

Hot Cross

"Better A Corpse Than A Nun"

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Spread ourselves thin and wipe away the sweat of
working though a thick skin
The easiest way to dodge is to ignore
Spit back and wait for more
Turn the pages of history yellowed, underlined and
torn
No chance of tracing exactly how these terms were
born
Rewrite plan of attack
Find a number with a bullet
Fellate the right minds so a suit won't pull it
Label the lie
Label the lie

Though it may be better than sitting above your higher
horse
running backwards through ten years of the same
course
I'm done asking why we look ahead when we face the
wrong way
Better to swallow my intentions and watch the past slip
away

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