

300 MHz

At the Drive-In

in the unlikely event
that sarcasm is an unfitting dress
amnesia proletariat
amnesia proletariat
coughing up the coffins
cotton candy coated teeth
the reflection of your enamel
made no reflection in our mirror

malfunction

these pockets were clinching
all filled with fists
these decibels were rotted
in the canals of my teeth
amnesia proletariat
amnesia proletariat
sharpened on the fucking hides of men
in the full of this moon we will make amends

malfunction
whispered in the ear
300MHz