

## Magnified

### Cave In

ill show you a trick with ants when  
the suns high in the sky we can  
burn them up to crisy black shells  
see them crunched by old slow slick snails

light the fuse inside the dead bird  
feather flurries rain on our heads  
empty nests with three small brown eggs  
well think of something before the night ends

dont hurt a fly the all say  
dont rape a girl in bright may  
dont kill anyone ever  
lay still extend this fever  
the suns just  
a big glass  
we're all ants  
i love you