

## Killbot 2000

### Murder by Death

smell like cigarettes creeps softly through the vents  
the room is filling up with smoke and little bodies  
tell all the boys and girls from school to  
keep breaking all the rules  
to let their parents know they're individuals

datura flakes off from your lips  
you've lost the swagger in your hips  
your eyes are turning blue to gray  
your skin feels soft and sagging down  
your arms drag across the ground with each step you take  
and they fall from the jungle gyms  
and they fall  
and piss away each night among the sound of bodies crawling round the room

I can smell their flesh on everything left in this room  
chalk and scattered crayons on empty desks for weeks  
finding clumps of unwashed hair caught between the vents blowing

carry their little bodies  
to the cemetery  
so gently

please don't let their necks crook towards the ground.