

All About Eve, Suppertime

Innocence, smiles in the playground
As a grey man, touches her hair
"Sweets for a pretty girl"
But she's not such a silly girl
As she slaps the hand away

Poison on my plate, so hungry I ate
Poison on my plate, so hungry
I feel, the steel, inside
Our mouths open wide
We sharpen our teeth, and flexing our jaws
We bite the hand that feed us

He grows to be big and strong
Eats the vegetables, joins their family
The ignorance he found
Helps the medicine go down
Helps the stale untruths taste nicer

Poison on my plate, so hungry I ate
Poison on my plate, so hungry
The lies, disguise wears thin
The fasting begins
The scraping of chairs, cutlery screams
When may we leave the table ?