

# The Jesus Lizard, Elegy

The pathetic sight of your sunken eyes  
The angular lines of your hips and waist  
The light and the dark  
Of your valled ribs  
The skeletal draw  
Of your temples and cheeks  
Your breath but a wisp  
From your string thin lips  
The acrid stink of your face and mouth  
Unsound unsure...your shaky legs

Just when you're about to  
Learn to smile again  
I'm going to be the one to  
Teach you how to cry