

Pigs

Planes Mistaken for Stars

dwarfed by chrome, steel, and iron skies
hide me in the hills with sniper's eyes
let it burn, let us build again
who needs radar? we use scent
let fall the alters on the pigs as they pray
let us lash out the tongues that have taught us shame
let us bind the hands that would have us tamed
reclaim, reclaim
who needs radar? we use scent

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