

Elliott

"Dying Midwestern"

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saw it all fall apart in a mass hit. telephoned right
before the heart quit, and we just stare. control's not
enough, your lives aren't enough, cold poison the
forms of your addiction calms to make us civil.
paralyze this body to stake direction with chemicals
and contract hits. feeding on me, paralyzed soul,
giving me no way out. but are we ok? waving cars six
dollar hauls make business. we learned a lot by
burning out in smoketown. but are we ok? you're
feeding on me, you're bound to let go and i'll just wait
to make my move. do you believe what you are? gotta
make it straight, gotta set it all off.

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