

Last of the Famous International Scumbags

As Friends Rust

Chained and bound
The fallen star wept
As they dragged him into town
Once a king
The cursed thing
Had to abdicate his crown
People came
From near and far
To witness as they'd harvest
His hands and brain
In hopes that they
Could separate art
From artist
"Am I only as good as my worst deed?"
The artist screamed in vain
The problem was
They hadn't the slightest
Clue where to begin
Could it even be extracted?
Cut from deep within?
Or was the gift inseparable
Permeating every cell?
Perhaps the artist
Was just a face
And they need only remove the shell
"Am I only as good as my worst deed?"
The artist screamed in vain
While his work had
Helped to shape our world
His words had caused such pain
In any case
They had to act

The people deemed it so
Brain or hands
Heart or skin
Something
Had to go
And if by chance
The project failed
And left a bloody mess
Would not the world
Be better filled by
One cold demon less?
So the artist was carved and died
And with him song and color
His wicked tongue could no longer offend
But the world grew darker and duller
Until all light was snuffed
And boredom drove them mad
What if his worst
Was just about
The best
They'd had?
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