

[An ode to a certain group, inspired by things by and connected with them, in the form of a pantoum. Brownie points if you can guess who.]

ODE TO THE KINGS by Jeremy Kings

Vultures wrestle with drinking milk
You ain't gotta sing like a broken light bulb
Make me feel like I'm her toothbrush
And the spotlight showed how to kiss these stars

You ain't gotta sing like a broken light bulb
Don't let those tears make a sound
And the spotlight showed how to kiss these stars
They know it all, but the world is still moanin'

Don't let those tears make a sound
She had problems to the beat of the radio
They know it all, but the world is still moanin'
We hang even into the ocean, but only by night

She had problems to the beat of the radio
She'll loan you a man inside an owl
We hang even into the ocean, but only by night
Blood seeps in and we dance all day

She'll loan you a man inside an owl
Vultures wrestle with drinking milk
Blood seeps in and we dance all night
Make me feel like I'm her toothbrush