

The Silver Platter

Xiu Xiu

Something has to be true
Besides what is true
Enraged at one's own helplessness
Helplessness that is one's own fault
God made us and now He wants us to die
I cannot care

What do you think?
What do you do?
Kneel before you, just for a moment

A child's love is useless
What is there left to withstand?
Margarine spooned into illness
Alone at both sunset and dawn
To persist in inhuman fury
It could have been wonderful
It tastes like a cookie

What do you think?
What do you do?