

Dismemberment Plan

"Rusty"

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I pull my collar down low
To show my sucking chest wound
The taste of apple and tin
On a hot spring afternoon
A child screams in midair
A diving board springs to place
My eyelids burn with delight
Can murder be done with such
Grace and style
No no no no no no way
Now i'm face down in the yard
I'm feeling shakey and pale
My nails encrusted in brown

My big experiment failed
The swingset swings in the back
The chain are rusty and old
The crossbar creaks as it bends
The seat is splintering
No no no no no no way

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