

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