

Desaparecidos

"Survival Of The Fittest/it's A Jungle Out There"

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He hides in his suit like a snake in the grass his sales
pitch fork tongue hissed now the wolves wear their
name tags they are hunting in packs herding their prey
up the aisles and back they're smiling their teeth are
showing while the doctors and lawyers like vultures
descend they swoop down to the scene of the car
accident to pick the victims to pieces then there is the
sly fox makes his money telescamming notch babies
he says the end is near buy my policy I'll make you
young again I'll make you young again take the cash
from my hand hear the register sing and the roar of
the lion logo on the screen he's hungry I should buy
some popcorn so I exit the dark feeling blind in the sun
and the bobcats look tired they ate their fill of asphalt
because we need more parking with so many up at the
pulpit rams and bugs the news cameras capture
guerilla warfare eagles into buildings crash landed
despair is all that there is now in a cubical cage that
smells like a rat whose smile gets bigger along with
your debt don't take it personal its just business

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