# Buckeye

## Red Meat

Turn on all the lights and punch them out
All four burners going, pile it on fire
Metal sparks in the nuclear box
Fist through a window pane
And our broken coffee cups litter the kitchen floor
Smoke rolling across the ceiling
Suck down the bride's champagne
And swallow a few more sleepy ones
Pass the bottle to none and swing from the gate
Speak in the name of suffering as loud as it gets
Knuckled holes in everything spittle
And love fling into a crying eye that runs away
A dead dog in the street nothing brings a slain king back
You'll never know the bittersweet smell
Of leaving this world of your own volition, so jacked up

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