

Aboriginal Anemia

Cinema Strange

You sit watching your brother die 'cause he chewed on sickly rabbit. Poor boy Parzifal likes to hunt his sister, and so infection sets in like a gang of wolves licking at the heels of the anemic aboriginal hunting grounds, where you sprain your thumb throwing rocks at cadavers. Bashing in my weakened knees, bashing in my weakened knees...

Animal people scale the walls so easily: your bitter family! Holding court without your cousin, rectify your viral sanction. Anxious ears solicit thee, my snarling spies sit down to tea and ignore the bubbling sores that swell and spit along your backbone!

Call your general, fortify his skin so my disease can't penetrate your china shack of ignorance and purple turbans! Split the bread between your chins, annihilate bacteria! Eating, breeding serfs and peasants, bloody plague-boys stealing crumbs! Bashing in my weakened knees, bashing in my weakened knees...

Stripling arrows ricochet off teeth and crystal nighttime goblets. Dinner party, dinner guests, eat their dinners facing west. You fling your curses forth and they are swallowed by the Masque, by the trees, by the hollow oddities! Bashing in my weakened knees, bashing in my weakened knees