

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