

Fugazi, Guilford Fall

Down at the station
We question our rations
But you seem satisfied
With the little recieved

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Fractured appetite
With bismuth pink on tap
Ascetic limbs gone tight
And your lips are clamped and grey

Crash your appetite
Erasing every mark you make
Standing in the corner
While you're working up your mantra 'derail
The train the train the train derail the train
Take the time to hesitate
While what's glistening on your plate
Goes dry and cold and not in your mouth

Alright you see your programmatic mind surrenders appetite
And you crash yourself all over the place
Snake ingest 40 times their body weight
But you you emaciate
You crash your shit all over the place
Now open your mouth!