

I don't want to talk.
I roll my red eyes back,
closed and latched;
still you watch.

Sweep from left to right.
Frame six hundred nine,
it never lies,
like some electric eye.

Iodine night sky, straight to veins through eyes.
Iodine night sky, diagnose this time: sickness or a crime?
profane something fine; so you define.

Say it like you mean it, boy.
Shut your mouth until you can.

Ten times, ten times fast.

Dye infection black.
A note pinned on your back,
painfully exact.

Iodine night sky, straight to veins through eyes.
Iodine night sky, diagnose this time.
Now pathologize: sickness or a crime,
as you define.

Say it like you mean it, boy.
Shut your mouth until you can.

Ten times, ten times.

Say it like you mean it, boy.
Shut your mouth until you can.

Say it like you mean it, boy.
Shut your mouth until you can.

Ten times, ten times fast.