

## **Bison B. C. "Two-Day Booze"**

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Standing at dawn, watching the end □ of beauty,  
identity, immunity.  
The end is something to live for, Vancouver's an empty  
bottle.  
Our dying thirst causing problems.  
We stand at dawn, the beginning of something,  
heartfelt, replaceable.  
Two-day booze, works faster.

My city on the water, spots of flame, midnight rain.  
The glass sky reflects our prize.  
Glass towers for sleepers; they're dying.  
Broken city for dreamers.  
Two-day booze works a faster fuse.  
Two-day booze works faster.

Feels like falling.  
Shame, like killing.  
Homeward bound.  
Tension rising.  
Children of tomorrow; earth's new rapists.  
Spring rain comes; wash away the purpose.  
Between our days, empty distance sways.  
Copper wires pay, for days and days.  
What are we waiting for?

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