Monolithic

Brazil

purse your lips until they're white
drag me kicking into night
didn't I want to be free
or do I want to be rightonly you can deprogram
only you can understand
only you can take the blade
and cut [the gag] from my mouththe dusty book on your endtable
taught you how to make a lethal
fragmentary detonator
from common household thoughtsyou put a fistful of salt [in my eyes]
this is what it was like

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