

# Eleven

## Forward Russia

Quit making faces at the one I love  
These errant tightropes that you're thinkin' of  
Can't be undone the instant that they're set  
Above this scorched and torrid hallowed ground Or so they say in the city  
So they say in the sea  
Set your watch round the corner  
While they bleed I heard a rumor that you lost your job  
Was it just hearsay or of factual ground?  
This tightrope's set now there's no going back  
To Sepiata and the Plastic Surgeons with Pineapple cones bleaching your bones  
Pineapple cones bleaching your bones  
Pineapple cones They came on the crest of a wave  
The cusp of Equinox today but they'll surely go  
This pillar of sleep orbited  
By thousands of delicate thoughts that will surely go These satellites fleeced at the door  
Comprised of the reason of years that will surely go As life flashes fitfully down  
This spirit so fitfully drowns  
A signal is sent from the core  
To bring all the satellites home, home, home, yeah A quart of the way  
A quart of the ghost still remains  
Tsunami that rip at the skin  
Anonymous wrenches of blame A great tidal wave  
Over the house on the hill  
The snakes are all burden with lead  
Plum bum dementia for them, just don't forget

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