

pet sounds filling pet peeve void's
black and white tv with the sound turned down
is it mono or stereo?
lending aneurysm satisfaction in the
fruitless gaze of your mona lisa lazy smile
trick ourselves in portable stanzas
black russian throated on this
guillotine cancer
how steep we are
but there's just no telling
just no telling

savion is under heel clicking
morse code through movie stills again

the sky had blackened with carrion birds
pinstriped suits and cigarettes tapped danced
through the tepid burlesque
their mouths were parched with excess thirst
bridge and chorus candy curse
still they snag through the strepthroat verse

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black and white tv with the sound turned down
like breathing blood through lungs of czar's child

if i had a dollar for every plot that you made
in this bed of nails you make
how steep
how steep we are