

## The Silver Platter

Xiu Xiu

Something has to be true  
Besides what is true  
Enraged at one's own helplessness  
Helplessness that is one's own fault  
God made us and now He wants us to die  
I cannot care

What do you think?  
What do you do?  
Kneel before you, just for a moment

A child's love is useless  
What is there left to withstand?  
Margarine spooned into illness  
Alone at both sunset and dawn  
To persist in inhuman fury  
It could have been wonderful  
It tastes like a cookie

What do you think?  
What do you do?