

The March Of The Elephants

The Lawrence Arms

The cistern burns
with the sisters who learn
that certainty burns with a fist
the cyst of this growth is a hope
(against hope)
that I loathe, and steel my self to resist.

I am an animal, unprepared.
A club in a drawer full of silverware,
I'm under there and breathily holding.
Her underwear is deserving a scolding.

Disgrace is the color of red that you're looking for.
I'll be wearing that working convenience store.
Oh.

Fuck all the garbage in unforgiving piles.
The landfills stretch out for ten thousand miles.
The cities wear a badge that differentiates
but it's the same exact shit that the dirt and sea hate.

I am an animal, unprepared.