

Between Thieves

"Score From Augusta"

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Ahahh... Ahahh...
The room wallpaper
The pages of your letters
Which you once said
Wrestle with the bodies that wash like unchained rivers
Against your shore

An army is waiting
The secret places
That gently twist around your bed
The south will be spared
Bullets flying fast from her eyes
With that we're fine,

Ahahh... Ahahh...
We etch our names in candles
They're heart shaped and they flicker
Inside our chests
The ghost of our brothers and tales which are hidden
Much like ours

A bother's fight in a holy field
Where the new loves come
And their old loves go
And they just wilt
Like Spanish moths with dew in their eyes
Tears for our lord and for the ones he spares
When he passed away it's off off off with their heads,
And whores he loves
And the lepers he claims that he can cure
Cannot compete
With the human summer days that we would share.

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