The Tribute To Manila

Love Like Blood

a blue neon cross on the tower
is shining over manila's streets
where they are standing and selling
their breakable dolls bodies
she said she is twelve years old
and her name is arlene
on her left forarm
are some small scares to see
beutiful faces and the call of the flash
40 dolars for a life without choice
when the trip is abating
and a sober coldness through her body creeps
she has the feeling to set her body
from that crawling skin free
so arlene cuts at her arms
a fast cut with the razor blade
empty eyes look tired and depressed
unnamed glow in the eyes of nameless
but ghostly white faces are still waiting
blow up forever the fat old folks
I wish to hear a voice that shouts
they should be sent into hell
they should be sent to the swordoh arlene don't cut yourself
no more cuts
no danger to death no
no more cuts

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