

# **SILVER SNAIL**

**Suit with a Silver Bullet in his hand  
strides the train as it rides the rails  
His coat falls against her face  
as he reaches for support  
Hot and musty from the rain,  
but it is freezing and there is dew on the pane  
Lights in a dark river flow past  
smear on the glass  
Tired, hostile red eyes stare straight  
They don't hear the din all around them  
Cardboard Edens vie for attention  
Tell lies from these cold blue walls  
Spent minds don't understand why they do this  
Only dream that they walk that beach  
but their heads swim in ice  
The weight of their bodies pulls them  
from their sleep  
Steel shrieks rip the air  
the walls part, a frigid blast  
Some zombies leave  
some board and pass  
They didn't see me again  
Nine more times and I'm home**