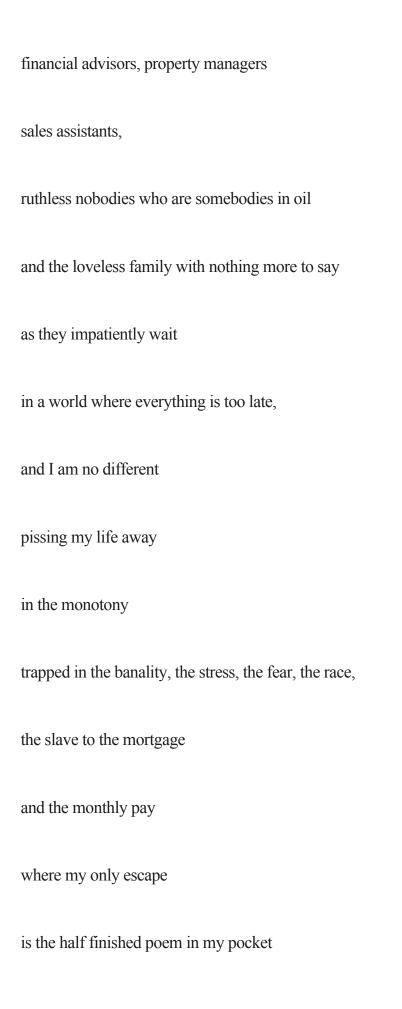
THE DESERT IS ONLY AS DEADLY AS THE CIRCLES WE WALK

Scraping by on the minimum wage
and the tips that a waitress scrapes from the tables
pissing my life away
in the grind to survive
like a thousand faces I see everyday
of the damned and the dead and the drowned
floundering in the rut
or clinging to a ladder
with no way up
and no way down;
the marketing men, the junior clerks
the lawyers, accountants



that carries me through the madness of being just one more wasted creature dancing between the tables of a wasted world watching the wasted and featureless faces that contemplate profit margins, cash projections, structure, streamlining and cuts, sales, commissions and deadlines, costs and expenses to slash, portfolios that perform deadwood that doesn't equities and pension funds, a budget break to Benidorm or any God-forsaken shit-hole in the sun.

