

Uniform and Jump Boots

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His ears ring, his
head throbs, his
thoughts confused,
his chest crushed.
Uniform and Jump Boots

His ears ring, his
head throbs, his
thoughts confused,
his chest crushed.

The colored images in the
box strangle dance around,
there's no sound cause
the damn thing is turned
down.

He rises, staggers,
shakes and quakes.
It's no use, too
late for his sake.

One last breath,
then death.

To the floor in a heap,
no one left to weep!

Men in black suits,
lower him down in his
old uniform and jump boots.