Beck, Midnite Vultures

Botox injections
Chemical solvents
Making midnight movies
Contaminated actors
Living on a farm
Harnessed to a life of protein and equipment

Gristling in grain
Soft nights
Everyday a reaction to the affection

Manholes and light towers walking down imitation streets
Little girls with plastic cameras
And shops full of cold cuts and candy
Feeding the trains and bisecting the night
Hand grenades in the trash
Medics running from the sun

She borrowed cartilage wire
Tracing my face
With broken hands