

## FINGER IN THE EYE

The porous tears of treachery drench the ground belatedly  
And in their sorrow you repose and in their stead you take the blows

This unrequited trade will recompense the made  
The blood and water invade

And you might have to stick a finger in the eye  
Before it conquers what you know  
And you might have to stick a finger in the side  
And you might have to let it go

The mindless beast of human pride, refusing thrice to be denied  
Awakened by a rooster's crow, and slain by one we think we know

And you might have to stick a finger in the eye  
Before it conquers what you know  
And you might have to stick a finger in the side  
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And you might have to stick a finger in the eye, in the eye