

## 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