

Paper Slippers

Foetus

You may be a dead beat
But don't be
A dead beat on my street.
You leave your messes everywhere and
Why must you insist on needlin' me?
You feed the insecurity
And hold us all to ransom.

Don't believe a word
That you invented
To torture yourself.
You enjoy the pain,
Enjoy the suffering,
That you impose
On the world.

Don't think you're any good
For me
Or you.

Order the scrambled brains.
Order the scrambled brains.
Order the scrambled brains.
Order the scrambled brains.

Men with the paper slippers wait for you.
Just for you.