

Lard, Forkboy

A fork is a cold shiny tool
To pierce, tear and ingest
Whoever has the fork in hand
Controls the meal of its choice
We're told the first few punctures
They're for our own good
Better chewed up in pieces
Than blown up in the oven

Agh, Agh, Agh

Forkboy
Flies by night on stolen fuel
To Santa Rosa, CA
Opens a fake employment office
Want a job, go get me drugs
People desperate for work
Return to quite a surprise
Busted for intent to sell
Cops pay him a bounty
Forkboy skips town

Agh, Agh, Agh

We came
We peed
We conquered
You bleed

The choice
Forkboy
Or finger food

Ugly joy
What does it replace
Why wait
When you can eat yourself alive today

Junk bondage takeover glutton
Ready to bore in
Unfold his rotary blades inside
Pull the guts out and resell them
Buys out his next target
With the last one's pension funds
Thousands more thrown out of work
So Leona won't have to settle for a mint

Forkboy
Picked by the FBI
To be the black pied piper
After Dr. King died
Watches soap operas on TV
While 6 billion disappears from HUD
Who are you working for
What did you hope to gain
Why do you hate your past
So much you destroy the ones you love

Forkboy