

Sergio

Baustelle

Wet hands admitted and
Through dead nails all splitting sand
Underneath it's strychnine
Winds that change are never seen
Beasts that back to the wall and cry
Best of the hopeless never die
For God's sake forget to speak
Miles of what you've got to eat
Terminal, the playgroup says
Off to the side with an average
Blaming the dolls like heretics
Apostles or inebriates
Hold on tight, we're going to wake
Laugh to death for pity's sake
Framed for crimes that are never sold
Lies and secrets never been told
Look just like the two of us
Standing at the terminus
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