

The Knife

Decapitated

Oceans mumble their songs to deaf ears of sands
Mountains guard their dominions until the end of time
Rivers carve hieroglyphs only read by the birds
Lion hunts antelope, hyenas fight over the corpse
Breed then kill or get killed, holy circle of life
Red sun rises again, chokes cold light of stars
I sharpen the knife

Wooden Handle
Bolster, heel
Edge of cold steel
Mirror mirror
Speak to to me

Now the painting is done, bored models dress up
German writer, Asian poet, both expect Nobel prize
New Picasso's sketch on sale, bids mostly from Japan
Hagia Sophia gets new roof, circus hires new clown
Ballerinas bleed but dance, famous composer gets bald
All music's already been played, critics are always
right
And I sharpen the knife

Wooden handle
Bolster, heel
Edge of cold steel
Mirror mirror
Speak to me

News on breakfast television drown in a shit of lies
UN troops storm Kabul, or Cairo, or Baghdad
That war was wrong but this one is so right
Cure for cancer nearly there- perfect drug, decent
price
White smoke covers Rome, habemus papam
Farmer in Montana breeds two-headed cows
I still sharpen the knife

Wooden handle
Bolster, heel
Edge of cold steel
Mirror mirror
Speak to me