

# Franks Enemy, Cannibalized

Put them in the jars  
Stomach will not turn  
Waste raw factory matter  
Chewed instead of burned  
This is rage  
Usable resources  
The trains will run on time  
With coal of placenta  
Food of the gods of the mind  
This is rage  
Toothpick bones in the goo  
Eggshell cranium blue  
What you eat you were  
There is no place for tears  
After all that's been cheered  
What you eat you were  
Pain or no pain  
There is a face and name  
What you eat you were  
The imagery has been played with  
Non-points well-made  
Illustrating lack of purpose  
Win by denying the game  
It will take landing in back yards  
And stomachs being cut open  
And questionnaires filled out  
At one's own dying moment