

# Year of the Pig

## Fucked Up

Pigs at the trough show no fear  
Fat full of death they will not starve this year  
Feed stains their skin in the mud  
Fed through the nose plant their feet in the blood

Pigs at the trough getting fat  
Surfeit of the beast turned to tricks for a feast  
Tear into the filth like a whore  
Suck the meat from the bones leave the corpse on the floor

Pigs at the trough disappear  
One final meal before kissing the spear  
Skins on the hook left to dry  
Just use the flesh pay no mind to the hide

Pigs at the trough slit and squeal  
Done up and stuck like a pig for a meal  
Painted and tied and dressed up  
Get it on your hands as it fills your cup

Pigs at the trough are to blame  
They are the monsters we never became  
they poison our crops and our name  
We hate that we need them to manage our shame

Pigs at the trough live in grime  
Carriage meals fit for these profane swine  
No mind to the scum they live in  
They tremble in fear as they swallow your sin

Pigs at the trough swell and burst  
Bearing the brunt as they launder the cursed  
We keep our pigs in a pen  
Our place to defile again and again and again and again

Pigs killing pigs turned to pigs killing pigs  
Pigs fed to pigs turned to pigs fed to pigs  
The farmers asleep under the tree  
No ones here watching over us

Ashamed of what pigs mean to men  
Ashamed of what we do to them  
Ashamed of the pig in our head  
Ashamed so we kill them instead

Pigs at the trough are obscene  
Punish the products but not the machine  
Pregnant with guilt and disgrace  
Delivering scorn on the mess they create

The pigs at the trough are pristine  
They live in our dirt and still they stay clean  
Recoil from the stigma and hate  
And suffer the pig who can't change its fate