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Song of Ticks

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RANDALL POTTS

Song of Ticks

The Dogs are drunk
With Ticks—no matter Twist & Pull
Are Legion & insatiable
Swollen with black stolen blood.

With Ticks—no matter Twist & Pull
Even the Freeze don't kill 'em—
Swollen with black stolen blood.
Ominous black zeppelins.

Even the Freeze don't kill 'em—
Like Us, they gorge, remorseless.
Ominous black zeppelins.
Like Us, they have no future.

Like Us, they gorge, remorseless.
Cursed by every other creature.
Like Us, they have no future.
And my skin crawls, shivers—

Cursed by every other creature.
Hunger, but no beloved.
And my skin crawls, shivers—
We can't stop ourselves, we

Hunger, but no beloved.
The Dogs are drunk
We can't stop ourselves, we
Are Legion & insatiable.