

Soilent Green, Needlescrape

Slithering Silver Punctures My Source
Pulsing Through, Bleeding Through
Loneliness And Hunger Deep Into Dark
Growing Root
Under The Surface
Feeding Mouths To Induce Stimulation
Leaving Behind Existence Of Body
Taste Life Running Through The Vein
A Channel Of Utmost Comfort
Moving River Of Eternity
Quickening Rush Sinks The Soul
Tunneling Escape Into Thought
Desperately Needing The Tap
Immediate Reaction Of Rush
Just A Beginning And An End
Trying To Breath Air And Relax
Quickening Down To Realize
Feeling Of The Needles Calling Out
Spilling Of The Dose Notice The Life Lost
Don't Begin To Try And See
It All
What Kind Of Real Life Rush Does That?
Steal And Thieve For Rush Beyond
Never Again But Still Does It
Why Don't You Begin
To See It
When Will You Begin To Realize That
Stinging, Surging, Sticking, Urging
Sharing Of Needles As The Flow Hole Begins
Swelling Closed
Wounds To Be Nursed As Like Feeding Young Vultures Of Hunger
Fingernails Dig Into The Palms
Laughter Ranges
Into Prisms
Musical Sight Sways In Depth
Unclenching Loss Of Movement Strays
For Three Seconds Your God And Don't Give A
Fuck
Open Sky You Must Die Take Down The Sun
Down On The Streets Of Shit We Eat Shit
Nothing Left Except The Many Who
Don't Give A Fuck