

Bread, Cheese, Bow and Arrow

Future of the Left

I throw falls
Instead of stones
I'm just a man
A SIMPLE THING

Made for meals
That only serve
To eat themselves
Such simple things

Once I dreamt of owning my own home
And run in six bedrooms
To cross an adventure
Good tenants and better communicators
But ambition encoded in an economy dominated
By forces so deep they confound themselves
I'm just a man
A SIMPLE THING

The ends
Goddamn
I'm just a man
A SIMPLE THING

The podium works
Its special lie
Between my legs
So fuck you all

The loneliness took my ancestors
That and the lions
They die in the millions
They spenders and adequate firemen

We took them, faithful, catch your victim
Temporary prison vaults
I'm just a man
A SIMPLE THING

A simple thing

BREAD, CHEESE, BOW AND ARROW
The simple diet of rodents
BREAD, CHEESE, BOW AND ARROW
The simple diet of rodents

Forget sequels
Carnage at the petting zoo
Make your friend our discipline

They're sown tight on the stylus
Breaking arms
They're held up as examples
To your banks

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