

# Human Eyeballs On Toast

Peter Broderick

Feathers and a cage too small  
Chemicals that make us tall  
Too fast, too fast

All my friends look the same  
All of us feel the same pain  
Always pain

All official sunlight here  
Perfectly calibrated here  
And it feels wrong

So every time I see a man  
I dream about his face in a frying pan  
Human eyeballs on toast

But when they sear off my beak  
I realize just how weak  
We are, we are

And if I had a bigger brain  
I'd surely find a way to take my own life  
I'd end it all right here  
Before my meat is how they want it  
Mmhmm

But that might be the only part of my body  
That you haven't tried to change  
My alter life is the worst miracle  
My peanut can't imagine