

Blood Brothers

"Junkyard J. Vs. The Skin Army Girlz / High..."

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"roll film!" screams scissors lips,
Prepping the flesh with his paper cut hiss.
She couldn't breathe, she couldn't speak
As faceless vampires bled the rosy from her cheeks.

Scene one, enter junkyard j:
The man with the used smile spits on his fingertips.
Swinging the sledgehammer he pounds his thunder
kiss.
And the crowd sing sings along to his victory song.
Pinned on the anvil her crown starts to flake.
But that's what it takes to make the big make the big
break!

Cut camera! screams scissor lips.
The screen god shuts.
The audience gnaws their finger tips.
Stage hands hammer stakes to her hands and knees.
The modern crucifixion legs parted in the shape of a V.

Scene two: enter skin army girls:
Camaro's disguised as tanks.
Pom pom's blazing rapid fire blanks.
High fives, ruined lives, high fives LA hives,
High fives high fives the theatre wails like diseased
violins,
High fives heeled castanet clicks rape harmony.
Youth decays in 4/4 time.

Scene three: this is the making of a hollywood queen.
The christening of a legendary dream.
This is your birth breath, this is your death sigh
And nothing hurts quite like the first time.

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