

Cobalt

"Two Thumbed Fist"

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So what in god's name did it mean and why?
That bony old finger pointin' down from the sky at you,
all alone!

Dog made life for you
Praise this false sense of it all!

Peter thrice denied
His life's most prized
Tax collector

So breathe a breath worth living
Squeeze the juices of exhaustion.

Fire our mouths at the big ass lies in the sky!

I don't believe them!

Seven peyote buttons
Six drinks in on strong rum
Touch the eyes of the living
Hump the netherworld hallway

Tribes of men,
Stared in to the sky
God's revenge is one bad story

Close your watering eyes,
And drive your car into a tree,
Fall out of time with me.

Buried in the hills by the lives we once wished for.

No man!

Clench bad hands,
Making holes in palms
Shaped like fingernails,
Made by white knuckles

The way, the truth, and light is gone
And the dust you reflected recedes

Drop me dead and you'll find me there
Without regret, nor tears, nor guts,
Just nothing!

Don't trust! Impulse!
Fist fuck! And Win!

No man!
No man!
No man!
No man!
No man, save none, want none, smear god on their
faces

Save me!
Damn me!
Drink me, in the ground, nail my story on their tables!

No dog!
No dog!
No Bog!
No dog!

No dog!
No dog!
No Bog!
No dog!

No dog!
No dog!
No Bog!
No dog!
No bog!
Bogdamn god!

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