

Suck

"Wood"

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Wooden dolls turn to chips
in an empty-eyed shredder.
Trees turn into industry.
It can only get better.
Wooden soldiers walk through
a blade made of good.
Now they're fuckin' doomed
and all that's left are pieces of ...
WOOD ! ! !
They say their lumberjacks
who try to support a home.
But now we are whole,
and this bullshit we've outgrown.
We tell the soldiers
we did what we could,
but we know we're blades to the system,
and all that's left are pieces of ...
WOOD ! ! !
Who are you to play god ?
Who is god to play by mood ?
Questions like these are worthless
when all that's left are pieces of...
WOOD ! ! !

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