

Like a Train Through a Pigeon

The Red Chord

Avarice and stubbornness - converge into stupidity.
In two we have begotten our desserts and transform.
As we become food for the earth and for the rats.
I never forget a face and this time I'm taking names - this time I'm...
Screech and pop of this hollow shell would have provided escape for the fortunate.
The fortunate I am not, as I have lived for hours.
My dying image, my innards are ripped
and picked away by my "comrades" literally and figuratively,
the teeth goes through the tongue.
I am willing to die for my fair share and for my share I have died.
If I wake before I die, there'll be hell to pay.
But for my share, I'm left in half, so I guess I'm fucked.
Screech and pop of this hollow shell would have provided escape for the fortunate.
There were never signs of slowing down as it ripped right through me.
If I could just die before my children eat me,
literally and figuratively,
the teeth go through the tongue.
Am I dying or just waking up?
Am I dyign or just waking up?
I'm in half. Mass Killing Spree.
If we all could just die before our children eat us.
Like a train through a pigeon.
I'm now filled with empathy.
If we all could just die before our children eat us.
A failure to move will result in your death.