

# Xiu Xiu, Child At Arms

foul deeds, indeed, do bring prosperity  
we may not know our age, we just fought  
the rifle is heavy beyond compassion  
so new in destruction  
your teeth will be forgotten  
war for cricket children  
place her foot on the log and chop it off  
brown brown makes it light  
your idea of dying is gone  
your idea of killing is printed on the body  
evil is with you all of the time  
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