

## The Fan And The Bellows

### The Chameleons

A Beechers Brook is low  
A hurdle at which greater men have fallen  
She manipulates  
Steals my mind and hides it in the garden

But now, only love can bring me down  
Somehow, somehow love must bring me down  
I become the fan and the bellows

The cupid masturbates  
Absent of all thought and of all reason  
Shoots me in the back  
I think perhaps it must be shooting season  
Not me! Not me!