

# Rolodex Propaganda

## At the Drive-In

Pinch history feel the pinch blistering  
Pinch me in my dreams cause i'm still not listening  
X marks the spot on your calendar days  
A beard half eaten smiled crawling with legs

Temper temper temperature

Manuscript replica  
(Cu-cu-cu-cu-cut it)

In infrared is how we saw the night that lit up scarecrow plots  
The nerve that pinches crippled hobbled frolicked flat on its own face

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Jigsaw pattern dominoes left a trail  
The whites of their eyes polaroids of the tale  
For our amusement we bring stares to the defendants  
Mechanical panaceas absolved by history  
Phonetic paralysis inflicted through morality  
The seed that it nurtured was a wilted bouquet

Temper temper temperature

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(cu-cu-cu-cu-cut it)

Squirming through cuts in a throat cut it... cut it...