

Abelha Kid**"Naysayer"**

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Clay in a perfect suit
Shake hands, reach the womb

On your loudest day
When they laude you to tears of disbelief
You will end your life
On your knees, hide a hint of that grace

And it's safe for now
The old houses and evening drink
Your vacations paid
By the gentle dictator you thank

You loved that life

Thrilled at the bone beneath your feet

Don't look to brave
Don't look at all when I squeeze your throat
And say, "My god, you've been so bad
Was it worth what you have forgotten?"

Skin, sliding warm
Moving curve, crushes doubt
Clay, come with us
It is time, say goodbye
Fall from the blade
To the floor, to the grave

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