

The Curse Is a Lie

Down

What isn't finished that was never started?
A vortex tubing that's remote retarding...
Discharged before the accident that happened waylaid...
Seen through a cracked orbital spasm interrupted surgery...

Pulsating, deep-blue-reeling headlong...
Some copper coins are really made of tin foil...
Unable to get the neurology demanded...
Growing unsteady, hardly ready, jerking more perverted...
Your days are numbered...
Start counting backwards...

Sculpting statues of yourself...
Plague-deep drifting drowning health...
The curse is a lie...

The interstates, the creeping toil; the multi-
national whores have
mothered all... yes I know...

It's out of bounds, against the law, it's everything that's right for us
that's wrong... yes I know...
Yes I know, I know and that's for sure...

The smallest people in your pockets never mingle...
A wreck in signals now creating doubt that's (pointed) inward..
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Pretend to play defender while on the offensive...
Still stabbing, cross-armed-
crooked, pouring blood that smells expensive...

Sculpting statues of yourself...
Plague-deep drifting drowning health...
The curse is a lie.