

Ghost-Tape No. 9

At the Drive-In

I used to hear them through the walls at night
Exchanging currents through modicums of pernicious lust
When tamed, would always alter the future
In trance amounts played the ritual
Vacuumed the dents under a primer sky
Where a lightfield once held the promise of closing the sutures

But the ultimatum clots a tapeworm hymnal
Lost the ghost tape registered as number 9
It's going to be a long night coming
She said I can never turn it off
Theirs is just a long lost grudge that will never fade away

Caving the symptom of confessional
Painted in licorice forgeries
Had she dawned the seductions subdued by the handmaid's tale
One claimed complacence while the other knelt
He took the prescript off the parlor doors
Swung open but collaterals had altered the future

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He's the rule you've answered too
Locked in the omen of momentum
He pleads the fool of numbing agents
In the post mortem when it's over
You of brittle faith have failed
Speechless bereavement for the last time
Fade away
Trained to fade away
Fade away
Trained to fade away

But they trained you, wire framed you
Stood you upright in position to administer the want
But they trained you, wire framed you
Stood you upright in position to administer the night crawls

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