Murder By Death, Killbot 2000

a smell like cigarettes creeps softly through the vents the room is filling up with smoke and little bodies

tell all the boys and girl from school to keep breaking all the rules don't let their parents know they're individuals

Datura flakes off from your lips you've lost the swagger in your hips your eyes are turning blue to gray

your skin feels soft and sagging down your arms drag against the ground with each step you take

and they fall from the jungle gyms and they fall and piss away each night among the sound of bodies crawling round the room

I can smell their flesh on everything left in this room chalk and scattered crayons on empty desks for weeks finding clumps of unwashed hair caught between the vents blowing.

carry their little bodies to the cemetery so gently

please don't let their necks crook towards the ground