

The Blood Brothers

"Camouflage, Camouflage"

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Alice, where's your tongue?
She said; look in the encyclopedia's ceaseless chatter
Alice, where's your hair?
She said; look in the sharp of a well-worn butterfly knife
Alice, where's your teeth?
She said, look at the piano. They're dangling from
every single chord.
Alice, where's your lips?
Look in the empires roaring; the tyrants getting so loud
and boring.
Alice, where's your man?
Look in this black eye written like the o in the word
goodbye.
Alice, where's your house?
It's built on the hush of your favorite record's
screeching halt.
Alice, where's your clothes?
They'll be sweet sheets around your eyes when street
boards eat you alive!
Alice, where's your swans?
Flying in hotel rooms stealing stereos.
Mister the sky's a contortionist.
The streets are skipping records blaring hiss.
Camouflage, camouflage.
The city's draped in camouflage.
The taxis are jaguars throwing fits.
Subways are subterranean bullets.
Camouflage, camouflage.
The city's draped in camouflage.
Can't you see the sidewalks are just snakes peeling off
last year's skin?
Can't you find your own face shining in the sky's false
reflection?
Where's your voice?
Where's your dress?
Where's your bones?
Draped in camouflage.
Where's your beach?
Where's your sky?
Where's your clouds?
Draped in camouflage.
Mister the sky's a contortionist.

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She says give me one good reason not to empty the
heart of all its zeros and ones,
Not to smash that telecaster before it births a thousand
useless slums.
Love bit you in the throat while you were staring at the
sea.
All the girls in Montreal are smashing skateboards in
the street.
It's 4am and she's at your door with a suitcase, in a
nightgown.
We slip through mansions with fences full-grown.
We slip through streetlights in crooked rows.
I saw the sky split in two: one half jealous and one half
cruel.
I felt my chest cave in under a pile of synthetic grins.
The fields are day-glo under sobbing rainbows
dragged through filthy thoughts,
False applause and camouflage.
I couldn't see the solar system,
It was camouflaged as a tape loop repeating.
I couldn't see the glorious meadow,
It was camouflaged as a smashed in glass window.
I couldn't see the love and affection,
It was camouflaged as a jungle of erections.
I couldn't see the skeletal lightning,
It was camouflaged as a young machete.

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