

Fiction Plane, Real Real

Bathing in the sun
Chewed up by some bugs
Tearing through my flesh
I can feel their love
I hope that they are happy
I feed them with my blood
Today they may be rich
But tomorrow comes a flood

Real real real
What are the chances
Someone paid for me to grow up

A mouth without a face
He fights his fights in our back garden
Inside we eat creatures
Our hearts begin to harden
A glowing hypnotist sells us a beauty we don't need
We give our days to nothing
But we're not prepared to bleed