

Better a Corpse Than a Nun

Hot Cross

Spread ourselves thin and wipe away the sweat of working though a thick skin
The easiest way to dodge is to ignore
Spit back and wait for more
Turn the pages of history yellowed, underlined and torn
No chance of tracing exactly how these terms were born
Rewrite plan of attack
Find a number with a bullet
Fellate the right minds so a suit won't pull it
Label the lie
Label the lie
Though it may be better than sitting above your higher horse
running backwards through ten years of the same course
I'm done asking why we look ahead when we face the wrong way
Better to swallow my intentions and watch the past slip away

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