

## Flies

### The Handsome Family

No friend of golden hand  
Oiled with rose and smelly then  
As your blood burned poppy red  
Across your velvet coat  
Your deep blue velvet coat

It's there in Montana prairie grass  
The suits shot Custard down  
His red spot tired, his black boots shine  
How beautiful you look to the flies  
The happy kingdom of flies

Dear Custard there's a Wal-Mart now  
Where once the grizzlies roamed  
Mountains of hair spray and cowboys shirts  
And everyone has a gun  
Everyone still has a gun

But high in the rafters above the lights  
Red finches, they hide their nest  
And when our cars drive out of sight  
They sing symphonies across the night  
In that forest of heating pipes

And out past the parking lot along the curb  
In the wilds of weed and trash  
Prayed on his love, the smallest ants  
Fight battles for the glory of the queen  
Such a tiny, glorious queen

But even the empress of the ants  
For whom ten thousand fall  
Makes not a sound beneath the blades  
Of our great empire of lords  
How quiet is the empire of lords