

## Starfished

Let the sun stub out the day,  
darkness grab us in its vice.

Put a spark to the pyre, lads;  
the dance of flame on creosote.

Cut the cable to the city, lads;  
wear the night like a cloak.

Make yourself a Natterjack, lads;  
belly to the dunes.

Luftwaffe tear through paper dusk;  
embers glow in eyes of toads.

Let this replica city rush  
and rise to meet them, lads.

The lick of bindweed burning;  
the city's pulse in your throat.

Stay low, lads, stay starfished;  
stay silent and wait. They'll be gone

when the Natterjacks' mating call  
goes up like a siren.