

# The Axe That Chopped The Cherry Tree "My Drink Of Choice(s)"

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Men build parties impartial affairs on the high cliffs of  
their stares  
Hype enveloped in white wings; high currency in such  
things.

What do you want me for? Is it my red lips?  
What do you want me for; my eyes so wide?

We thought it right with bitter thoughts and bitter  
tongues,  
Dig our graves with bottle salt and rule of thumb,  
Desperate, we shake as our lips collide,  
Desperate to see what these bodies hide.

It's just the booze talking.

Spinning our fingers, we make high pitched harmonies,  
Our breaths and souls leave in there high squeals

What is this burgundy blood?

I've heard tales of wine and water, and how I wish  
they'd steal their wonder into this glass of this  
thunderous decay.

I hear them tapping their glasses, shaking their hands.  
I hear them, "a toast to the night life," "where does the  
time go?"  
I hear them tapping their glass, shaking their hands.  
I hear them "where does the time go?"  
I hear us?

Similarly I can hear the hoof beats of us men who run  
because we like the sound of our own to feet on the  
ground.  
(Oh wretched desire for feet that sound the same)

We thought it right with bitter thoughts and bitter  
tongues.

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