

Acetylene

The Walkabouts

Rules of the game
Have gone and changed
Snapped!
Somethin' snapped!
Dog kings
flesh dreams
Death's tune
high noon
Wild talk, wild talk
The flame I breathe
flame I breathe
Acetylene!

Ventriloquist
earned your cut
with your mouth shut
can't take
More of this
Dictator face
On a postage stamp
Car bomb
expressway ramp
The road is torched
Already torched
Let it all crash
Just where it will
Then we'll see
that nothin's here
But what happens then?
What happens then?
recipes
for disaster
written on your cocktail napkin
Bless the beasts!
and the blowtorch