

The Blood Brothers

"You're The Dream, Unicorn!"

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this telepathic hangover gnaws the nipples off my neck.
well, when you suck off those machine guns, mister,
what do you expect?
i crawled through 60,000 yards of carnival graveyards,
witches with obscene riches chasing my mirage.
i'm the unicorn with tar teeth chewing spandex nightmares.
my spine's a limousine that drives all night but never goes anywhere.
if i sang instead of screamed when you crushed me with your corvette
would you sell your jet for a microphone and record the opera of deathbeds?
stare into the gruesome lights all night and never see a fucking thing.
count weddings on our fingertips and wonder why our love's so cheap.
vegas, you're my dream unicorn.
summer dress, so apocalyptic.
in glossy treetops teens clap while they kiss.
in neon pastures pin-ups hook to your chest.
out on the streets at night the money's well spent.
and pissed-off babies turn to pissed-off children.

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