

## Magnified

## Failure

I'll show you a trick with  
ants when  
The sun's high in the sky  
we can  
Burn them up to crispy  
black shells  
See them crunched by  
old, slow, slick snails

Light the fuse inside the  
dead bird  
Feather flurries rain on  
our heads  
Empty nest with three  
small brown eggs  
We'll think of something  
before the night falls

Don't hurt a fly  
they all sang  
Don't rape a girl  
in bright may  
Don't kill anyone ever  
Lay still and stand  
this fever

The sun's just  
A big glass  
We're all ants  
I love you