

# Q Quarters

## The Associates

Come to Q quarters  
We're watching heads of state from here  
Sticking their Fabers  
Deep into the empire's ear  
Moulding the conscience  
Severe in every secret sworn  
Now take the cuckoo and revel in your image born

Push through the high ranks  
Bulldoze sacred heritage  
Instinct finds shelter  
Cowering in the foliage  
Detour reservoirs  
Flood a city pretty please  
Lost in petroleum  
Fueled to fill the empty seas

Obsolete children  
Their populations died en masse  
Concrete civilians  
Statues to the house of rest  
Washing down bodies  
Seems to me a dead-end chore  
Floors me completely  
Beauty drips from every pore  
From every pore  
From every pore

Q quarters  
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