

## Bubblegum

Pile

Stiff tongue press bubblegum against  
Teeth ready to rot out  
Sit on hands and give what-for's  
To those who hope to drift outside  
The orgy continued despite requests  
To leave them alone to sit their hands on their own desks

I was the one that stepped on her face  
Such beautiful skin as I clawed it away  
Let's use it again  
Put a bucket under the drain

And the teeth are bent  
And cracked against a tongue that won't calm down

Any way that we could get  
A liter of blood on the cuff  
I spent everything I know  
On killing my children for precious convenience

I saw the arson sleeping in a dry nest  
I saw fire more and I hoped for it less  
Well just as a standby every one does their best  
I dream of its death and I hope for its rest