

## NO ALLIES

No allies! No allies! Don't need you on our side. Nepotism is our party line. This incest suits me just fine. No thanks, don't need any of your favors, and I'm sorry we don't play this month's flavor. But don't mistake this for sour grapes, just tired of you lying to my face. How about you give us something new? How about you just give us the truth: you only care about you and you and you and you. I'm dying to take you on an expiration date. I'm dying to play all those songs you hate. And you can tell me all about the view from the top, then tell me about the view when it stopped. And all those people whose calls you never got, how's it gonna sound when they don't pick up? Ring Ring Ring. It's your death knell. If you keep on burning bridges, time will tell. One day you'll be the one who's gotten old and you'll be all alone left out in the cold, then you'll know what it's like to be left with No Allies.

## VIVRE SANS TEMPS MORT

I wrote my first will when I was 9 years old. He wrote his memoirs at 12 so those that followed would know. Just in case we died. I spend all my time just thinking about dying. Spent my whole life just thinking about dying. Seems my whole life has just been dead time but I don't mind all this death on my mind. No, me and death are getting along just fine. I'm not afraid of taking my last breath, but I'm afraid of leaving nothing here but a mess. No I don't mind all this death on my mind but if you wanna see tears in my eyes talk to me about being alive. When we were 18 we saw our favorite band and on the way there a man with only half a head. I knew that he had just died because his blood still reflected the light and that night, that night, I never felt more alive than I did that night. When the fire's burned out and all your left with is smoke smoke smoke are you gonna bury the past and move on or just stand there and choke? When the fire's burned out and all your left with is a mouthful of smoke are you gonna bury the past and move on or just stand there and choke? There's no way were gonna die tonight. If we shout loud enough they can't turn out the lights. If we shout loud enough they can't turn out the lights.

## WE ARE THE ONES

We are the ones you tried to forget. We are the ones you pray will forgive. You can't say love without blood in your mouth, you can't say hate without smiling so big. We are the ones with junkyard graves and half our bodies half a world away. You forgot the names but remember the date and at your convenience, but without a face. You shove us in front of the cameras and guns, deflect and absorb the questions and bombs. Magnetic emotions don't seem to hold when what you have wrought finally comes home. You're not so brave and you're not so bold when what you have wrought finally comes home. We are the ones you tried to forget. We are the ones you pray will forgive. Like broken superheroes with a flag for a cape, the ashes of the dead a mask for my face. We hold our loved ones with muscles of dust and say I love you with clay lungs. We are the ones you tried to forget. We are the ones you pray will forgive. We are the ones you tried to forget. We are the ones you pray will forgive.

## CAMOUFLAGE

And now we don't even get along long, and we buy our things from the catalogs, and I use those things as my camouflage so I don't have to think about you, don't have to think about us and where we went wrong. When we were young it was so easy, it was just us and Them and Them and Them and Us. There was this tension all around us, a tension building up inside us, all that attention to the tension, all that tension was what made us. We were always up to something. They always told us that it was nothing, but their nothing was our everything. Oh yeah their nothing was my only thing. But now their nothing is nothing to me, I wish I didn't have anything. And now we don't even get along long, and we buy our things from the catalogs, and I use those things as my camouflage so I don't have to think about you, don't have to think about us and where we went wrong. This is a good buy. This is a good-bye. Good-bye.

## THE LIE/THE TRUTH

You're living in the middle of nowhere in a town called Exactly Right. It's got a population of you and everyone sleeps well at night. There's a reason for everything here, can be explained in ten words or less. The wrong people are never right, and there's no room for questions and mess. But there's a Lie and there's a Truth, there's something in between: that's me and you. There's a Lie and there's a Truth, there's something in between: that's what we do. In your perfect world of black and white where talk about gray is treason, the compromiser is crucified and no quarter is ever given. You make it easy to divide us when you exaggerate the reasons and meanings until everyone is defined as the righteous and the demons. But there's a Lie and there's a Truth, there's something in between: that's me and you. There's a Lie and there's a Truth, there's something in between: that's me and you.

## SURREALIST COMPOSITION WITH YOUR FACE

He can cry on command. She'll feel anything you want her to. He's not gonna miss his mark, he's been practicing all day in his room. He thinks he's starting to figure out what it's like to be post-human. He thinks he's starting to figure out what it's like to be most humans. He wanders why he feels less for people in his own life than for those that are scripted, so well-lit and edited, that he can't see without paying admission price. He goes crazy on command (if that's what the kids are wanting this week). You want him to be happy: he'll grin so big you can count every one of his fucking teeth. I want nothing more than to be what you want. He wants nothing more than to be what you want. She wants nothing more than to be what you want. I want nothing more than to be what you want. He wants nothing more than to be what you want. I want nothing more than to be what you want. He wants nothing more than something other than this. Something different than this. Something other than this. I want something better than this. Make sure there's nothing better than this.

## HELICOPTER LULLABY

This city is a bypass, don't let us get in your way. From a distance it's tight knit. Up close, it's hard to say. These sidewalks became my feet, a tight fit with a battered beat. The forgotten past to our present just paves the way for decadence. In this city the copters sing, they sing to us all night. In this city we fall asleep to helicopter lullabies. In the home of the fall of pressure surviving is how things are measured. You worry about the finer things in life, we try to keep a solid hold on liquid life. From a distance it's romance. Up close, it's hard to say. Watched over by a parade of blue lights, walking alone on too-silent nights. In this city the copters sing, they sing to us all night. In this city we fall asleep to helicopter lullabies. They're circling now. They're circling now. I can't fall asleep until they pass my house. Cold comfort in that sound as they pass my house. I can't fall asleep unless they pass my house. They're circling now.

## HALF-LIFE

So you spent half your life trying to do everything in half the time, and by the time that you're done your time is doubled and you're just stuck again in that same old trouble. The one where you wake up covered in so much sweat that smells like so much regret. You're lying awake at 4 a.m. and you wonder how did you get stuck here again. And you wake up covered in so much sweat and it just soaked right through your bed. You're lying awake at 5 a.m. and you wonder if this tunnel has light at the end. I could've built a battleship in the time you wasted figuring some way to get out of it, sailed around the world and back again. So you spent half your life trying to do everything in half the time, and by the time that you're done your time is doubled and you're just stuck again in that same old trouble. The one where you wake up covered in so much sweat that smells like so much regret. You're lying awake at 4 a.m. and you wonder how did you get stuck here again. And you wake up covered in so much sweat and it just soaked right through your bed. You're lying awake at 5 a.m. and you wonder if this tunnel has light at the end. Whoever said that Quitters Never Win, well they sure weren't in the situation I'm in. Have you got something that you wanna confess? Do you think that this is for the best? And maybe dad will get you out of this mess? Have you got something to get off of your chest with your dollar store pregnancy test? Maybe this year won't be like the rest. Maybe this year won't be like the rest.

## TWO-WAY MIRROR

There's no color in this world, just reflected broken light. Everything you know is a lie, everything you know will die. I don't believe in wrong and right. I don't live by day and night. I've got these two-way mirror eyes that let me see the world inside. Let simple men cling to their pride. You'll never catch me like them, you'll never see me take sides. I've got these two-way mirror eyes, they let me see the world inside. I've got these two-way mirror eyes. I've got inverted insight. Inverted insight. Inversion in sight.