

Forward, Russia! "Three"

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When the pen's left dry
Your visa card expired

A sympathetic witness with a kindly disposition won't
save you all!
I read it in the magazine that nothing else will change!

Shut your face! shut your face!
Backtrack markings, modern dates.
Figure 8s, falling suns
Cutting pasting local rapes

I have grace
Fuck that grace!
You're the artist, not the slave!
Murder can be law

But don't forget the hype
The endless reels of numbers

A syncopatic now asphyiated common logic won't
save you all!
I read it in the magazine that nothing else will change!

I have grace
Fuck that grace!
You're the artist, not the slave!
Shut your face! shut your face!
I have grace
Fuck that grace!
You're the artist, not the slave!
Murder can be law

It all occurred to me
The ease of being this free

Close your eyes
Become blind
Leave or wait
Your heart awakes!

