

## Planning A Prison Break

### The Receiving End of Sirens

Warden's calling for a lockdown, baby  
So he'll call on interim inequities  
This is the last night in my body;  
Assist in the escape

Warden's calling on a jailbreak, baby  
So he'll fly like only a jailbird could

Like a felon, he fell into scandals,  
Scams, and master plans  
To circumvent all circumstances  
He thought to his throat,  
"We can swallow this key and leave when we please"  
Let's hope this stomach disagrees.

"Make a clean getaway," he said,  
With his hands outstretched  
To nurse her neck  
She lured him in with a masochistic kiss  
And he wished he could be anywhere but here

(Arm in arm we walk outside so that all we've done was not in vain.)

Somehow, for now, this skin will have to do.

This is the last night in my body.