

# Ministry, Sergio

Wet/hate hands admitted,  
and...  
Through dead nails,  
All splitting sand...

Underneath it's strychnine  
Winds that change are never seen,  
Beasts that back to the wall and cry,  
Best of the hopeless never die.

For gods' sake forget to speak,  
Miles of what you've got to eat...

Terminal, the playgroup says,

Off to the side with an average,  
Blaming the dolls like heretics,  
Apostles or inebriates.

Hold on tight,  
We're going to wake,

Laugh to death  
For pities sake,

Framed for crimes that are never sold  
Lies and secrets never been told,  
Look just like the two of us,  
Standing at the terminus.