

Bunny Boots

Made Out Of Babies

Days go by
These thieves
Dressed in sleeves of white
Stand on
Chests of heaving sighs
Night trips
Followed closely by
White sleeved, thick thieves hum

Swallowing words
That stick in your lungs
Find it all
In a mess on the tables

Are turning
It sounds like you've said this a hundred times
Each louder, more boring

The twitch, the itch
The sting, smooth stump
Sick lung, the hum
With some, without
Thick dumb, smooth stump
So loud, without

These thieves
Dressed in sleeves of white
Stand on chests of heaving sighs
Night trips, followed closely by

White sleeved, thick thieves hum

Swallowing words
That stick in your lungs
Find it all
In a mess on the tables
Are turning
It sounds like you've said this a hundred times
Each louder, more boring
And high