorstep
the sirens flash emergency,
"you'd better come quick."
The Ambulance Angels chisel a crack in your mouth,
and then they paint a landscape with your regret and shouts.
Roll tape and decode the moans,
ventilate the scandal from these locked up mouth holes.
You'll never see your wife
and children again so tell us what it was going through your head,
when you looked into their eyes
and said "no thanks i'll take the hooker instead"
You'll never see that office again
so when the nurse amputates both of your thighs
come a little bit closer to the mic
and tell us what you miss more your desk or the hungry sky.
The Ambulance Angels pull up to the graveyard,
and leave you there bubbling broken sonnets and shards.
The Ambulance Angels notify your next of kin
and show them the scrap book of your operation:
His head was a faucet leaking love, laughter and lies:
all his secret wishes, all his world famous sighs.
Before you remember, Oh yeah, before you give in,
just remember we're coming back for your children.

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