

Abscess, Through The Trash Darkly

Ankle deep in trash
Garbage in your veins
Through the dark backward
Slowly go insane
On the stage again
greasy matter hair
Sallow faces grimace
Blank and painful stares
Back in the dump by day
Corpse found in the grime
A lick across the chest
The taste is foul but fine
Meanwhile fingers grow from your back
Then into a hand that can grasp
Then lastly emerges an arm
A freak shows in this world bizarre

Exploitation show
Extra limb the whore
But when the dream is done
Return to trash once more