

Menomena "Tithe"

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spending the best years of a childhood horizontal on
the floor
like a bobsled minus the teamwork and the televised
support

and nothing sounds appealing

someone retired on a percentage of the tithe that
paved these roads
they lead to nowhere but they're still gridlocked, made
of Solomon's pure gold
beneath the door frame waiting for earthquakes after
the rapture comes and goes
the saints went marching, the trumpets salving, the
chosen ones are phoning a goal

and nothing sounds appealing

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