

# Dog Fashion Disco, Leper Friend

Pretty faces, pretty hip.  
Bodies hang to drain and drip.  
So submit and let's pretend,  
You're not a hollow charlatan.

Velcro whores they fill the streets,  
Infecting everyone they meet.  
The hourglass is karma's curse.  
Each grain of sand is a universe.

Laser beams and cattle prods.  
Sacrifices for the gods.  
Divinities, orgasmic hymns,  
Will fuck you with prosthetic limbs.

As ulcerations form,  
They soon know they will lose fingers and toes.  
Swollen ends and bloody gauze,  
Curse us all.

I've watched you suffer,  
For so long it seems.  
And somehow I look the other way.  
I've watched you fall apart  
Like my leper friend.  
And somehow I look the other way.

An outcast deprived of festal joy.  
Prostration  
It seems is here to stay.  
My limbless friend will die alone.  
A torso of flesh upon the throne.  
My limbless friend will die alone.  
A torso of flesh'

The cure for clinical depression is a lobotomy.

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A torso of flesh upon the throne.  
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For so long it seems.  
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Leper, leper friend.