

# 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