

## **Skeleton Key "Sawdust"**

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My head is filled with sawdust  
Glass eyes of vacant black bulbs  
And from my perch of red rust  
The world contracts and unfolds

There was a liar with the great incisors  
Shimmering through the steaming geyser  
Of platitudes and of pasteurisers  
He's sincere, so sincere

There was a bird with the brilliant plummage  
Suffering through the airborne sewage  
Of black clouds and of black perfumage  
Sincere, she's so sincere

There was a flock that would only follow  
Any shit they'd taste they'd swallow  
You'd never know that their heads were hollow  
Sincere, so sincere

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