

## Kind Of Like Spitting "Bubble Congress"

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Faith in traffic  
Faith in healthy horses  
Faith in the salts of flesh,  
Faith in F sharp  
That quick flavor turning in a hardcore kid's eye,  
As if upwards to heaven

As if faithfully by your side,  
I smell catalog numbers stacking,  
One yellow line racing one untouched spine.

Let it relax  
All the muscles, tendons slack.  
It's not the worst that you've seen.  
Ports and docks, water and money  
Simple little guitar things

All the worker bees  
Storm up the trees  
Do you need to reinstall?  
I can make the call.

And the end becomes the trailer when,  
What's put down in penice reacts again,  
The end becomes the trailer when it's gone

The end becomes the trailer when  
What's set down in fiction feeds back again,  
The end becomes the trailer when it's gone.

Then our lives won't be based on facts,  
Just what we heard  
So we fold each other over like falling birds

Zeros after Zeroes cloud our sight.

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