

## Pro Anti Anti

Liars

They brood in ecstasy, a thought to wrap your head 'round  
The burn that earns the gleam, red crystals shine above a yacht  
They put an axe in them, those ripe with complications  
Like cars into a tree, I'll die before the fire's out  
A hug I give myself, good ones can make me smile

Make amends to well fed men, they fatten more than feed  
Clawed upon like guilt through time, or sleep collects to sheet  
s  
I built a tower, sealed the door, slept clear my memory  
Pain stress and sorrow, from the world that blurs the me from m  
e

They built advanced machines, I'm short a foot or two from prou  
d  
The crook that turns the key, some preschool spy they blew apar  
t  
That covered half the land, with spring's first white carnation  
s  
Like cars into a tree, I'll die before the fire's out  
I brood in ecstasy, a thought to wrap my head around