

Tin Strong

13 & God

These tin men are no nonsense
Not the happiest thing
They make the call between black and white
And what grey is bore in between
And they say kids your age should
Be reaching for the streetlights
While banking on their reproductive organs
And the work week's guiding light

This is the bound and tired
Oath/anthem of our aged

An approximate and fearful
Wild of hooks to belt from caged
By bills and bills and bills then will
Til nerve-ed and one-named
You thief the you that nothing can pill tame
And sleep the sleep of cured kill refrain

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