

Mr. Electric Ocean

The Blood Brothers

mr. electric we are dying to dine in your house of mirrors...
mr. electric, open your beak we want in, the city under
your skin's dull glistening. when your skyscraper's husk
peel off like coconut crust
(we drink deep from the barbiturate brew)
when your rape trumpet's tune softens like the womb
(we drink deep from the barbiturate brew).
when your smiles broken shards scrape the film from our hearts.
..
you stuffed our mouths with blasphemy!
you wrapped our bones in circuitry!

wandering your streets like damp
newspaper tumbling turning in the wind.
and the concrete in your sky parts like pink lid eye,
watch the fun squeal through it's death leather veil.

we are dying to dine
when your garden of mirror vomits from the ground.
to see our wombs impregnated with fun powder and lead,
shot from your siamese love.
we know you're watching
we know you're watching
we know you're watching mr. electric ocean.