

## The Tribute To Manila

Love Like Blood

a blue neon cross on the tower  
is shining over manila's streets  
where they are standing and selling  
their breakable dolls bodies  
she said she is twelve years old  
and her name is arlene  
on her left forarm  
are some small scares to see  
beutiful faces and the call of the flash  
40 dolars for a life without choice  
when the trip is abating  
and a sober coldness through her body creeps  
she has the feeling to set her body  
from that crawling skin free  
so arlene cuts at her arms  
a fast cut with the razor blade  
empty eyes look tired and depressed  
unnamed glow in the eyes of nameless  
but ghostly white faces are still waiting  
blow up forever the fat old folks  
I wish to hear a voice that shouts  
they should be sent into hell  
they should be sent to the sword

oh arlene don't cut yourself  
no more cuts  
no danger to death no  
no more cuts