

City Of Caterpillar "Maybe They'll Gnaw Right Through"

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Quick! Set your traps: burn your stakes: throw your
stones. We wanna feel safe. And the mice will gnaw
right through. Board the windows: caulk the cracks:
seal the doors cause there's a draft. The horrid air's
out to get me. Please shine your spotlights:
Hit the brightlights: lay off the brakes we need to
breathe... such short spurts: shor:t short: spurts.
Inhale:exhale needles/tubes/blips/white/starched/ticks
all itching to get in.

Quick for god's sake cut out the lights. They'll know I'm
here. They'll know and gnaw right through.

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