

Deaf, blind granite block content to graze with familiar
stock. A local
lard not an english black, we don't venture into the fog.
Homeward bound and
gagged not twenty steps from the door. Dispensable as
cooks at sea or
journalists sent to war. No one found me spellbinding, no
one offered me a
drink. But by crippled hands at the potters wheel, I was
given shape and
insects appeal. Sent to work the graveyard shift at
heaven's JDC. A legend to
the peasants there, but lights had caught me unaware.
I've wandered into your
graces, so how do I get out? It's been quiet for too
long, but pompous phrases
and alarms can't help you now. And every pervert outside
of every fence has had
his fill of your kids. He's clocking out. Such indecisive
crusaders. A martyr
made into a scenic blur. A lookout into a left behind.
What wounded pride. No
one finds me spellbinding. No ones buying me a drink.
I've been to the lions.
Left high and dry by the 8th circle of hell. Where are
the spoils? I want the
ticker tape parade. Damn these filthy rats.