

## **Blood Brothers**

# **"Fuckings Greatest Hits"**

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Verse 1:

Ring out the gong again!  
Carve out this hymn in skin!  
When the party blacks out again  
you're still eating headlines out of the newspaper bin.  
Slap the gong again!  
Carve out this hymn in skin!

Chorus:

Happy birthday gelatins smearing bruises on your chin.  
There's cake but no mouth, conch but no sound,  
glossy skeletons boyfriends but no friends.

Verse 2:

Ring out the gong again!  
Carve out this hymn in skin!  
When they've pissed between every sheet of your  
father's bed  
those tears have barcodes waiting to be  
scanned/scammed.  
And when they've hurled every gutted couch cushion

from the living room into your fathers swimming pool,  
you're bobbing chlorine apples in the broth bucket of  
envy's gruel.

Chorus:

Happy birthday gelatins smearing bruises on your chin.  
There's cake but no mouth, conch but no sound,  
glossy skeletons boyfriends but no friends.

Coda:

Ring! Ring! Ring out the gong!  
Son now you've made it to the top of their list.  
Congradulations your fucking's greatest hit!

Afterward:

Behind husks of leather, photo albums sheild their  
laughter.  
You thought they'd make you breakfast the morning  
after?  
Your fantasy season gangrened off the calander.

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