

# Through The Trash Darkly

Abscess

Ankle deep in trash  
Garbage in your veins  
Through the dark backward  
Slowly go insane  
On the stage again  
greasy matter hair  
Sallow faces grimace  
Blank and painful stares  
Back in the dump by day  
Corpse found in the grime  
A lick across the chest  
The taste is foul but fine  
Meanwhile fingers grow from your back  
Then into a hand that can grasp  
Then lastly emerges an arm  
A freak shows in this world bizarre

Exploitation show  
Extra limb the whore  
But when the dream is done  
Return to trash once more