

The Amazing Kreskin

Clutch

In the raining park the chessmen play,
The faithful atheists refuse to pray,
The steam-works weep, the addicts do not care,
Crowd of cold people stand by and stare

The garbage eaters, their many retainers
Come to collect all the foul remainders
The smoke hangs heavy, the wrecking ball swings
In the clockwork of a collapsing thing

Wasted plastic empire's golden age, chemical wedding
Citizens in their refineries cheer the nuptial bedding
The hourglass is turning

On a shore of iron, cutters, and clippers
Paper, rock, rock, paper, and scissors
On a road of skulls their story moves on
It's a bumpy ride and very, very, very long

In the blue sky the seagulls fly over garbage.
Are we the ocean? Are we the desert?
Are we the garbage? Who's to say?