

Holy Chord

Dappled Cities

I can't know what I should say
To soothe your headaches and make your day reasonable
The constant change of folks don't stay the same
They fly by night and crawl by day

I could try the holy chord
The seeds of hay, the hay of the march
They're all the same in different ways
Like poultry games and the baptist monks
Who raised these chickens as their own personal slaves

The hee, the caw, the chain
The battery thinking chain of songs and games
Who could say what we can go changing

What cool solvent rubs away the steam stuck
To our eyes and stuck in our closets?
The same great messages that are wrapped up
In the same vain messages that always stay the same

What does it mean to take off all our clothes
And look into your eyes and say I mean it?

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