

# Bread, Cheese, Bow and Arrow

Future of the Left

I throw falls  
Instead of stones  
I'm just a man  
A SIMPLE THING

Made for meals  
That only serve  
To eat themselves  
Such simple things

Once I dreamt of owning my own home  
And run in six bedrooms  
To cross an adventure  
Good tenants and better communicators  
But ambition encoded in an economy dominated  
By forces so deep they confound themselves  
I'm just a man  
A SIMPLE THING

The ends  
Goddamn  
I'm just a man  
A SIMPLE THING

The podium works  
Its special lie  
Between my legs  
So fuck you all

The loneliness took my ancestors  
That and the lions  
They die in the millions  
They spenders and adequate firemen

We took them, faithful, catch your victim  
Temporary prison vaults  
I'm just a man  
A SIMPLE THING

A simple thing

BREAD, CHEESE, BOW AND ARROW  
The simple diet of rodents  
BREAD, CHEESE, BOW AND ARROW  
The simple diet of rodents

Forget sequels  
Carnage at the petting zoo  
Make your friend our discipline

They're sown tight on the stylus  
Breaking arms  
They're held up as examples  
To your banks

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Breaking arms

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