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## A.K.A.S., The "Matchbook Poets"

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On the back of a pack of matches, I wrote a letter today.

With a bottle of kerosene, I toast to the bourgeoisie.

Tonight, they say everything's gonna be okay.

Tonight, they say, everything's gonna be alright... yeah right.

Not-so-silent weapons for not-so-quiet wars.

Still feels like I'm on trial.

Still got my name on file.

I carve notes like votes on a cinderblock.

Matchbook poets, you know we leave paper trails like coffin nails.

On the back of a pack of matches, I wrote a letter today.

On the back of a pack of matches, I wrote my eulogy.

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