

The Bell Jar

Showbread

To be common place would be unique,
but we're so obscure we're incoherent,
like tongueless vigilantes choking
just to make you choke. Rattling, rattling.
No nails to hold ideas in place,
no expression on your face.

Music and her patrons are dead and
irrelevant, like osteoporosis, she is
brittle. She is broken.

Static comes through synthesizers, megaphones
and drum machines.
Beauty sounds like smashed guitars, and several
references to feedback. Rattling, rattling.
No surgery to save your life.
No promise that everything's all right.

Music and her patrons are dead and
irrelevant, like osteoporosis, she is
brittle. She is broken.

Languages must be organic,
because like flies they fall and die.
Music now sleeps.
Languages must be organic,
because like flies they fall and die.
Music now sleeps,
with Latin and Aramaic.
It's over, it's over.
No more waiting for something to live for.
It's over, it's over.
Everything is dying and we want something more.