

# And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, Mark

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Miscellaneous  
Mark David Chapman

We pierced the side of the idol  
With the sharpened neck of an electric guitar  
Bottled the water from the wound  
Holy relic- the essence of star  
But what does she care, it's just another blank stare  
To a world that loves and hates you on a dare  
Where the orphans ask the widows the meaning of 'fair'  
So let this be a drink to quench this uncontrollable thirst  
Tie the belt a notch tighter around anxious hearts set to burst  
And when this once at least gilded cage has been  
Stripped bare of flesh cold and numb  
What have you done, Mark David Chapman?  
Let all the desperate hours of boredom  
Lead you to some meaning of truth  
Bumps and bruises and notebooks for heaven's jury as proof  
The emotions were shrink wrapped, sold as scraps  
Choose any scene from the vending machine  
Somewhere lost in the night, a satellite transmitted dream  
Industrial revolutions of the soul interchangeable hearts it's manufacturing  
If we wear out each other it's o.k., just go buy another  
So let this be a drink to calm the shaking hands that you've found  
Let this be release, forever unwound.