

1, 2, 3, 4 Guitars

The Blood Brothers

Let's sling our rain slicks over February's fantastic antlers
Sprouting from the foreheads of world famous romancers.
The winter's looming like a bloodthirsty bird of prey.
And I guarantee by spring we'll either be world famous or goddamned dead.
Guitar one fastens languid years to busty bones like dust and skin on a dull antique moon.
Guitar two's touch keeps ruining lovers for other lovers
Like jokers concealed in trick decks in our laps.
There's a train tumbling down torn paper tracks while weeds blossom from heartbeats that lack.
Guitar three's dancing even though her song stopped playing ages and ages ago.
She's at an empty dance club suspended in the middle of a rambling sentence.
Guitar four says, "if you still believe in the grace of man,
Let me introduce you to greedy greedy hands."
Let's sling our rain slicks over every single second
To the rapture dripping from clocks ticking all our misadventures.
The winter left town with some seventeen-year-old waitress.
And spring's laying in a pile of all the moments of our misadventures.