

Antichrist and barcodes
In the air that we breathe
With a little black box I hide in the sky
In the water that trickles in our mouths

In the codes that flicker are lives
On and off
Does the carton nights
Starts to swallow and shiver
And to freeze

The fish belly up
The unborn served up
Obeying the planets
No insense is strong enough
To make this life complete

Alpha and omega
The great in the small
The butterflies flutter by
The foxes stop running

The moon
As sharp as a sickle
And as bright as a pin
Breathed it's heavy sick breath
As we fitfully slept
And heavily dreamed

To awake
Back into endings
And quietly wait
For the trains to stop chugging
And the clocks to implode

His name is under our skin
And so by the hair
Of my chinny chin chin
By hook or by crook
Our necks are in the news