

be how it works a  
little blink and your  
molecules mate in a  
mash with a concrete pole  
It's the old thing about  
how much time you  
got, I understand the  
cars are going to get  
me anyway

## II

Life and death are the  
same thing  
if you got spirit,  
and who doesn't, so why  
were they wrestling  
on my lawn last  
night while I slept,  
That dream of death  
taking the celestial  
fall sat me upright  
in bed flapping like a  
hooked flounder

## III

Green valley and  
sun through ominous  
skies heavy warm  
winds blowing