

## **The Menzingers**

### **"Keychain"**

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I feel my teeth turning black  
I feel my hands too cold to grasp this neck  
My instrument at last  
I'll strangle it to death  
I hear the laughs outside the speaker at my attempts at  
serious  
Won't hold a candle to the rest won't hold a candle to  
the best  
More like a key chain flashlight busted I'm adolescent  
novelty  
With awkward wording I'm generic generic  
I feel my lungs turning black  
I feel the smokestacks closing in  
Dirty fingers prewritten dreams  
Selling life as a machine  
I feel my aching bones inside me  
Shrivel away like artifacts  
With an ensignia on the back  
Lettered and taped in body bags  
It's cutting off my circulation, they've won, I'm breaking  
up on the outside  
I crumble like dust and am carried away.  
Let's place our bets on all of our friends  
See in the end which were dispensable anyway  
Expand the margins of these papers  
Writing words I never meant to say  
And I'll let go this photograph says so  
I'll let go I swear to God of everything you told me so  
Webster's would be pissed at my disrespect for  
protocol  
Britannica's a liar the world can't be this small  
Hands in the sack, attacked, never going back  
To those who are taking role  
Their potentials offer me nothing at all

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