The Pig

Showbread

I know the way inside my heart
but nothing seems to get that far
I've spent my life down on my back
It falls asleep, it pops and cracks
And when the sun comes up again
My body dries and shrivels
Then some nice man is over me
So I throw up and giggle

there was a time when i was blank and see-through
but never white as snow
just made of rippled glass
i thought that it was sealed, but now i know
in goes a tiny seed that splits open with rotten spice and sage

and then the numbness is consuming me
just like a sweeping plague

my soul is cheap, lay on top of me

I peel myself up off the floor
Say "I can't do this anymore"
But then my soul has run away
So I lay down another day

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