

# Immortals

## Eugene McGuinness

Do not adjust your TV sets  
What you're about to see is a live broadcast  
With a warning to whom it concerns  
We have scenes some viewers  
may find disturbing You can run from your impending doom  
But we're all immortal  
You're so stunned from our bolts from the blue  
But we're all immortal Where humdrum's slum-bums are down and out  
Down where you couldn't turn  
a fucking sweet in your mouth  
We'll paraglide across this dystopian junkyard  
Press the fast forward over all the boring parts You can run from your impending doom  
But we're all immortal  
You're so stunned from our bolds from the blue  
But we're all immortal Call me hollow  
Call me Apollo  
Call me what you like Re-stitch the scars, too much too late  
Too little too early,  
Say hello to the birdie and wait  
For the flash, later or sooner comes  
Saturday, Saturday somersaulting up to the-Glory hunters, fearful that they'll lose  
But we're all immortal  
So come rejoice and start anew  
We're all immortal Call me hollow  
Call me Apollo  
Call me what you like  
Call me shallow  
Fire your poison arrows  
But I'm alright

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