

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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