

The Beatles are dead.
Andy Warhol's shit she said. Yeah.
Reactor reactor reactor.
Give me a better foot in time.
In luxury. in love.
People said he left her for another woman.
But she knew he left her for another car.
A velvet craft.
We slide in shaking in the hole
Resting beneath the ground.
Between the sun is cracks.
It breaks above our heads.
Holy water hoses the whole school
White porcelain against my face
Squatting discreet and shitless concealed.