

## Rescue

### The Blood Brothers

They're fucking after us,  
my bathroom mirror is cluttered with colonial faces.  
it's a fright, it's a sight, powdered chalky white.  
You've got to rescue me  
they're stalking me, hiding in mirrors like flesh jack-o-  
lanterns.  
It's a tease, it's a shock, they shriek,  
"The Redcoats are coming!" like a choir of boiling lobsters.