

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