Clockwork

The Honor System

I close my eyes, but I'm never sleeping
the dead up dancing in the front room
repercussions, bloody noses
innocence in jail denims
all dressed up in plastic bags
the doctrines work like magic
the suburbs asphyxiate on panic
the murder's systematic
ten digit figure spent deploying this militant dismemberment
I hear it's ten a day, that's ten today
so in death it ends just how it begins
the casters of these stones I'm sure are model citizens
the poison is pouring from the planes so
keep your eyes down
this is the kind of rain that burns through the skin
there is no fucking war to win
the casualties pile up on both ends
one thing you can be sure they'll never do
sacrifice revenue for you

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