

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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