

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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