

# Circle Of Dead Children, Corsage Of Fresh Meat

Climb the fibrous ladder dear friend  
Watch your head  
Watch your step  
Chained meat-hook your new ally and playmate  
Hang yourself from the virginal I-beam above  
Hang from your anatomically correct eye sockets  
A perfect match for the grapple  
Hang like the meat you have been farmed to become  
Hang raw and arrogant  
Watch the gold-wash  
Watch the spin and spit  
Sweat, drip, foam and hiss  
Hang like meat  
Dangle in indifference  
Suspend above the spectators  
Fresh meat sways  
Rotted pride withers  
Raw