

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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